

NOVEMBER 1908

THE MAGAZINE DE LUXE!

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THE
RED BOOK
MAGAZINE

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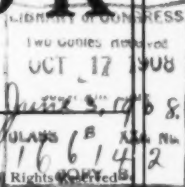
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THE RED BOOK

MAGAZINE

EDITED BY KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN



RED BOOK MAGAZINE STORIES

WHEN that lone highwayman held up and robbed eight stage-coaches loaded to the roofs with Yellowstone Park tourists, some people shivered, others smiled, and more wondered if the old road-agent, real wild-west days had dawned again. But that hold-up, for all its daring, was not more amazing than "The Hold-Up." Clarence Mulford writes of in a short story that will appear in THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE for December. There's a thrill in every paragraph. And there's a thrill, too, in Richard Washburn Child's story "Service," but of another sort—the thrill of pleasure. Moving, too, and pulsating with life, is Anne Warner's story, "What the Buyer Bought"—a splendid story for the Christmas-season, bringing to you as it does the white sparkle of the snow-fields of the high Alps and interpreting for you the heart of a man, who, in a little Bavarian village, gave his life to carving toys that deck the Christmas-counters of our great stores. A childhood tale, as important as it is amusing, and half-a-dozen other stories all selected for their deep, throbbing human interest, combine to bulge THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE Christmas-stocking with fiction that is worth while.

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1908

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COVER DESIGN	Painted by J. N. E. Marchand
PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDIES	By Moffett Studio, Chicago
FRONTISPICE	Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner
To accompany "The Freshman Full Back"—page 65.	
BILLIONS FOR BAD BLUE BLOOD	Charles Edward Russell..... 33
The Curse of the Coronet. III—The Price the Woman Pays. Illustrations from photographs.	
GETTING INTO SOCIETY	James L. Ford
An essay on social Alpinism. Decorations by H. O. Landers.	
THE FRESHMAN FULL BACK	Ralph D. Paine
A chip of the old block burnishes the family 'scutcheon. Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner.	
THE SALTING OF SKULL ROCK LIGHT	Albert Dorrington..... 75
Mr. Hayes secures an unique revenge. Illustrations by Adolph Treidler.	
RAWHIDE BILLINGS—PHILANTHROPIST	Howard Dwight Smiley
The cow-puncher enters the lists with Cupid. Illustrations by Fred Woods.	
THE GOLDEN BOOMERANG	Elliott Flower
The difficulty of losing one's money. Illustrations by F. DeForrest Schook.	
THE HEART OF A CHILD	Lillian Collins
A crisis in the life of Marion Josephine.	
THE FALL AND RISE OF CONSTANTINOPLE	William Chester Estabrook .. 107
A Thanksgiving story with a turkey hero. Illustrations by Charles E. Chambers.	
A KINK IN THE SYSTEM	Richard Washburn Child ... 116
Wherein is shown the wisdom of quitting in time. Illustrations by Henry Raleigh.	
BOUGHT BY A BANK	William Hamilton Osborne... 125
The story of crimes that were not crimes. Illustrations by Gayle Hoskins.	
EDITORIAL	Herbert Kaufman
THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR	George Hyde Preston
A real-estate love affair and what came of it. Illustrations by Charles Edwards.	
AS TOLD BY THE UMBRELLA	Helen Frances Bagg
The "true inwardness" of a youthful courtship.	
PARISIAN MODES	Reutlinger, Paris
Illustrations from photographs.	
SOME DRAMAS OF THE DAY	Louis V. DeFoe..... 161
Illustrations from photographs.	

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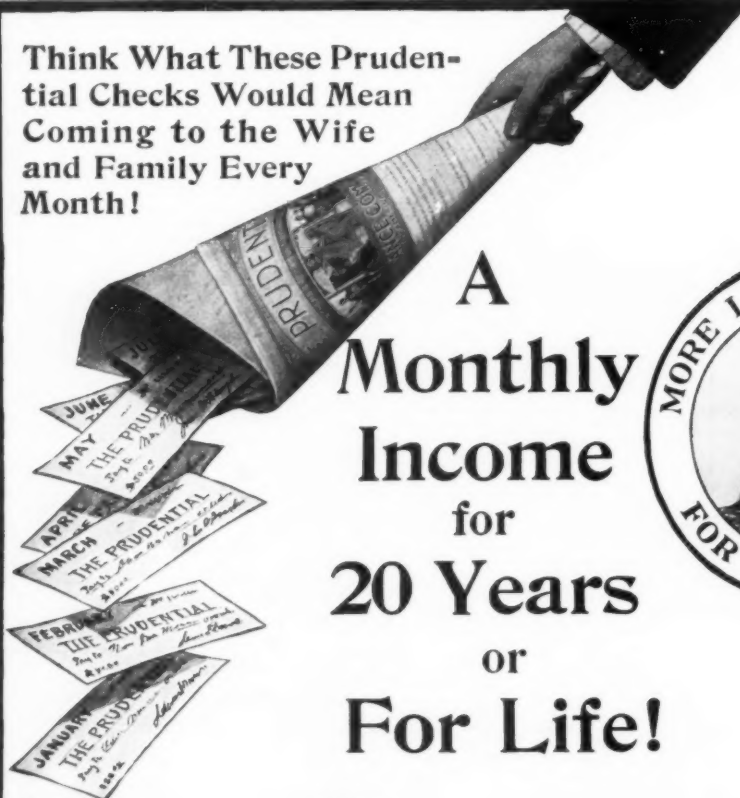
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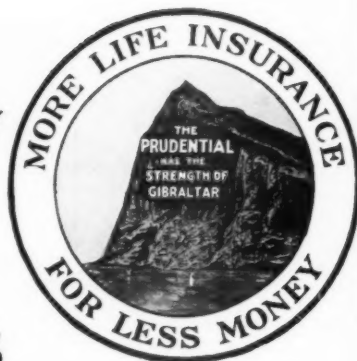
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MISS JANE OAKER













The full-back plowed ahead dragging the tackler who clung to his waist

"The Freshman Full-Back"—page 65

THE RED BOOK

MAGAZINE

Vol. XII

November 1908

No. 1



Billions for Bad Blue Blood— The Price the Woman Pays

by Charles Edward Russell

Note:—Here is Mr. Russell's last word on International Marriages. It is the most appalling indictment of false ambition ever penned. Court-findings, beyond which one cannot go, are here presented that every American father, every American mother, but, most of all, every American Girl may learn what too often is the end—the tragic, sordid, shocking end of these alliances between the daughters of our Democracy, and the sons of a decaying Feudalism.

AND when with glorious pomp and circumstance, with the blessing of the church and the sanction of the dowry contract, the sale and the sacrifice are complete and the American girl becomes a countess—what then?

Why, something so different from the joyous aspect of her wedding day that even the scoffers would feel pity for her if they only knew.

But the real story of her experiences is not told in America. I do not know why, but it is not. Abroad, there is no mystery about it. To all the American colonies in Europe no other narrative is so familiar. And the curious thing is that in practically every case the incidents travel the same old circle, in every case it is a wretched and painful tale, and in every case it utters a pregnant warning against a shoal littered with matrimonial wrecks. And yet apparently American mothers **WILL NOT** know anything about it.

Most often the bride goes first to London; she pro-



BARONESS MONCHEUR—Miss Belle Clayton

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ceeds thence to the fine old ancestral estates (if there be any) from which her father has lifted the mortgage. No one seems to care that she is a countess—except the servants at the hotel, and back of their malign servility she perceives a leer that is not at all reassuring. Presently she discovers with a shock that this leer is the real keynote of her reception.

To her husband's relatives, to his social equals and social inferiors, to all persons about, above, and below her, to all that in any way come near or meet her or know of her, to her husband's servants and finally to her husband himself, she is a creature set apart and branded with the indelible mark that fixes forever her inferior station. And this is the reason:

She is plebeian; he is noble.

At first this does not seem to us very much of a reason. As a matter of fact it is a reason of tremendous strength and infinite consequences.

Being a plebeian she has no conception of the difference between life as it is lived in America and life as it is lived in Europe. For, while with painful and comical zeal we ape and parrot the forms and methods of English society, in all the essentials and fundamentals our ways of actual life are peculiarly our own. As to this elementary and vital fact, the American girl's tours abroad ordinarily gather for her not the least information. She can (and often she does) visit every capital in Europe and never suspect the real conditions of everyday life therein. Naturally she assumes that life is much the same everywhere. It is not. Take for example, as the first and simplest observation, the position of women abroad. We are so thoroughly accustomed to the social freedom of our women that we never give to this matter one thought. It is a tremendous blow to Beatrice



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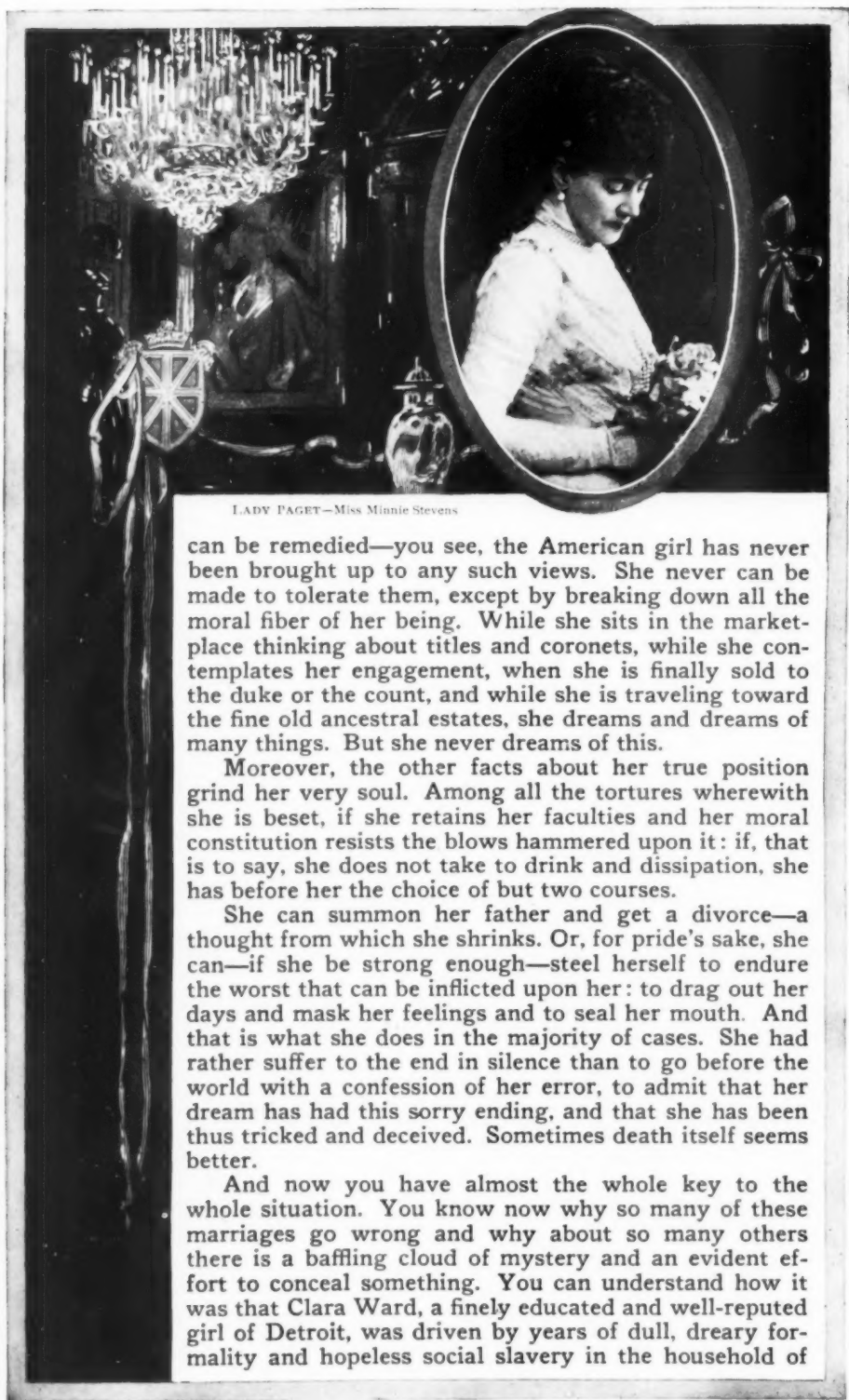
BARONESS VON STERNBERG—Miss Ivy Langham

when she discovers that she has surrendered all her independence and become an abject social slave. She finds herself bound in and stifled by a thousand iron regulations she never before heard of; she is made in a thousand ways to feel that she is a mere despised appendage in her husband's household; she is suspected and watched and restrained and hedged about in ways that are not merely repulsive but poisonous to all her instincts and her blood—ways to which she can never become reconciled, and yet to which she must daily bow her stubborn spirit.

Some of these restrictions pertain merely to the immense difference in manners between our country and Europe, and while they quell her, oppress and anger her, they are not, to a resolutely patient soul, matters beyond endurance. But there is another aspect of the case, never touched upon among us, that no American woman can ever tolerate without self-loathing and incessant rebellion.

To understand it, we must remember that the noble order is essentially a part of royalty. In the beginning the so called nobles were, in fact, lesser monarchs with the courts, powers, and privileges of monarchs. Many of these attributes have been shorn with the advance of democracy, but one remains in undiminished prestige. From time immemorial it has been the most unquestioned right of royalty to be without restraint concerning the marriage relation. I put the matter euphemistically, and, indeed, it is hardly one that will bear explanation in detail, but all attentive readers of history (ancient or modern or contemporaneous) will understand what I mean. Let us say, perhaps, that it is the universal privilege of royalty to be polygamous.

But you see—and there is the fatal flaw that never



LADY PAGET—Miss Minnie Stevens

can be remedied—you see, the American girl has never been brought up to any such views. She never can be made to tolerate them, except by breaking down all the moral fiber of her being. While she sits in the marketplace thinking about titles and coronets, while she contemplates her engagement, when she is finally sold to the duke or the count, and while she is traveling toward the fine old ancestral estates, she dreams and dreams of many things. But she never dreams of this.

Moreover, the other facts about her true position grind her very soul. Among all the tortures wherewith she is beset, if she retains her faculties and her moral constitution resists the blows hammered upon it: if, that is to say, she does not take to drink and dissipation, she has before her the choice of but two courses.

She can summon her father and get a divorce—a thought from which she shrinks. Or, for pride's sake, she can—if she be strong enough—steel herself to endure the worst that can be inflicted upon her: to drag out her days and mask her feelings and to seal her mouth. And that is what she does in the majority of cases. She had rather suffer to the end in silence than to go before the world with a confession of her error, to admit that her dream has had this sorry ending, and that she has been thus tricked and deceived. Sometimes death itself seems better.

And now you have almost the whole key to the whole situation. You know now why so many of these marriages go wrong and why about so many others there is a baffling cloud of mystery and an evident effort to conceal something. You can understand how it was that Clara Ward, a finely educated and well-reputed girl of Detroit, was driven by years of dull, dreary formality and hopeless social slavery in the household of



COUNTESS OF CASTELMENARDO—Miss Edith Van Buren

Prince Chimay to hurl herself to destruction, and why even elopement and disgrace seemed preferable to dragging out a heavy life in her dreadful situation.

From the first of these matches to the latest, there has been but one complexion to their sequels. To begin at the very beginning, the first sample is of a perfect piece with the rest. More than a century ago Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore, rich, wonderfully beautiful, the daughter of an aspiring family, related to Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, that famous signer of the Declaration—this typical American girl was married to Jerome Bonaparte, brother of the First Consul, and afterwards (for some months) King of Westphalia. Bride and bridegroom sailed joyously for France. Meantime, the First Consul became the First Emperor. He was properly enraged at the union of his brother with a low-born. He ordered every port on the continent to be closed against the young couple. He wrote to his brother a letter of bitter reproach, in which he referred to his brother's bride as "that young person to whom you have attached yourself in America." He publicly annulled and denounced the marriage. When the young couple arrived off the coast of France, Jerome was informed of the situation and proved his fitness to wear a title by instantly deserting his bride.

There was Helen Morton, daughter of Levi P. Morton, once Vice-President of the United States, once Governor of New York—Helen Morton, whom the London World described as one of the loveliest women that ever visited England, and of a mind so alert and a culture so fine that she was fitted to adorn any society. With great eclat she was married to Count Boson Tallyrand-Perigord, the grand descendant of a grand family. She became a countess; in the estimation of all the sapheads



LADY BUTLER—Miss Ellen Stager

she was lifted far beyond any plane that her mind or merit could give her; she became one of the nobility. Nothing in the career of her father, nor in his reputation for honesty and ability, nor in the high position he had won was comparable for a moment to the fact that his daughter had become the Countess Tallyrand-Perigord.

So she went to Europe to shine on these dazzling heights. She found that her husband's precious family was organized to prey upon her. She found that she was expected not only to pay all of her count's debts, contracted at the gaming-table and in ways still worse, but all the debts of all his relatives as well. Nothing seemed to satisfy the cormorants with whom she was surrounded. Her husband openly squandered and rioted in the money she gave him. When the supplies were not forthcoming, he as openly neglected her. In a few months the dream was all over. The noble count turned out to be a noble scamp. After weeks of cruelties, intolerable insults and impostures, the countess appealed to her father. He rescued her. She secured a divorce, and so ended that romance.

Alice Heine, of New Orleans, beautiful and very rich, married the Prince of Monaco, and thereby achieved the distinction, dear to the saphead kind, of being the only American girl that ever became a REAL princess—so called. The actual extent of this glory may be gathered from the fact that Monaco is a nominal principality about a square mile, maintained by the powers of Europe because it is a gambling-place, and by keeping up its form of independence none of the great nations can be charged with the duty of suppressing its vicious amusements. But one of the many strange features of this obsession is that, to a miseducated and reactionary American woman, anything called a Prince is an en-



COUNTESS OF TANKEVILLE—Miss Leonora VanMarter

chantment. The Prince that Alice Heine married was a particularly offensive person, and as she had been for some years in Europe, it is impossible that she did not know something of his peculiarities. The fame of one of his characteristic amusements was sufficiently widespread to have reached most persons.

Well, Miss Heine was bought by this creature, and in the phrase of the sapheads she "reigned" at Monaco. Not long, however. The noble Prince speedily developed traits that fully explained why his first wife left him. He was of low mind and low tastes, and the Princess after a year or two of unhappiness got a divorce. And so ended that romance.

May Wheeler, of Philadelphia, was allured into the market, where she was bought by Count Pappenheim of Germany. Consideration, an ancient title; consideration for him, some millions and a beautiful and talented woman. She went to Germany to live. In Philadelphia she had always dwelt upon the highest attainable strata of society, but it was clear to her mind that in Germany as a Countess she would be on heights so high that looking over the edge she could hardly discern Philadelphia in the dim distance. The difference between Miss Wheeler, simple, ordinary Miss Wheeler, and the Countess Pappenheim seemed so great that it could hardly be measured by the human eye. When she reached Germany she found to her infinite amazement that she was neither received in the highest circles of society nor in any other. The doors were shut in her face; instead of being the Countess Pappenheim she was not even Miss Wheeler; she was, in fact, nobody. Coincidentally the noble count began to increase his demand for more money. Then he quarreled with her and left her and she got a divorce. And so ended that romance.



COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK—Miss Daisy Leiter

Edith Collins, a descendant of Commodore Vanderbilt and a ward of Chauncey M. Depew, was married to Prince Czaykowsky, a Polish nobleman, doubtless of one of the finest old families that ever cut a throat or oppressed a peasant. It was a grand affair, that match, for here was another American girl become a princess, and the sapheads were once more agape. To be a princess—is not that next to being a queen? Splendid eminence for one who had only been Miss Collins. The most noble Prince Czaykowsky, being admittedly and deplorably reduced in means, was secretary of the Turkish legation at the Hague. The ample dowry of his bride, who inherited \$7,000,000, failed to supply his needs. Not long after his glorious marriage very serious charges were made against his conduct of his post. He was arrested, but for some reason, perhaps not difficult to surmise, he was not prosecuted, being only dismissed in disgrace. The Princess sued for divorce. The evidence was taken in Paris, whither she had fled. It was never made public but was said to be of peculiarly sensational character. A decree was granted, and so ended that romance.

Evelyn Julia Bryant, stepdaughter of John W. Mackay, was married to Prince Fernando Marco Antonio Giuliano Colonna-Stigliano, again of one of the oldest and noblest houses in Europe, and described by the *London World* as "a scapegrace if there ever was one." Six months sufficed for her disenchantment. Her husband was a gambler and drunkard. He squandered her dowry, sold her jewels and wedding presents, and drove her frantic with incessant and insolent demands for more money. She fled to Naples and got a separation. And so ended that romance.

An odd feature about these stories is that in almost every case the marriage was diligently asserted to be



COUNTESS PERIGORD—Miss Helen Morton

happy so long as the real facts about it could be concealed. Thus, conspicuously in the cases of Consuelo Vanderbilt and Anna Gould, the press-agents and lackeys continued, even when London and Paris were agog over the impending scandals, to say that the unions were conspicuous exceptions to the rule regarding international matches. I have before me a magazine-article written by an American woman a few months before the breaking of the Gould-Castellane storm, in which was celebrated with sickening phrases the sweet idyllic home life of the Castellanes. At that time the noble Count had dissipated about \$12,000,000 of the Gould fortune and the quarrels of the couple were notorious. Nevertheless, according to the press-agents and lackeys the marriage was "perfectly happy." The ink was hardly dry on that page before the Castellanes had told their unpleasant stories in the divorce court.

Similar methods were laborously employed in the Marlborough case, even after the Duchess, too high-spirited to endure her husband's cruelties and other peculiarities, had ceased to live with him. For some reason not made clear, possibly the interests of the marriage bureau, possibly for the sake of family pride, an immense pressure was brought to bear upon her to keep silence, but she would not. She did, however, consent to a separation that would preserve her title instead of discarding it in a divorce case as she had intended, and what would have been a memorable lesson to the world of the utterly impossible nature of these plebeian and noble unions was conveniently curtailed off behind an unfortunate disagreement.

A maddening instance was that of Edith Van Buren, a daughter of General Van Buren and great grand-niece of Martin Van Buren, once President of the United



COUNTRESS OF ESSEN—Miss A. I. Grant

States. She was married to the Count de Castlemenardo, an Italian nobleman of the grandest station, and went to Italy to dwell on the fine old family estates. After a time the noble Count testified to the respect he had for his American wife by living openly at a Genoa hotel with a notorious and depraved countrywoman, whom he had the effrontery to introduce everywhere as his wife. This culmination of a long series of insults drove the Countess to secure a separation, for under the Italian law she could not have a divorce. She also, I am pleased to say, prosecuted the worthless Count criminally and he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. And so ended that romance.

Sometimes the infatuation and blindness of the American pass belief. Gwendoline Caldwell, a great beauty of Kentucky, was sought in marriage by one Prince Murat and joyously consented. Prince Murat was elderly and penniless, but he had a daughter by a former marriage on whom was settled a considerable fortune inherited from her mother and prophetically secured against the Prince's fingers. When this daughter heard of her father's engagement, she said:

"Papa, dear, how much money will you get by marrying this American?"

Papa told her the price that had been agreed upon.

"Very well," said the daughter, and produced her check-book. "I will give you that amount to break off the union."

The noble Prince took the money. Then he tried to get an increased price from his bride-to-be. Failing, he broke off the match. The next year, strange as it may seem, Miss Caldwell was married to the Marquis de Monstairs Merinville. They went to live at 104 Avenue de Champs Elysees. The noble Marquis had an enjoy-



DUCHESS ROCHEFOUCAULD—Miss Mattie Mitchell

able time spending his bride's money. One night in a café he spent \$4,000 for drinks for the crowd. His wife endured for some time afflictions still worse than her husband's mad extravagance. Then she left him. There are phases of this story that are omitted. They are sad—worse than sad.

Mary Livingston King, of Georgia, was married to the Marquis of Anglesey, Vice Admiral, Baronet, Colonel, Deputy Lord Lieutenant of an Irish Colony, and I know not what besides—a perfectly grand person. Here, indeed, was richness. Instead of one title, the man had six or seven, and if one title be good, more must be better. He had also a family name—Paget—ancient and very grand, and he stood on dazzling heights of that ladder of social eminence up which all our young women are so diligently trained to look. But while he had charming titles he had (in American eyes) intolerable habits, and the divorce-court ended that romance with the others.

Florence Drouillard, of Nashville, was married to Count Bernard de Portales. She lived in state in a palace in the Rue de Lille, Paris, and she had a chateau in the country; but ten years saw her a petitioner in the divorce-court with the rest.

May Cuyler, daughter of J. Wayne Cuyler, of New York, a very handsome and intelligent woman, was married to Sir Philip Grey Egerton, of England. They lived for a time in Berkeley Square, London. Lady Egerton was looked upon as the most beautiful American in London. Neither her beauty nor her wit appealed much to Sir Philip, who found other attractions. His wife was too proud to play the role of Patient Griselda that some of her countrywomen have adopted, and got a divorce.

One of the famous and melancholy cases was that of



LADY BARING—Miss Mary Churchill

the Miss Stewart who was married to Count Rosemont de Rouge-Aix. She had a fortune of millions, but he swept it all away for his debts and his amusements. When it was gone he coolly left her with the information that he had married her only for her money. She was reduced to absolute penury and was obliged to earn her living as a governess in London.

In truth, it is a dismal catalogue. The whole history of The International Marriage is gloomy with these evidences of miserable lives and wrecked ambitions. Little consolation is derivable from imagining that the divorce cases marked the extreme instances. Too often it is apparent that where there was no divorce there should have been one. Mimi Smith, of the famous Mobile family of beauties, was married to the Viscount Fontilliat, and was said to have regretted all the rest of her life a union that brought her the greatest unhappiness. Similarly Consuelo Yznaga of New York was married to the late Duke of Manchester and found her husband to be a typical nobleman. "He caused her only misery," writes one commentator. "She was most unhappy." And Clara Prentice, adopted daughter of the late Collis P. Huntington, who was married to Prince von Hatzfeldt-Wildenberg, could hardly have been happy in the union. The Prince was a confirmed gambler and had been ostracized in Berlin, Vienna, and Paris. Mr. Huntington was obliged to pay enormous sums to liquidate the noble Prince's gambling-debts.

Winnaretta Singer, of Chicago, was married to Marquis de Scey-Montbelliard. After a brief and stormy married life she left him in disgust, and got a divorce.

Miss Fitzgerald, of Litchfield, Conn., was married to Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice of London. They lived together a few months, when she was obliged to leave him.



COUNTESS OF SORIANO—Miss Italia Blair

Bessie Curtis, a bright and clever New England girl, was married to the Marquis de Tallyrand-Perigord, a relation of the precious Count that caused so much trouble for Helen Morton. She found that he had taken her only for her money, and she had taken him only for his title, which proved to be worthless. She left him and got a divorce.

Anne Reid, daughter of T. Douglas Reid, New York, was married to Sir Philip Aylmer. Their married life lasted less than a year, when he drove her to divorce him. She was said to have been most unhappy.

Wilhelmina Winans, one of the Southern belles of ten years ago, was married to Sir Merrick Berrell, of London. Same causes and same results. He wanted only her money. When he could get no more of that the usual separation followed, ending in a divorce.

These are a few sample instances from among the wrecks that have drifted into view in the divorce courts. The immensely greater number that are still concealed by the pride of the sufferers no one can know definitely, but those that have lived abroad can make a fairly accurate guess. What is really going on may be gathered from the remark made to Mrs. Logan by one American girl that had wed a European title. "I thought," she said, "that I was the one exception who was marrying a veritable nobleman by nature and by name. He is only one by name and of all men I have ever known he is the veriest petty tyrant. My life is a burden and I care not how soon it is over."

Of course her life is a burden.

She has sacrificed her beauty, money, wit, cleverness, career, and self-respect to enter upon a loveless union for the sake of social distinction—and she finds she has not won the social distinction.



PRINCESS OF MONACO—Miss Alice Heine

That is the fact. No American girl can break into European society by becoming the wife of an European nobleman any more than she can climb the Matterhorn in an automobile. The thing is utterly impossible. It never has been done, and so long as Society is constituted as at present it never will be done. The idea that Miss Slushslosh, by becoming the Countess of Lumtiloo, wins any kind of standing in Europe is almost universal in our country and it is of all foolish dreams the most stupid and illusory. The truth is that she has no standing at all and cannot have, no matter who "takes her up." On reflection, would it not be very strange if the iron customs of centuries and all the immutable ideas of caste and rank on which the structure of Society stands should be overthrown because an American has managed to accumulate some millions of dollars? The social leaders in Europe do not care how many millions he has. With them the only basis of social position is birth not wealth. What is this young woman's birth? Plebeian. Then SHE is plebeian, and plebeian, and therefore out-cast, she would remain if she had as many billions or trillions as she has millions.

It is strange that we do not recognize this fact when it is quite apparent, since we know that the penniless noblemen do not lose a particle of their rank and the richest plebeians in England remain plebeians in spite of all their wealth. But whether we recognize it or not it is the absolute truth. No one can put an American girl into English society, not even the King himself. In the case of Consuelo Vanderbilt, he made the most generous and persistent efforts, repeatedly inviting her and showing her every attention; she remained exactly as she was before. If the Duke of Marlborough had married in his own rank his Duchess would have been one of the



MARCHIONESS OF BUTE—Miss Augusta Bellingham

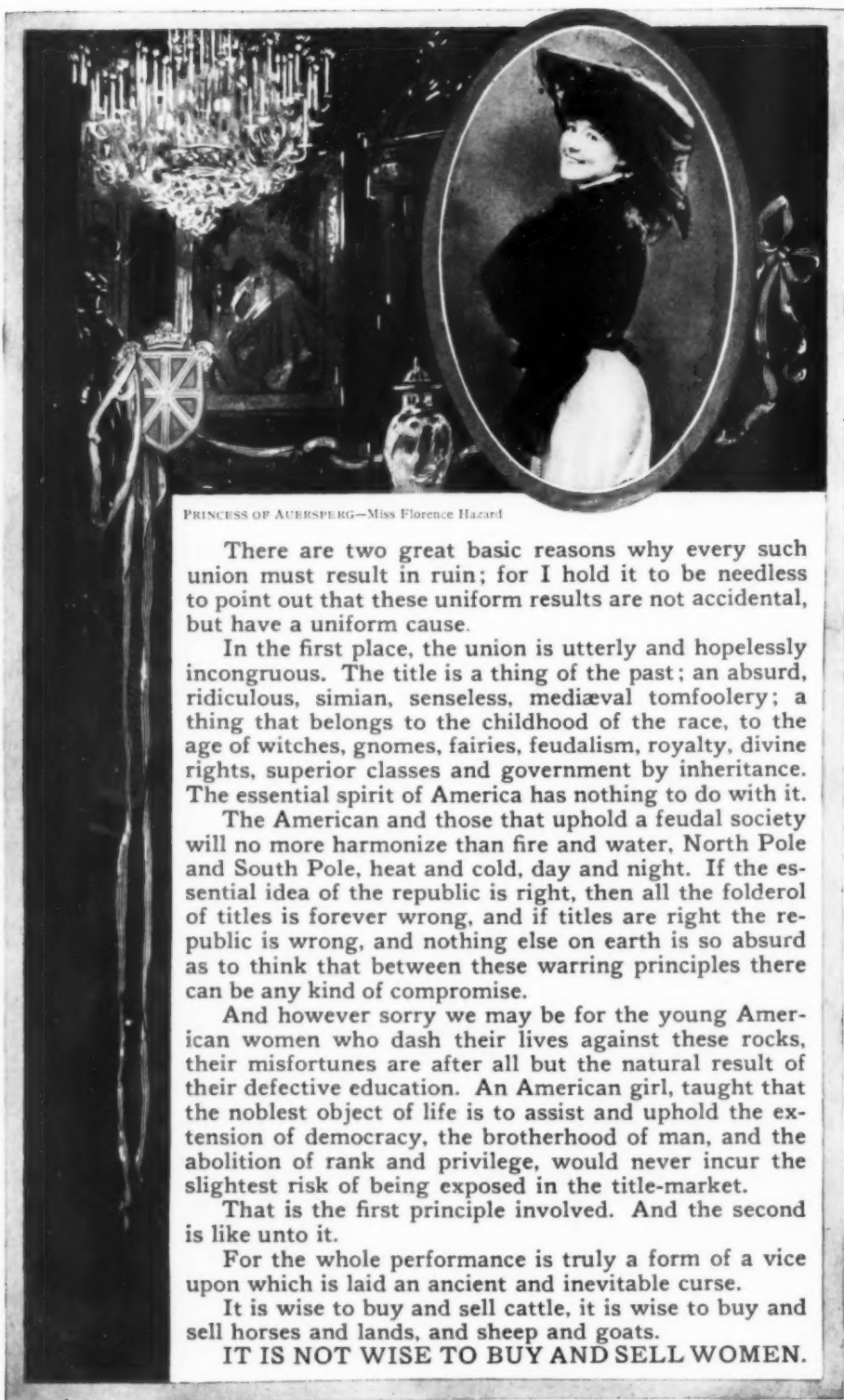
foremost peeresses in England. Marrying Consuelo Vanderbilt she remained Consuelo Vanderbilt. As for the King, it must be remembered that he himself is looked down upon by those that hold the highest seats in the English social realm. They think of him as an upstart German of recent importation, whereas their own lineages run back without interruption to the Conquest or beyond. What have they to do with the daughter of an American railroad speculator?

Once in a while there comes from someone who knows, like Max Nordau, such a note of sinister warning as he issued when Gladys Vanderbilt was married to the Count Szechenyi, but it is always unheeded. (Nordau understood thoroughly what was in store for Miss Vanderbilt). "The Hungarian aristocracy," he said, "is very rich, very proud and therefore inaccessible."

Inaccessible! Well, rather. The young Countess Szechenyi has no more chance to enter it than the poorest flower-girl in the streets of Buda Pesth would have. All the Vanderbilt millions, and all the millions of all the other millionaires in America could not buy her entrance to these precincts, nor the entrance of any other American girl to any other citadel of European society, no matter whom she might marry.

This is the plain truth, as every one that knows anything about European society knows it is the truth.

Well, but why dwell upon it now? Why drag up all these painful stories and recite all these miseries, so much better forgotten? Not for any pleasure in them, certainly. Nothing could be more dismal. But herein lies a profound and fundamental fact about life and our country: We are so constituted that we cannot really get hold of such things except by contemplating blunders as well as successes.



PRINCESS OF AUERSPERG—Miss Florence Hazard

There are two great basic reasons why every such union must result in ruin; for I hold it to be needless to point out that these uniform results are not accidental, but have a uniform cause.

In the first place, the union is utterly and hopelessly incongruous. The title is a thing of the past; an absurd, ridiculous, simian, senseless, mediæval tomfoolery; a thing that belongs to the childhood of the race, to the age of witches, gnomes, fairies, feudalism, royalty, divine rights, superior classes and government by inheritance. The essential spirit of America has nothing to do with it.

The American and those that uphold a feudal society will no more harmonize than fire and water, North Pole and South Pole, heat and cold, day and night. If the essential idea of the republic is right, then all the folderol of titles is forever wrong, and if titles are right the republic is wrong, and nothing else on earth is so absurd as to think that between these warring principles there can be any kind of compromise.

And however sorry we may be for the young American women who dash their lives against these rocks, their misfortunes are after all but the natural result of their defective education. An American girl, taught that the noblest object of life is to assist and uphold the extension of democracy, the brotherhood of man, and the abolition of rank and privilege, would never incur the slightest risk of being exposed in the title-market.

That is the first principle involved. And the second is like unto it.

For the whole performance is truly a form of a vice upon which is laid an ancient and inevitable curse.

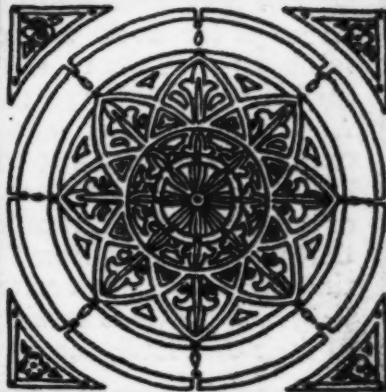
It is wise to buy and sell cattle, it is wise to buy and sell horses and lands, and sheep and goats.

IT IS NOT WISE TO BUY AND SELL WOMEN.

IN THE OLD PRINT SHOP

Getting
■ into ■
Society

By
James L. Ford





OSCAR WILDE HAS SAID—
AND THERE IS MUCH
MORE TRUTH IN THIS
THAN IN CERTAIN
OTHER OF HIS EPI-
GRAMS—THAT TO BE IN
SOCIETY IS A BORE;

not to be in it, a tragedy.

He might have added that the process known as "getting into society" is worse than either, for it is like working on a treadmill—a perpetual climbing which, although it brings the climber further and further away from all old ties of kindred and friendship, never brings him anywhere else. And he who is condemned to this perpetual toil of the treadmill, in comparison with which that of the prison is a light and pleasant effort that calls for the springy step of hope and youth, soon realizes, that if he stops for but a single moment he will infallibly slip back to the very bottom of the incline and be obliged to begin all over again. And, saddest of all and most significant, he can never slip back into the place that was once his; and there is no place, no matter how poor or humble, that is not better worth having than that which this toilsome and futile job of getting into society can offer.

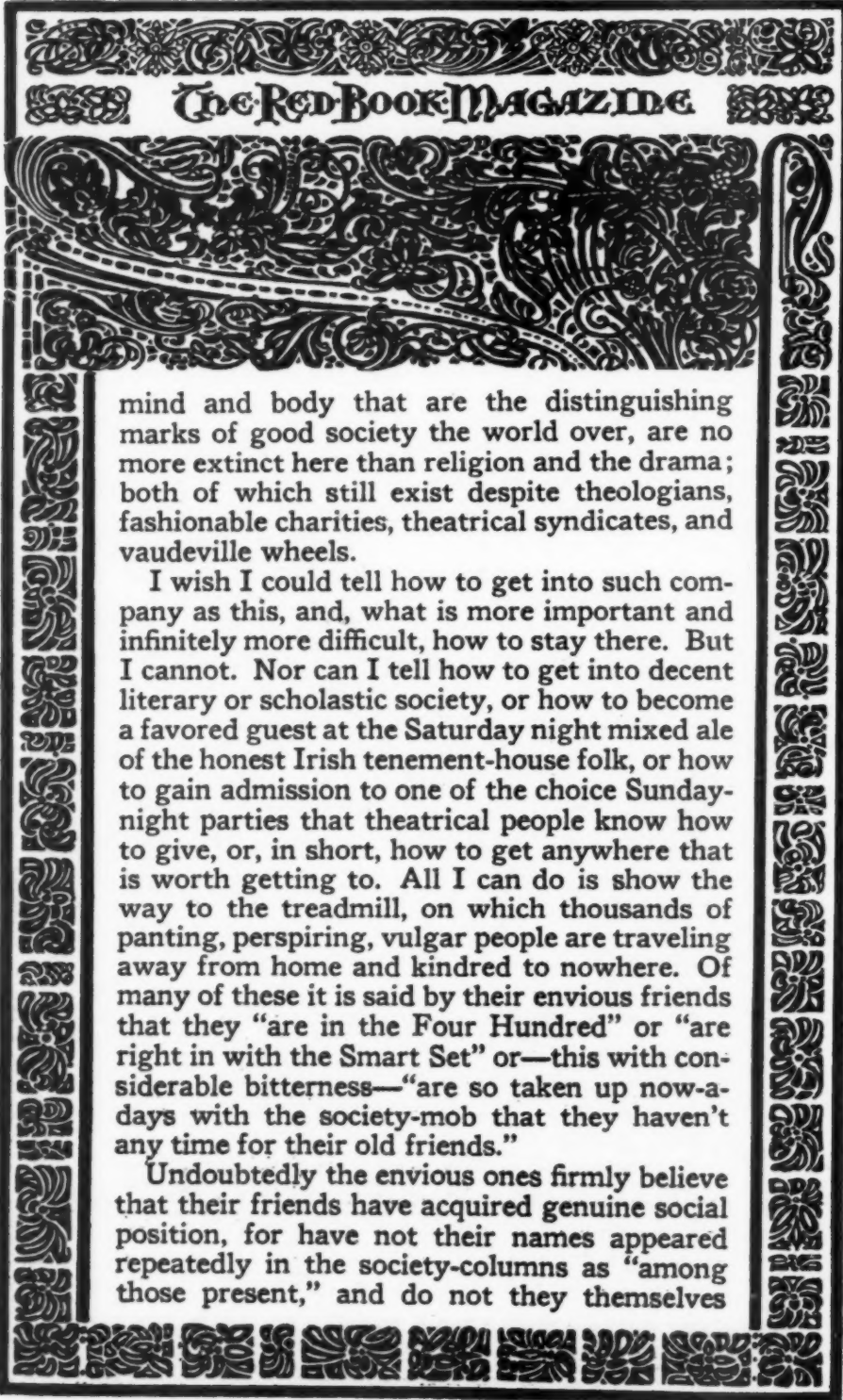
British climbers seeking to assail the society of their own land, encounter a vast and bitterly

GETTING INTO SOCIETY

cold glacier, moving slowly, solemnly, and with crushing, resistless weight. In this mass of ice and snow may be found imbedded, like so many boulders, the ancient feudal and county families which represent real position. Dried forest leaves, old pieces of paper, and paper bags are from time to time blown across the surface of the glacier and may stand for the great army of climbers and pushers, for any wind may blow them all away; whereas, the boulders and rocks remain firmly imbedded in society's frigid bosom even when crushed into a thousand pieces by some great disaster like bankruptcy or scandal.

Let it be borne in mind then, that this little essay of mine does not deal with real social position, but only with getting into society, which is a very different matter. For, contrary to accepted tradition, there is such a thing in New York as position, though, of course, it has not the great significance that it has in older civilizations; nor is its existence as generally recognized by the great outside world, so great is the hue and cry made in Sunday supplements and elsewhere over noisier, more ephemeral, and wealthier groups.

But there are certain of us who derive great comfort from the belief that good breeding, fine manners, a cultivated taste, the kindly heart and the consideration of others, personal distinction, poise, and certain other graces of



THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

mind and body that are the distinguishing marks of good society the world over, are no more extinct here than religion and the drama; both of which still exist despite theologians, fashionable charities, theatrical syndicates, and vaudeville wheels.

I wish I could tell how to get into such company as this, and, what is more important and infinitely more difficult, how to stay there. But I cannot. Nor can I tell how to get into decent literary or scholastic society, or how to become a favored guest at the Saturday night mixed ale of the honest Irish tenement-house folk, or how to gain admission to one of the choice Sunday-night parties that theatrical people know how to give, or, in short, how to get anywhere that is worth getting to. All I can do is show the way to the treadmill, on which thousands of panting, perspiring, vulgar people are traveling away from home and kindred to nowhere. Of many of these it is said by their envious friends that they "are in the Four Hundred" or "are right in with the Smart Set" or—this with considerable bitterness—"are so taken up now-a-days with the society-mob that they haven't any time for their old friends."

Undoubtedly the envious ones firmly believe that their friends have acquired genuine social position, for have not their names appeared repeatedly in the society-columns as "among those present," and do not they themselves

GETTING INTO SOCIETY

drop constant allusions to "dear Mrs. Reggie This" or "Willy That," and have they not frequently observed that "the Bobby Winkletrees are just the dearest people in the whole town?" In fact, the lot of these pushers seems a fortunate one until we find out exactly what this kind of getting into society means, and how much it costs.

And yet, despite the most prodigal spending of money, the most diligent courting of the rich, and the great, the most arduous work on the treadle, I have never known a climber to achieve anything like real social position, though I have seen some of the most determined and tenacious of them secure it for their children. After which they have generally been allowed to go their ways in peace.

The late John W. Kelly, one of the few humorists of his day, used to say, as he peered with owl-like gravity over the iron rims of his spectacles:

"How to get beer when you have the price is a simple matter, for if you have ten cents you can always borrow a pitcher. But how to get beer when you haven't the price—that calls for a little science."

It is scarcely worth my while to treat of the methods by which a millionaire may get into society except to remark that as long as he is holding his job on the treadmill he must keep all the joints and wheels well oiled. It would

be much more difficult to show him how to keep out of it, especially in panic-times, for dinners and operas and trips in private cars and on yachts must go on, and somebody must foot the bills.

But how to get into society without the price? That certainly calls for a little science, and, incidentally, raises the climber to the dignity of a scientist.

Curiously enough, these scientists never apply humbly at the kitchen door. The majority of them march boldly in through the most pretentious of gateways, that of intellectual culture, literary taste, and philanthropy. That this gateway is easier than any of the others and consequently always crowded by a jostling throng, is due to the fact that the sort of woman who guards it, is one without a vestige of real feeling for art or letters, and whose only leaning in that direction is found in a sloppy desire to get together what she calls "a circle of interesting people," meaning merely those who have been well advertised for one reason or another. Indeed, the distinguishing traits of this woman are her inability to distinguish between art and advertising and her habit of judging everything—literature, music, painting—by the standards of the grocery-store. Mention the name of an artist, writer, or player to her and she will ask how much he is paid for his work. Tell her that Sheridan wrote "The Rivals" and she will

GETTING INTO SOCIETY

quickly make answer: "Yes, but just see how much money Clyde Fitch is making!" She was never known to discover a new genius and she never thinks of paying any attention to one who has not been thoroughly well advertised.

So long as this woman stands on guard at the literary and artistic gate, so long will pretenders of every description pay for their admission in the currency of fake art, or fake literature or fake cultivation. The millionaire cannot take his place on the treadmill until he has paid for his ticket in real currency, because the pleasure-loving women of society are just as keen in the matter of money-values as are the dealers in automobiles, terrapin, jewels, and rich fabrics who eventually get the coin. But the artistic and philanthropic fakers are admitted on counterfeit currency, just as in certain Park Row saloons patronized by drunken printers, a bad dollar passes almost as readily as a good one; the bartenders have instructions not to turn away trade and to be sure and pay the counterfeits out again in making change to the intoxicated. But, unlike the wise bartender, the brilliant women who stand at the intellectual gateway, do not know the difference between the genuine currency that is offered and the counterfeit.

The climbers of an elder day used to get into society by way of the big Summer-hotels, a custom that seems amazing to us of the present,

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

and, as we pride ourselves, more sophisticated generation. But that was at a time when people worth knowing spent their Summers in hotels instead of in their own cottages as now, and the pushers always pretended to be wealthy or titled or well-connected. These bluffs, which used to impose upon our not too remote ancestry, provoke a smile of amused contempt now-a-days; but, after all, when we consider the palpably counterfeit intellectual and artistic pretense which passes current at society's portals, we are forced to the conclusion that we have retrograded rather than gone ahead since the Civil War. As for the soi-disant titled or well-connected Englishman, we are a little shrewder now than formerly, thanks to the enlightening influence of Burke and De Brett; but the microbe of snobbery can no more be stamped out than yellow fever, so long as it has fools to feed upon. The titled or well-connected grafter, whose coronet and social claims are genuine enough, and who asks for things instead of stealing them, is still busily at work and generally succeeds in getting a great deal more out of us than did the old-fashioned bogus lord of the early 'seventies.

Indeed, for really artistic and thorough work, commend me to the female of the British grafting species as she steps from the gang-plank of the steamer to her place on the treadmill, her letters of introduction clutched tightly in her

GETTING INTO SOCIETY

hand, an open, friendly smile on her lips, and a deep love for dear old America already beginning to well up in her heart. Her artless delight with everything she sees and everybody she meets ill accords with the crows'-feet under her eyes and the hard look that comes over her face when she finds she is expected to pay for something. Under her velvet gloves are hooks of burnished steel, and the letters which she prizes most highly are those addressed to the very rich and very smart, who entertain generously and keep their country-houses open until nearly Christmas. Once domiciled in one of these houses she is difficult to dislodge.

"Your New York is charming, my dear, but, oh, so noisy! Fancy poor little me in all that hubbub of excitement! If it hadn't been for dear Mrs. Alldough rescuing me from it and insisting upon my spending the Autumn with her, I really don't think I should be alive now!"

There is nothing that this woman will not ask for, nothing that she will not take, and positively nothing that she will give in return. But she is prodigal in promises and suggestions of what she hopes to do for her dear American friends in years to come.

"Really, it's a shame that you bright Americans don't come over to London oftener and brighten us up a bit!" she cries to the bright American who usually takes a party of friends to Mexico in his private car in the early Spring.



THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

"If you're there next season, I mean you shall meet Lady Graftmere, and she's a rare good sort, is Connie, when you once know her. And awfully fond of you Americans, too. Now, do promise me that when you come over in May, you'll come to a little party I'm going to have of Connie and Archie Coldface, oldest son of Lord Steelhooks, you know, and little me. And I can tell you that if Connie Graftmere takes you up, you're made, so far as London is concerned."

She has one characteristic, however, that sets her apart from all the rest of mankind. She really believes that all Americans are created free and equal.

Time was when people went among the poor only on missions of love and mercy; but the serious looking men and women who may be seen grinding away on the treadmill under the banner of Philanthropy have changed all that. To the awe-stricken women who usher them through the golden portals, they represent something that is far better than the mere giving of alms — something that unquestionably cuts a great deal more ice in our most brilliant society and is itself much colder and sharper, for they are "studying the sociological conditions in the congested districts." Which means that certain ambitious young persons, of both sexes, have discovered that the slums are really closer to the gates of society than are the great

GETTING INTO SOCIETY

desert wastes of up-town conventionality in which they have perhaps dwelt unnoticed for years. And it is through their efforts that the word "sociology" has come to cover permanent residence in the slums, either real or pretended, parlor-lectures, dinner-table monologues, and many brands of cheap, fashionable socialism.

The Slum Owl is supposed to live downtown, but he is most in evidence on the treadmill, which he tramps with patient feet, croaking solemnly the while about "The Needs of the Masses," "The Uplifting of the Slum Dwellers," and "The Hunger and Squalor that Stalk Through the Congested Districts," and which, by the way, he never attempts to relieve. Not infrequently he makes his hearers' hair rise by his descriptions of the "Sullen Discontent of the City," "Toiling and Starving Masses," which are like a "Powder Mine Beneath Us." As for the French Revolution, I really don't know how the Slum Owl could get along without it, and there is nothing that suits him or his admirers better than a gloomy picture of what will happen when the "Mob rises against its Masters." And he always favors the Mob, even when consuming the champagne and terrapin of the Master.

It is generally believed in the most brilliant society of Fifth Avenue, that the Slum Owl is a gigantic power for good or for evil in the territory that he calls his own. His followers love

to picture him as he stalks around on his tours of investigation, often under the cover of darkness, and possibly disguised with false whiskers or shrouded in a melodramatic cloak. They fancy him on terms of confidential intimacy with the criminal classes, who confide their secrets to him when he calls to take afternoon-tea in their "dens," and they wonder how he dares to lead a life fraught with such appalling danger. Certainly nothing but a desire to master the secrets of "sociology" can account for it.

Now, as a matter of fact, the Slum Owl is a person of not even the slightest importance in the vale of his own hooting. Those who dwell in the poorer parts of the town would resent his impertinent intrusions as quickly as if they were born within the "desirable residential district." Moreover, they are so clannish and so busy in attending to their own affairs, that they have no time to spare for idle prattle or for the sort of friendship that he is capable of offering them. They do not even know that they are "interesting sociological specimens" any more than the Rockaway oyster knows that he is a bivalve, and they care even less. In short, the Owl of the slums exists only through the favor of that society which is really his goal and which has invested him with a degree of importance that he never enjoys in the regions where he is supposed to be a notable figure.

Just behind the Slum Owl on the treadmill,

GETTING INTO SOCIETY

comes Mrs. Catterwaul of Cherry Hill, who is really the female of this species. Mrs Catterwaul has lived for many years in New York, but it was not until she conceived the idea of giving a series of folk-lore recitals for the benefit of the Abyssinian colony of the Fourth Ward, that a delighted Society helped her aboard the treadmill and started her on her perpetual march. In getting up the folk-lore recitals, she contrived to call on a great many ladies of fashion and some of these became so interested in what she soon began to call her "life work," that they asked her to give a series of parlor-talks on that most fascinating of all topics, "The Manners and Habits of the Fourth Ward Abyssinian Colony." Then she sold a number of magazine-articles on the same subject, and it was not long before her famous book, "The Orientalist in our Midst," appeared on the market, preceded by innumerable paragraphs describing her as having lived for years on the East Side engaged in "studying the conditions that prevail in the congested districts."

And journeying side by side with Mrs. Catterwaul comes the Reformer, across whose credentials are recorded the fact that he is "very much interested in municipal politics." The Reformer owes his place on the treadmill, as well as the friendly greeting that he receives at Society's portals, to the fact that he is cheerfully devoting his life to the great work of pre-

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

venting people from doing what they want to do. So earnest and sincere is he in his self-appointed task that he has frequently boasted to his feminine admirers of the vast number of things that he proposes to put a stop to. Not long ago he heard that the saloon is "the poor man's club" and was so profoundly impressed with this novel and astonishing theory that he has made it into one of his parlor discourses and given it the same rank and importance as "The Better Element in Politics" and "The Evils of Machine Rule."

Although not from the slums, that diligent toiler on the treadmill, the Society Critic, ranks as a distinctively "interesting personage," and it must be said of him that he was the originator of the scheme for getting into society by means of dramatic criticism.


"He's certainly a wonderful critic!" exclaimed the brilliant and ingenuous woman who accepted his credentials at the gates. "He writes all about that Italian theatre just the same as if it were in English; and besides, he's gathered together a most charming and interesting circle of people. We're all going to his rooms next Sunday afternoon to meet the Polish actor, Scratchoff."

The Society Critic works on a plan that is so safe and simple that it would be worthy of genuine praise were it not for the fact that it never gets him anywhere except on the treadmill and

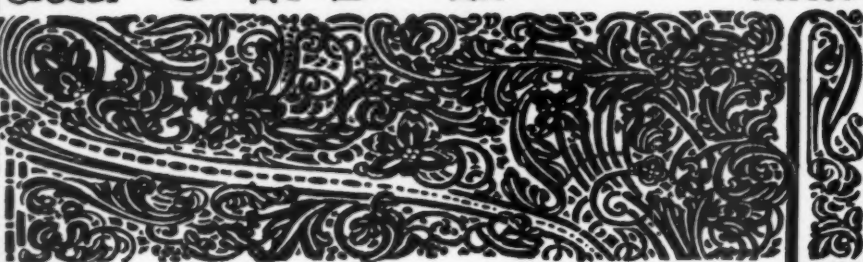
GETTING INTO SOCIETY

will certainly cost him his job in the course of time. His criticisms consist chiefly of fulsome puffs of those artists whom fashionable people are anxious to meet, and whom, having puffed, he invites to his home, where they are used as a bait to catch the big fish of the social puddle. And when the big fish nibble at his hook he throws them down and sits on their necks until they invite him to their teas and parties. This is what is known in society as "gathering together a charming artistic circle," and it is on the strength of the attractions that he provides that the Society Critic is permitted to walk the treadle. But let him once lose the job by which he secures his bait, and his charming artistic circle will melt away like the chalk-mark from the pavement on the rainy day and the big fish of society whom he had sought to cultivate will know him no more.

Meanwhile, the toilers on the treadmill are hurrying along on their futile journey and paying either in coin or effort, or both, for every step of the way. The millionaire is shedding money from every pocket and the faster he climbs the greater the need of his golden lubricant for the treadmill's wheels. The opera-box followed by a supper no longer satisfies his friends, who now clamor for a trip in a private car to Mexico, a dinner with jeweled souvenirs, or a week in a steam yacht or an Adirondack camp. And all this perpetual climbing and



THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE



money-spending can bring to him is a place among the hangers-on and parasites of society. And the higher we go, the worse, in every respect that it is possible to conceive, are these hangers-on.

To my mind, the lot of the millionaire is the easiest of all, for all he does is to spend money that he can readily spare; but there is not one of the other climbers, no matter how humble his former station in life, who would not do better to remain in it than to perform any of the terrible labors that I have described, for, hard and disagreeable as were the tasks of the first Hercules, his jaws, at least, always had rest.

And behind all the other toilers, a band of grizzly shades are marching silently with phantom feet. They are the people who are getting into Society by way of the Sunday supplement, members of that mysterious world of fashion that Park Row has created for the edification of its Sunday readers. Admission to this strange world is gained only by freak behavior, such as giving a dinner in a mud-scow, or having a thousand pairs of trousers, or wearing a gold waistcoat with ruby buttons, or inviting the chimpanzees from the Bronx to luncheon. Almost any one who has never crossed the threshold of a decent house is eligible to this society.



They left Spencer writing

The Freshman Full-Back

BY RALPH D. PAINE

Author of "The Praying Skipper," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THE boyish night city-editor glanced along the copy-readers' table and petulantly exclaimed:

"Isn't that spread head ready yet, Mr. Spencer? It goes on the front page and we are holding open for it. Great Scott, but you are slow. You ought to be holding down a job on a quarterly review."

A portly man of middle age dropped his pencil and turned heavily in his chair to face the source of this public humiliation. An angry flush overspread his face and he chewed at a grayish mustache as if fighting down rebellion. His

comrades at the long table had looked up from their work and were eyeing the oldest copy-reader with sympathetic uneasiness while they hoped that he would be able to hold himself in hand. The night city-editor felt the tension of this brief tableau and awaited the threatened outbreak with a nervous smile. But Spencer jerked his green eye-shade so low that his face was partly in eclipse, and wheeled round to resume his task with a catch of the breath and a tone of surrender in his reply.

"The head will be ready in five min-

utes, sir. The last pages of the story are just coming in."

A much younger man at the farther end of the table whispered to his neighbor:

"That's cheap and nasty, to call down old man Spencer as if he were a cub-reporter. He may have lost his grip, but he deserves decent treatment for what he has been. Managing-editor of this very sheet, London correspondent before that, and the crack-man of the staff when most of the rest of us were in short breeches. And now Henry Harding Spencer isn't any too sure of keeping his job on the copy-desk."

"That's what the New York newspaper-game can do to you if you stick at it too long," murmured the other. "Back to the farm for mine."

It was long after midnight when these two put on their coats and bade the city-editor's desk a perfunctory "Good-night."

They left Henry Harding Spencer still slumped in his chair, writing with dogged industry.

"He's dead tired, you can see that," commented one of the pair as they headed for Broadway, "but, as usual, he is grinding out stuff for the Sunday-sheet after hours. He must need the extra coin mighty bad. I came back for my overcoat at four the other morning, after the poker-game, and he was still pegging away just like that."

Other belated editors and reporters of the *Chronicle* staff drifted toward the elevator, until the gray-haired copy-reader was left alone in the city-room as if marooned. Writing as steadily as if he were a machine warranted to turn out so many words an hour, Spencer urged his pencil until the last page was finished. Then he read and corrected the "story," slipped it through a slit in a door marked "Sunday Editor" and trudged out while the tower-clock was striking three.

Instead of seeking the chop-house, wherein the vivacious and tireless youth of the staff were wont to linger over supper, he turned into a side street and betook himself to a small café, as yet unfrequented by the night-owls of journalism. Spencer was a beaten man, and

he preferred to nurse his wounds in a morbid isolation. His gait and aspect were those of one who was stolidly struggling on the defensive, as if hostile circumstances had driven him into a corner where he was making his last stand.

Through the years of his indomitable youth as a reporter of rare ability and resourcefulness, he had never spared himself. Burning the candle at both ends, with a vitality which had seemed inexhaustible, he had won step after step of promotion until, at forty, he was made managing-editor of that huge and hard-driven organization, *The New York Chronicle*. For five years of racking responsibility Henry Harding Spencer had been able to maintain the pace demanded of his position.

Then came an error of judgment—a midnight decision demanded of a fagged mind—and his O.K. was scrawled upon the first sheet of a story of embezzlement in Wall Street. By an incredible blunder the name of the fugitive cashier was coupled with that of the wrong bank. Publication of the *Chronicle* story started a terrific run on this innocent institution, which won its libel suit against the newspaper in the amount of one hundred thousand dollars.

The managing-editor, two reporters, and the copy-reader who had handled the fatal manuscript, were swept out of the building by one cyclonic order from the owner thereof. Henry Spencer accepted his indirect responsibility for the disaster in grim, manly fashion, and straightway sought another berth befitting his journalistic station. But his one costly slip was more than a nine days' scandal along Park Row, and other canny proprietors were afraid that he might hit them in the very vital regions of their pockets. Worse than this, his confidence in himself had suffered mortal damage. The wear and tear of his earlier years had left him with little reserve power and he went to pieces in the face of adverse fortune.

"Worked out at forty-five," was the verdict of his friends and they began to pity him.

The will to succeed had been broken, but Spencer might have rallied had not

his wife died during the ebb-tide of his affairs. She had walked hand in hand with him since his early twenties, her faith in him had been his mainstay, and his happiness in her complete and beautiful. Bereft of her, when he stood most in need of her, he seemed to have no more fight in him, and drifting from one newspaper-office to another, he finally eddied into his old "shop" as a drudging copy-reader and an object of sympathy to a younger generation.

There was one son, strong, bright, eager, and by dint of driving his eternally wearied brain overtime the father had been able to send him to Yale, his own *alma mater*. More or less pious deception had led young Arthur Spencer to believe that his father had regained much of his old-time prestige with the *Chronicle* and that he had a hand in guiding its editorial destinies. The lad was a Freshman, tremendously absorbed in the activities of the Autumn-term, and his father was content that he should be so hedged about by the interests of the campus-world as to have small time or thought for the grizzled, taciturn toiler in New York.

This was the kind of man that trudged heavily into the little German café of an early morning after his long night's slavery at the copy-desk. His mind, embittered and sensitive to slights like a raw nerve, was brooding over the open taunt of the night city-editor, who had been an office-boy under him in the years gone by. From force of habit he seated himself at a table in the rear of the room, shunning the chance of having to face an acquaintance. Unfolding a copy of the city-edition, which had been laid on his desk damp from the press-room, Spencer scanned the front page with scowling uneasiness, as if fearing to find some blunder of his own handiwork. Then he turned to the sporting-page and began to read the football-news.

His son Arthur had been playing as a substitute with the university eleven, an achievement which stirred the father's pride without moving his enthusiasm. And the boy, chilled by his father's indifference, had said little about it during his infrequent visits to New York. But

now the elder Spencer sat erect, and his stolid countenance was almost animated as he read, under a New Haven date line:

The Yale confidence of winning the game with Princeton to-morrow has been shattered and gloom enshrouds the camp of the Elis to-night. Collins, the great full-back, who has been the key-stone of Yale's offensive-game, was taken to the infirmary late this afternoon. He complained of feeling ill after the signal-practice yesterday; fever developed overnight, and the consulting physicians decided that he must be operated on for appendicitis without delay. His place in the Princeton game will be filled by Arthur Spencer, the Freshman who has been playing a phenomenal game in the back-field, but who is so lacking in experience that the coaches are all at sea to-night. The loss of Collins has swung the betting around to even money instead of 5 to 3 on Yale.

The elder Spencer wiped his glasses as if not sure that he had read aright.

Arthur had seemed to him no more than a sturdy infant and here he was, on the eve of a championship football-battle, picked to fight for the "old blue." The father's career at Yale had been a most honorable one. He, too, had played on the eleven and had helped to win two desperate contests against Princeton. But all this belonged to a part of his life which was dead and done for. He had not achieved in after years what Yale expected of him, and his record there was with his buried memories.

Supper was forgotten while Henry Spencer wondered whether he really wanted to go to New Haven to see his boy play. Many of his old friends and classmates would be there and he did not wish to meet them.

And it stung him to the quick as he reflected:

"I should be very happy to see him win, but—but to see him whipped. I couldn't brace and comfort him. And supposing it breaks his heart as it has broken mine. No, I won't let myself think that. I'm a poor Yale man and a worse father, but I couldn't stand going up there to-day."

Even more humiliating was the thought that he would shrink from asking leave of the city-editor. Saturday was

not his "day off," and he so greatly hated to ask favors at the office, that the possibility of being rebuffed was more than he was willing to face.

Into his unhappy meditations broke a boisterous hail:

"'Diogenes' Spencer, as I live. Why, you old rascal, I thought you were dead or something. Glad I didn't get foolish and go to bed. Here, waiter, get busy."

Spencer was startled, and he looked much more distressed than rejoiced as he lumbered from his table to grasp the outstretched hand of a classmate. The operahat of this Mr. Richard Giddings was cocked at a rakish angle, his blue eye twinkled good cheer and youthful hilarity, and his aspect was utterly care-free.

"How are you, Dick," said Spencer, with an unusual smile which singularly brightened his face. "You don't look a day older than when I last saw you. Still cutting coupons for a living?"

"Oh, money is the least of my worries," gayly rattled Mr. Giddings. "Been doing the heavy society act to-night, and on my way home found I needed some sauerkraut and beer to tone up my jaded system. By Jove, Harry, you're as gray as a badger. This newspaper-game must be bad for the nerves. Lots of fellows have asked me about you. Never see you at the University Club, nobody sees you anywhere. Remarkable how a man can lose himself right here in New York. Still running the *Chronicle*, I suppose."

"I'm still in the old shop, Dick," replied Spencer, glad to be rid of this awkward question. "But I work nearly all night and sleep most of the day, and am like a cog in a big machine that never stops grinding."

"Shouldn't do it. Wears a man out," and Mr. Giddings sagely nodded his head. "Course you are going up to the game to-day. Come along with me. Special car with a big bunch of your old pals inside. They'll be tickled to death to find I've dug you out of your hole. Hello! Is that this morning's paper? Let me look at the sporting-page. Great team at New Haven they tell me. What's the latest odds? I put up a thousand at five to three last week and am looking for some more easy money."

The alert eye of the volatile Richard Giddings swept down the New Haven dispatch like lightning.

With a greivous outcry he smote the table and shouted:

"Collins out of the game? Great Scott, Harry, that's awful news. And a green Freshman going to fill his shoes at the last minute. I feel like weeping, honest I do, Spencer! Who the deuce is Spencer? Any kin of yours? I suppose not or you would have bellowed it at me before this."

"He is my only boy, Dick," and the father held up his head with a shadow of his old manner. "I didn't know he had the ghost of a show to make the team until I saw this dispatch."

"Then, of course, you are coming up with me," roared Mr. Giddings. "I hope he's a chip of the old block. If he has your sand they can't stop him. Jumping Jupiter, they couldn't have stopped you with an axe when you were playing guard in our time, Harry. I feel better already to know that it is your kid going in at full-back to-day."

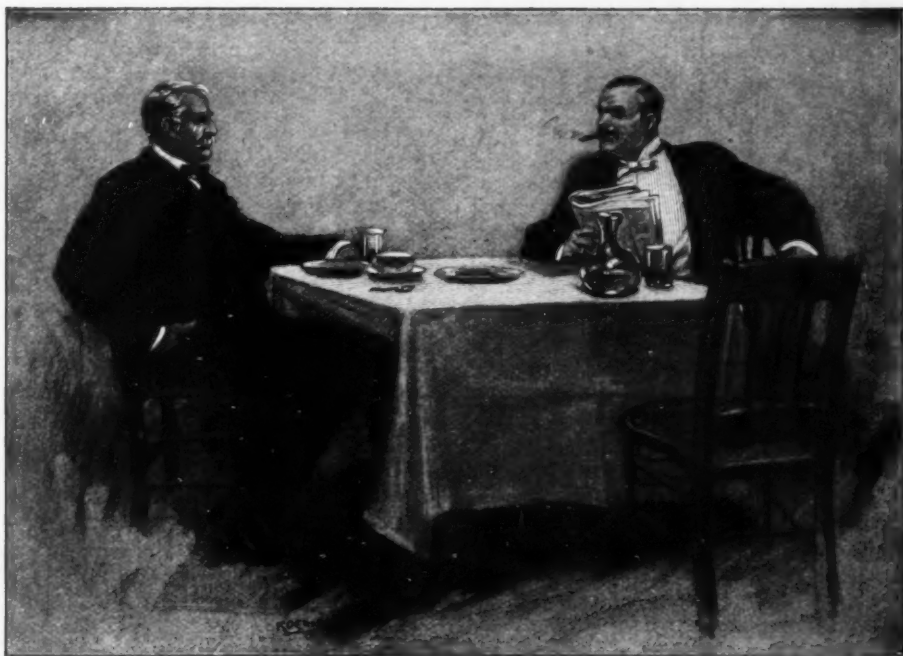
"No, I'm not going up, Dick," said Spencer slowly. "For one thing, it is too short notice for me to break away from the office, and I—I—haven't the nerve to watch the boy go into the game. I'm not feeling very fit."

"Stuff and nonsense, you need a brain-cure," vociferated Richard Giddings. "You an old Yale guard with a pup on the team, and he a Freshman at that! Throw out your chest man, tell the office to go to the devil—where all newspapers belong, and meet me at the station at ten o'clock sharp. You talk and look like the oldest living grad with one foot in the grave."

Spencer flushed and bit his lip. His dulled realization of what Yale had been to him was quickened by this tormenting comrade of the brave days of old, but he could not be shaken from his attitude of morbid self-effacement.

"No, Dick, it's no use," he returned with a tremulous smile. "You can't budge me. But give my love to the crowd and tell them to cheer for that youngster of mine until they're blue in the face."

Mr. Richard Giddings eyed him quizzically.



"Who the deuce is Spencer? Any kin of yours?"

cally and surmised that something or other was gravely wrong with his grizzled classmate. But Spencer offered no more explanations and the vivacious intruder fell to his task of demolishing sauerkraut with great gusto, after which he nimbly vanished into a cruising hansom with a sense of having been rebuffed.

Spencer watched him depart at great speed and then plodded toward his up-town lodgings. His sleep was distressed with unhappy dreams, and during a wakeful interval he heard a knock at his sitting-room door.

An office-boy from the *Chronicle* editorial rooms gave him a note and waited for an answer.

Spencer recognized the handwriting of the managing-editor and was worried, for he was always expecting the worst to happen. He sighed with relieved surprise as he read:

MY DEAR MR. SPENCER:

Please go to New Haven as soon as possible and do a couple of columns of descriptive introduction of the Yale-Princeton game. The sporting-department will cover the technical story, but

a big steamboat collision has just happened in North River, two or three hundred drowned and so on, and I need every man in the shop. As an old Yale player I am sure I can depend on you for a good story, and I know you used to do this kind of stuff in fine style.

Spencer fished his watch from under a pillow. It was after ten o'clock and the game would begin at two. While he hurried into his clothes he was conscious of a distinct thrill of excited interest akin to his old-time joy in the day's work. Could he "do this kind of stuff in fine style?" Why, before his brain had begun to be always tired, when he was the star reporter of the *Chronicle*, his football introductions had been classics in Park Row. If there was a spark of the old fire left in him he would try to strike it out, and for the moment he forgot the burden of inertia which had so long crushed him.

"But I don't want to run into Dick Giddings and his crowd," he muttered as he sought his hat and overcoat. "And I'll be up in the press-box away from the mob of old grads. Perhaps my luck has turned."

When Henry Spencer reached the Yale field the eleven had gone to the dressing-rooms in the training-house, and he hovered on the edge of the flooding crowds, fairly yearning for a glimpse of the Freshman full-back and a farewell grasp of his hand. The habitual dread lest the son find cause to be ashamed of his father had been shoved into the background by a stronger, more natural emotion. But he well knew that he ought not to invade the training-quarters in these last crucial moments. Arthur must not be distraught by a feather's weight of any other interest than the task in hand. The coaches would be delivering their final words of instruction and the old Yale guard could picture to himself the tense absorption of the scene. Like one coming out of a dream the past was returning to him in vivid, heart-stirring glimpses. Reluctantly he sought his place in the press-box high above the vast amphitheatre and braced himself.

The preliminary spectacle was movingly familiar: The rippling banks of color which rose on all sides to frame the long carpet of chalked turf; the clamorous outbursts of cheering when an eddy of Yale or Princeton undergraduates swirled and tossed at command of the dancing dervish of a leader at the edge of the field below; the bright, buoyant aspect of the multitude as viewed *en masse*. Spencer leaned against the railing of his lofty perch and gazed at this pageant until a sporting-editor, long in harness, nudged his elbow and said:

"Hello! I haven't seen you at a game in a dozen years. Doing the story or just working the press-badge graft? That namesake of yours will be meat for the Tigers, I'm afraid. Glad he don't belong to you, aren't you?"

Spencer stared at him like a man in a trance and replied evasively:

"He may make good. It all depends on his sand and nerve. Yes, I am doing the story for a change. Have you the final line-up?"

"Princeton is playing all her regular men," said the sporting-editor, giving Spencer his note-book. "The only Yale change is at full-back—and that's a catastrophe."

Spencer copied the lists for reference and his pencil was not steady when he came to "Full-back, Arthur T. Spencer." But he pulled his thoughts away from the eleven and began to jot down notes of the passing incidents which might serve to weave into the fabric of his description. The unwonted stimulus aroused his talent as if it were not dead but dormant. The scene appealed to him with almost as much freshness and color as if he were observing it for the first time.

A roar of cheering rose from a far corner of the field and ran swiftly along the Yale side of the amphitheatre, which blossomed in tossing blue. The Yale eleven scampered into view like colts at pasture, the substitutes veering toward the benches behind the side-line. Without more ado the team scattered in formation for signal-practice, paying no heed to the tumult which raged around and above them. Agile, clean-limbed, splendid in their disciplined young manhood, the dark blue of their stockings and the white "Y" gleaming on their sweaters fairly trumpeted their significance to Henry Spencer. And poised behind the rush-line, wearing his hard-won university-blue was the lithe figure of the Freshman full-back, Arthur Spencer.

The youngster, whose fate it was to be called a "forlorn hope," looked fragile beside his comrades of the eleven. Although tall and wiry, he was like a greyhound in a company of mastiffs. His father, looking down at him from so great a height that he could not read his face, muttered to himself while he dug his nails into his palms:

"He is too light for this day's work. But he carries himself like a thoroughbred."

The boy and his fellows seemed singularly remote from the shouting thousands massed so near them. They had become the sole arbiters of their fate, and their impressive isolation struck Henry Spencer anew as the most dramatic feature of this magnificent picture. He must sit idly by and watch his only son battle through the most momentous hour of his young life, as if he were gazing down from another planet.

The *staccato* cheers of Princeton rock-

eted along the other side of the field and the eleven from Old Nassau ran briskly over the turf and wheeled into line for a last rehearsal of their machine-like tactics. Henry Spencer was finding it hard to breathe, just as it had happened in other days when, crouched, he was waiting for the "kick-off" and facing a straining Princeton line. The minutes were like hours while the officials consulted with the captains in the center of the field. Then the two elevens ranged themselves across the brown turf, there was breathless silence, and a Princeton toe lifted the ball far down toward the Yale goal. It was the young full-back who waited to receive the opening kick, while his comrades thundered toward him to form a flying screen of interference. But the twisting ball bounded from his too-eager arms, and another Yale back fell on it in time to save it from the clutches of a meteoric Princeton end.

"Nervous. Hasn't steadied down yet," exclaimed a reporter behind Henry Spencer. "But he can't afford to give Princeton any more chances like that. Her ends are faster than chain-lightning."

The father groaned and wiped the sweat from his eyes. If the team were afraid of this untried full-back, such a beginning would not give them confidence. Then the two lines locked and heaved in the first scrimmage, and a stocky Yale half-back was pulled down in his tracks. Again the headlong Princeton defense held firm and the Yale captain gasped, "Second down and three yards to gain." The Yale interferers sped to circle one end of the line, but they were spilled this way and that and the runner went down a yard short of the needed distance.

The Yale full-back dropped back to punt. Far and true the ball soared into the Princeton field and the lithe Freshman had somewhat redeemed himself. But now, for their part, the sons of Old Nassau found themselves unable to make decisive gains against the Yale defense. Greek met Greek in these early clashes, and both teams were forced to punt again and again. Trick-plays were spoiled by alert end-rushers, for the blue or the orange and black, fiercely launched as-

saults at center, wings were torn asunder, and the longer the contest raged up and down the field the more clearly it was perceived that these ancient rivals were rarely well matched in point of strength and strategy.

The Yale coaches were dismayed at this turn of events. They had hoped to see the ball carried toward the Princeton goal by means of shrewdly devised teamwork, instead of which the burden of the game was shifted to one man, the weakest link in the chain, the Freshman at full-back. He was punting with splendid distance, getting the ball away when it seemed as if he must be overwhelmed by the hurtling Tigers. Once or twice, however, a hesitant nervousness almost wrought quick disaster, and the Yale partisans watched him with tormenting apprehension.

The first half of the game was fought into the last few minutes of play and neither eleven had been able to score. Then luck and skill combined to force the struggle far down into Yale territory. Only ten yards more of trampled turf to gain and Princeton would cross the last white line. The indomitable spirit, which had placed upon the escutcheon of Yale football the figure of a bull-dog rampant, rallied to meet this crisis, and the hard-pressed line held staunch and won possession of the ball on downs. Back to the very shadow of his own goal-posts the Yale full-back ran to punt the ball out of the danger-zone. It shot fairly into his grasp from a faultless pass, but his fingers juggled the slippery leather as if it were bewitched. For a frantic, awful instant he fumbled with the ball and wildly dove after it as it caromed off to one side, bounded crazily, and rolled beyond his reach.

The Princeton quarter-back had darted through the line like a bullet. Without slackening speed or veering from his course he scooped up the ball as he fled toward the Yale goal-line. It was done and over with in a twinkling, and while the Yale team stampeded helplessly in his wake the devastating hero was circling behind the goal-posts where he flopped to earth, the precious ball apparently embedded in his stomach. It was a

Princeton touch-down fairly won, but made possible by the tragic blunder of one Yale man. While ten thousand Princeton throats were barking their jubilation, as many more loyal friends of Yale sat sad-eyed and sullen and glowered their unspeakable displeasure at the slim figure of the full-back as he limped into line to face the try for goal.

The goal was not scored, however, and the fateful tally stood five to nothing when the first half ended with the blue banners drooping disconsolate.

Henry Spencer pulled his slouch hat over his eyes and sat with hunched shoulders staring at the Yale team as it left the field for the intermission. He had forgotten about his story of the game. The old specter of failure obsessed him. It was already haunting the pathway of his boy. Was he also to be beaten by one colossal blunder? Henry Spencer felt that Arthur's whole career hung upon his behavior in the second half. How would the lad "take his medicine?" Would it break his heart or rouse him to fight more valiantly? As if the father had been thinking aloud the sporting-editor at his side observed:

"He may win the game yet. I like the looks of that boy. But he did make a hideous mess of it, didn't he? I hope he hasn't got a streak of yellow in him."

Henry Spencer turned on his neighbor with a savage scowl and could not hold back the quivering retort:

"He belongs to me, I want you to understand, and we'll say nothing about yellow streaks until he has a chance to make good next half."

"Whew-w-w, why did you hold it out on me, old man?" gasped the sporting-editor. "No wonder you kicked me black and blue without knowing it. I hope he is a chip of the old block. I saw you play here in your last game."

Spencer grunted something and resumed staring at the field. He was thinking of the present moment in the training quarters, of the muddy, weary players sprawled around the head coach, of his wise, bitter, stinging rebukes and admonitions. Perhaps he would take Arthur out of the game. But Spencer was confident that the coaches would give the boy a

chance to redeem himself if they believed his heart was in the right place. Presently the two teams trotted on the field, not as nimbly as at their first appearance, but with dogged resolution in their demeanor. Henry Spencer saw his son glance up at the "cheering sections," as if wondering whether their welcome was meant to include him. One cheer, at least, was intended to greet him, for Henry Spencer stood on his chair, waved his hat, and thundered:

"Rah, rah, rah, for Yale, my boy. Eat 'em alive as your daddy used to do."

But the men from Princeton had no intention of being devoured in this summary fashion. They resumed their tireless, whirlwind attack like giants refreshed, and so harried their Yale foemen that they were forced to their utmost to ward off another touch-down. This incessant battering dulled the edge of their offensive tactics, and they seemed unable to set in motion a consistent series of advances. But the joy of Princeton was tempered by the knowledge that this, her dearest enemy, was not beaten until the last play had been signaled.

And somehow the Yale machine of muscle, brains, and power began to find itself when the afternoon shadows were slanting athwart the arena. With the ball on Princeton's forty-yard line the chosen sons of Eli began an heroic advance down the field. It was as if some missing cog had been supplied. "Straight old-fashioned football" it was, eleven minds and bodies working as one and animated by a desperate resolve, which carried the Yale team along for down after down into the heart of Princeton's ground.

Perhaps because he was fresher than the other backs, perhaps because the captain knew his man, the ball was given to the full-back for one swift and battering assault after another. His slim figure pelted at the rush-line, was overwhelmed in an avalanche of striped arms and legs, but somehow twisted, wriggled, dragged itself ahead as if there was no stopping him. The multitude comprehended that this despised and disgraced Freshman was working out his own salvation along with that of his



"I'm not worrying about your keeping the family record bright"

comrades. Once when the scrimmage was untangled, he was dragged from beneath a heap of players, unable to regain his feet. He lay on the grass a huddled heap, blood smearing his forehead. A surgeon and the trainer doused, and bandaged him, and presently he staggered to his feet and hobbled to his station, rubbing his hands across his eyes as if dazed.

When at length the stubbornly retreating Princeton line had been driven deep down into their end of the field, they, too, showed that they could hold fast in the last extremity. The Yale attack crumpled against them as if it had struck a stone wall. Young Spencer seemed to be so crippled and exhausted that he had been given a respite from the interlocked, hammering onslaught, but at the third down the panting quar-

ter-back croaked out his signal. His comrades managed to rip a semblance of an opening for him, he plunged through, popped clear of the line, fell to his knees, recovered his footing by a miracle of agility, and lunged onward to be brought down within five yards of the coveted goal-posts.

He had won the right to make the last momentous charge. Swaying in his tracks, the full-back awaited the summons. Then he dove in behind the interference for a circuit of the right end. Two Princeton men broke through as if they had been shot out of mortars, but the Yale full-back had turned and was plowing straight ahead. Pulled down, dragging the tackler who clung to his waist, he floundered to earth with most of the Princeton team piled above him. But the ball lay beyond the fateful

chalk-line, the Yale touch-down was won, and the game was tied.

The captain slapped Spencer on the shoulder, nodded at the ball, and the full-back limped onto the field to kick the goal or lose a victory. There were no more signs of nervousness in his bearing. With grave deliberation he stood waiting for the ball to be placed in front of the goal-posts. The sun had dropped behind the lofty grand-stands. The field lay in a kind of wintry twilight. Thirty thousand men and women gazed in tensest silence at the mud-stained, battered youth who had become the crowning issue of this poignant moment. Up in the press-box a thick-set, grayish man dug his fists in his eyes and could not bear to look at the lonely, reliant figure down yonder on the quiet field. The father found courage to take his hands from his face only when a mighty roar of joy boomed along the Yale side of the amphitheatre, and he saw the ball drop in a long arc behind the goal-posts. The kick had won the game for Yale.

Once clear of the crowds Henry Spencer hurried toward the training-quarters. His head was up, his shoulders squared, and he walked with the free stride of an athlete. Mr. Richard Giddings danced madly across to him:

"Afraid to see him play were you, you silly old fool. He is a chip of the old block. *He* didn't know when *he* was licked. Wow, wow, wow, blood will tell! Come along with us, Harry."

"I must shake hands with the youngster, Dick. Glad I changed my mind and came to see him do it."

"All right, see you at Mory's to-night. Tell the boy we're all proud of him."

Spencer resumed his course, saying over and over again, as if he loved the sound of the words, "Chip of the old block," "Blood will tell."

This verdict was like the ringing call of bugles. It made him feel young, hopeful, resolute, that life were worth having for the sake of its strife. One thing at least was certain. His son could "take his punishment" and wrest victory from disaster, and he deserved something better than a coward and a quitter for a father.

The full-back was sitting on a bench when the elder Spencer entered the crowded, steaming room of the training-house. The surgeon had removed the muddy, blood-stained bandage from around his tousled head and was cleansing an ugly, ragged gash. The boy scowled and winced but made no complaint although his bruised face was very pale.

"Must have made you feel pretty foggy," said the surgeon. "I shall have to put in a few stitches. It was a deuce of a thump."

"I couldn't see very well and my legs went queer for a few minutes, but I'm all right now, thanks," replied the full-back and then glancing up he espied his father standing near the door. The young hero of the game beckoned him with a grimy fist. Henry Spencer went over to him, took the fist in his two hands and then patted the boy's cheek with awkward and unaccustomed tenderness.

"Sit still, Arthur. I won't interfere with the doctor's job. I just wanted to let you know that I saw your bully work. It made me think of—it made me think of—"

Henry Spencer's voice broke curiously, and his lip quivered. He had not meant to show any emotion.

His son replied with a smile of affectionate admiration:

"It made you think of your own teams, didn't it? And I was thinking of you in that last half. It helped my nerve a whole lot to remember that my dad never knew when he was licked. Why, even the coaches told me that between the halves. It put more ginger into me than anything else. We've got to keep up the family record between us."

The father looked beyond the boy as if he were thinking of a bigger, sterner game than football. There was the light of a resurrected determination in his eyes, and a vibrant earnestness in his voice as he said:

"I'm not worrying about your keeping the family record bright, Arthur. And, however things may go with me, you will be able to hang fast to the doctrine which helped you to-day, that your father, too, doesn't know when he is whipped."



The sampan beak smote them amidship

The Salting of Skull Rock Light

BY ALBERT DORRINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ADOLPH TREIDLER

THE game of "watching the bank" was being played at Emu Creek with relentless persistence. At the first news of gold, gangs of South Sea adventurers had swarmed into the Straits, where their swift sailing schooners fluttered like hawks on the blood-scent.

The bank itself was of no importance from an architectural standpoint, and would have been hoisted bodily from its foundations and looted at leisure but for the presence of six troopers wearing the uniform of the Queensland police.

A breast-high stockade had been erected round the building; a narrow gate permitted two men to walk abreast into the buying room. When three attempted

to pass in a hurry, a voice spoke admonishingly along the barrel of a carbine; the third man usually fell back with great speed until the order was given for him to enter.

Gold was being brought in from the remote regions of the Palmer river and the Kennedy, escorted by gangs of Chinamen and big-chested Malays armed with krises and long-bladed knives. No man traveled alone with newly won gold or reef-specimens in his possession. The business of the hour was to keep at bay the little parties of gold-trackers, who followed men to their pegs and claimed tribute at the point of the rifle.

It happened that Captain William H.

Hayes had pegged out an acre of gold-bearing reef at White Marble. Eight *kanakas* and half-castes were employed in the workings; a quantity of rich stone had been already packed at the mine-head awaiting treatment. From dawn till long after dark the *kanakas* sweated in the narrow drives, tunneling and staying with timber the loose, schist-like formations that threatened at times to engulf them.

Hayes, stripped to the waist, stood by the windlass hauling great buckets of chrome-colored slime from below. For the hundredth time in his life he saw fortune looming ahead, and he vowed that the sea would know him no more if the earth would provide him with honest meat and wine.

From every pot-hole and sand-heap bobbed a Mongolian head; the creek-beds and flats were alive with the scum of Swatow and Shanghai. They wandered in bands over the field, dogging the white miners to their claims, fighting like hyenas among themselves whenever a pennyweight of quartz was in dispute.

They came from the solitudes of Cape York and the Batavia river, from Hannibal island and the jungled foreshores of the Great Barrier; it seemed as if the very wind had blown the news of gold about their ears. And wherever a white prospector drove his pick, Ah Sin and Kum Yow would pitch their camp alongside and watch developments.

The big, white barbarian, Hayes, sweated through the long hot days unmolested. The yellow invaders had studied him singly and in gangs. They walked round his claim and their throats grew hot at the sight of the gold-veined quartz gleaming within the tunneled drive. They watched him and pondered, and their coolie hearts grew white when he swung through their lines alone and unarmed.

"Him no goo'," they chattered. "Him one size too big. Hi, ya!"

The buccaneer responded without heat or malice. "I'm not big enough to lick you all, Children of Heaven, but if you'll pile yourselves my way about a score at a time I'll reduce the blame fighting to a minimum."

"By clikey, you wait!" A hundred

clawing hands swept towards him. "We catchee you byemby. Yah, hah, Cassima!"

The end came unexpectedly and Hayes' career as a gold-miner terminated abruptly. One morning a trooper picked his way across the gully and cantered down the coolie lines to where the big white man was standing at the windlass-head. Nodding briefly, he demanded to see the buccaneer's mining-certificate.

The moment the trooper halted at the White Marble, seven hundred Chinese "swampers" threw down their tools and surrounded the white man's claim. No word was spoken. The end of the big barbarian had come. His rich reef would fall to the gang of "jumpers" who first leaped between the pegs and held their ground.

"Your certificate, Hayes," repeated the trooper sternly. "I want to see it."

"Guess you'll have to sell me one," said the buccaneer innocently. "I've been too busy improving my claim to pay attention to your mining-laws."

The trooper frowned and fingered his carbine restlessly.

"You'll have to forfeit. I'm acting on orders. Mining in this colony without a license is illegal. Call out your men."

Backing his horse to the head of the mine he took his stand by the windlass.

In his haste to begin work, the buccaneer had neglected to provide himself with the necessary certificate which would have given him undisputed ownership to that portion of the reef enclosed within his four pegs. Therefore, he argued his case a little defiantly until the trooper grew hot and impatient. The proceedings were intensified by occasional yelpings from the army of Mongolian "swampers" that lined the surrounding ridge.

Technically the buccaneer was in the wrong; morally he was entitled to every pennyweight of gold found within his four pegs. Had the trooper been an older man he would certainly have allowed an hour's grace wherein to comply with the laws of the land. Instead, he unslung his carbine and spoke three nasty words to the man whose courage was the admiration of every British and American sea-captain trading in the South Pacific.

The seven hundred "swampers" closed about the mine-head whimpering like dingoes at sight of the gold-fretted reef that bulged picturesquely from the sides and roof of the chrome-colored drive.

Hayes laughed bitterly and shouted a word to his *kanaka* workmen in the tunnel below. Wiping the clay and slush from his hands and boots he prepared to vacate his claim without further parley. Resistance was out of the question. A single shot fired in anger would bring the gold-warden and a hundred white miners at his back to enforce the law of the country.

The rattle of the trooper's carbine as it fell into its leather bucket finished the inquiry. Hayes stepped from the mine enclosure and lit a cigar.

"My compliments to your government, young man. And you may tell 'em from me that they've whipped the wrong tiger."

He glanced back for a moment at the yellow army that spilled over the sand-ridge into his claim. His pegs were uprooted by a score of clawing hands. Down the sides of the shaft poured the coolie leaders, scraping the face of the reef with naked hands, hacking and pulverizing with knives and picks wherever a speck of gold shone in the water-worn fissures.

Hayes saw the futility of pitting himself against the army of mine-stealers. Moreover, he was certain that the gold-warden at Emu Creek had received instructions from the Queensland government to drive him from the country. His recent exploits in the South Seas had caused a spirit of apprehension to pervade the Department of Navigation.

Certain harbor officials had watched and reported his movements with more than Christian curiosity. And with a well-equipped telegraph-service at their disposal the art of harrowing William H. Hayes had been practiced with considerable success. Worse than all a gunboat had shadowed his schooner from Rockhampton to Cairns and had prevented him landing at a moment when he desired to take in stores and fresh water.

While exonerating the captain of the gunboat, his wrath blew white and red

at the loss of his mine. The weeks of slavish toil spent in ground-sluicing and cross-cutting non-payable areas of reef, and at the moment when gold had been struck the Queensland officials had offered him up to the greed of seven hundred unlicensed "swampers."

He retired sullenly to Sing Foo's boarding-house, a rat-ridden bungalow overlooking the Straits where the Queensland-bound ships headed for the still waters of the Great Barrier Reef. From the back rooms and veranda came the rattle of dice, the guttural oaths of the puffy-necked, rubber-chaffed Scandinavian divers, the stammering protests of the little Jap shellers who periodically looted the rich oyster-swathes north and east of the Vanderdecken Bank.

Men glanced covertly at Hayes as he smoked in the veranda hammock; few ventured to pass the time of day, since no man knew when his rage would overflow, scattering them like frightened dogs.

It was hinted among the Malays, gambling in a rear room, that the big captain intended to wring the government's neck at the earliest opportunity. A French *escapé* from Noumea tiptoed across the veranda, and in a stifled whisper suggested an uprising among the miners who had suffered ill-treatment at the hands of the Government.

Hayes twirled his thumbs, looked coldly at the ex-convict, and snarled him into silence.

"Out of this, you cut-throat! I guess the air is full enough of poison already!"

The ex-convict skipped back gesticulating violently.

"*Parbleu!* You grunt like ze lion," he quavered. "I have no wrong done."

"You invite me, a white man, to captain an army of mongrel chows that would die of heart-trouble if a British blue-jacket sneezed within a mile of 'em. Pshaw!"

"Ze Government steal your mine. *Sacré!* I would keel it!"

The Frenchman expectorated effusively. His left hand stabbed the air as if illustrating his method of dealing with tyrannical governments.

"I would keel it! keel it!" he choked

The buccaneer eyed him somberly.

"Go and have a drink, *m'sieur*. There's a barman over the way named von Bismarck or something. Talk to him, and quit here. You're too blamed mercurial for a revolutionary."

The buccaneer was astir the following dawn long before the wine-red sun had flooded the gulf with streaks of fire and opal. Smoke drifted from a hundred Chinese camps in the gullies and drifts. Far away in the south a few buffaloes roamed on the edge of the mangrove-skirted flats.

Loafing towards the pier he stepped into a dingey lying at the foot of the steps and pushed off. He carried with him a large leather bag and an old fowling-piece. He did not go unperceived. A couple of ancient fishermen watched him curiously.

"Cap'n's goin' to shoot black duck," ventured one. "Got some whisky an' sandwiches in the bag. Last time he went shootin' he nearly put his foot into a crocodile's mouth."

"Aye, he did," assented the other, "an' if the crocodile had taken his right foot he'd have jumped on its head wi' the left." The two ancients chuckled.

Hayes rowed leisurely across the warm, sunlit bay until he rounded a small wooded promontory in the north. Here the wind from the Straits blew suddenly about his ears, driving the boat into the short, choppy swell. About a mile to the east lay the Skull Rock Lighthouse, its great coppery dome glinting redly where the monsoon-driven sand had scoured it to the color of gold.

He pulled close inshore until the lighthouse-keeper's cottage was plainly visible across the naked headland. A big surf was running on the Barrier side of the Straits. Propelling the dingey with a steering oar, he shot into a deep inlet that penetrated almost to the foot of the huge stone edifice.

The two keepers who lived on the lonely promontory were unmarried, and Hayes knew for certain that both were at that moment smoking in a wine-bar at Emu Creek, where billiards and dice occasionally helped to alleviate the monotony of their lives.

Wandering inside the palisade, the buccaneer examined critically the nature of the stone-work that formed the giant base of the cylinder-shaped lighthouse.

A flock of hawks drowsed over the surf-fretted reefs; the crash of the in-rushing surf, as it foamed and spilled over the skull-shaped promontory, intensified the eerie silence of the place. Taking a trowel from the bag he carried Hayes walked round the lighthouse base, tapping the gaping, water-worn crevices here and there, scraping between the rough-hewn joints where the cement fell away in pieces at a touch from the trowel-point.

"Built in a hurry," he muttered, "and it cost a train-load of money, I guess."

Opening the bag he took out a handful of tiny gold pellets, and with chisel and trowel began to set and mortise them cunningly into the crevices of a huge stone block.

Slowly, methodically he worked round the gigantic base of the lighthouse, probing and scraping, setting with the skill of a jeweler his glittering crumbs of gold into every water-polished crack and cranny until the massive structure was scientifically "salted" to its foundations.

Examining the rocky base still more carefully, he discovered a softer, schist-like stone underlying the second and third pile of masonry. Retiring a few paces, he fired several charges of gold-riddled powder at the blocks from various angles. Round and round the base he strode, loading the fowling-piece with microscopic slugs of gold and driving them well into the soft and crumbling stone.

Most miners would have laughed at him for wasting so much precious metal in his apparently futile effort to "salt" the giant base of the Skull Rock Lighthouse. Hayes did not seem in a hurry to be gone; for three hours he labored with trowel and gun to accomplish his self-allotted task. A merciless sun climbed across the windless sky and stayed like the hand of a devil on his neck whenever he stooped to punch a gold pellet between the cemented chinks.

Lastly, after a careful survey of his work, he assured himself that the face of



"Your certificate, Hayes," repeated the trooper. "I want to see it"

the stone showed no signs of trowel or guncraft. The lighthouse keeper's dog, a small, friendly eyed spaniel had watched him from its chain at the rear of the cottage. Passing to the dingey he stooped and gently pulled its ears.

"Good little dogs never yap when a man is playing tricks with a gun, eh? Poor old chap."

The dog fawned joyously at the touch of his hand, and set up a mournful barking when the dingey shot away from the inlet.

"Too blamed lonely even for a dog," grunted Hayes. "Guess I'll report those two keepers at headquarters for not attending to their dynamo and reflectors."

The heat of noon hung over Emu Creek; there was no sign of life or stir within the opium-houses and *pak-a-pau* shops when the buccaneer loitered towards Sing Foo's boarding-house. The big Chinaman was swinging in a hammock, at the veranda-end, and mumbling to himself from time to time. He moved and blinked lazily at sight of Hayes standing in the shade of the house-palms.

"You look welly warm, cap'n," he ventured musically. "You find um sun pletty hot?"

"I've been shooting," admitted the buccaneer somberly. "And while the gun was going off I wondered how much it cost the Queensland Government to build that lighthouse at Skull Rock."

"Welly expensive lighthouse." The Chinaman wagged his bald head for no particular reason. "Take um thlee years to build. Welly handy to lightee big ship at ni'."

"Blamed handy."

Hayes fell into deep thought, and the wind-shriveled palm-stems overhead seemed to clank in the silence.

The Chinaman cracked his finger-joints abstractedly.

"One, two men ffrom lighthouse get welly drunk over the way," he purred. "They come over heah welly early to-day."

Without volunteering an answer the buccaneer tiptoed to the hammock, stooped and spoke with his face close to the surprised Mongolian's ear.

Sing Foo blinked and moistened his dry lips with the tip of his tongue as he listened to the buccaneer's half-whispered words. Then he rose from the hammock as if some strange key-word had roused him from his imbecile broodings. His long yellow fingers fastened on the white man's sleeve.

"Why you tell me that?" he almost wailed. "Why fo' you tell me?"

"Prove it and see," snapped Hayes. "Every block of the stone was taken from a gold-bearing reef. And the fools who built it were blind as the stone itself. From base to dome there's four thousand tons of reef-cut blocks with gold shining wherever the rain and sea has washed."

The buccaneer paced the veranda and the Chinaman whimpered impatiently and waited for him to speak again.

"Four thousand tons of stone from base to dome," he repeated under his breath. "And every hundredweight would yield five ounces of gold if it was put through that tumbledown batterv at the White Marble. Are you any good at figures?" he demanded somewhat savagely of the Chinaman. "How much would four thousand tons of stone pan out at five ounces to the bucket?"

Sing Foo gasped, then he danced and clawed the hot air with his skeleton-like fingers.

"You dlive me mad! Why fo' you tell me?" he half-screamed. "Oh! why fo' you come here an' tell me!"

"If you repeat it to a living soul I'll put a bullet on your tongue," smiled Hayes. "Don't blow the news east and west until I can fix up things," he added.

The Chinaman cowered from the somber-eyed man, scarce daring to breathe.

"You show me some day?" he asked piteously. "Just one look, eh?"

"See it yourself to-morrow when those two loafing keepers are over the way playing billiards. It wont cost you anything. My dingey's at the foot of the pier-steps."

Without heeding further the torrent of questions poured upon him by the agitated Celestial, Hayes strode to his own room, and locked the door.

There was no mistaking what fol-

lowed. Glancing from the window swiftly he caught a fleeting glimpse of Sing Foo waddling down the narrow street in the direction of the big Chinese camp at the head of the gully.

Later he heard the voices of the two lighthouse keepers as they wandered from the wine-bar, across the road, towards their punt, which lay at the foot of the pier-steps.

The sun swam like a metal globe on the amber edge of sky; the crying of the gulls and sea-fowl was heard in the hot noon-silence; a silence that brought a few perspiring white men to their verandas glancing at the sky as if an electric-storm were about to shatter the peace of the coming night.

The two lighthouse men sauntered dismally to the pier-steps, gripped their heavy oars, and pushed off to their desolate abode, where there was neither wine nor music nor the voices of men. Midway across the bay a curious thing happened.

An evil smelling sampan, with storm-shredded sails and monstrous beak, swooped like an unclean bird from the jungled inlet. The lighthouse men crouched low and shouted a warning, but the great beak smote them amidships, rolling them cursing into the bay. A dozen Mongolian hands reached with hooks and poles dragging them safely aboard.

No harm was done. The black-toothed Tonquinese captain snarled an apology, and swept on his way to the Vanderdecken Bank where the pearling luggers sweated and rolled over the oyster-swathes.

That night a great darkness fell upon the Straits. The wagon of light that wheeled its warning message to the four points remained unlit. Consternation ran from the islands of the Three Kings to Port Darwin. A Singapore bound vessel stood off in the black darkness hooting hysterically and clamoring for pilots. From the Barrier side of the Straits came the fretting sob of a Bombay tank-steamer, her black funnel fuming like a hot cigar.

As the night wore on the splutterings of reef-bound vessels grew fierce and

bitter, for nothing that walks the land or sea can bellow like a frightened ship. The squealing of launches mingled with the hoarse coughing of island tramp-steamers fell upon the town, and Hayes, lying under his mosquito-net in Sing Foo's house, laughed at the wrath and confusion he had so suddenly created.

The dawn light liberated a close-huddled fleet of tramps and Java-bound trading-vessels from the perilous reef-strewn waters of the Straits. Within six hours of the occurrence the Queensland Navigation Department learned that the approaches to the eastern seaboard of Australia were in a criminal state of neglect. Mariners were warned that any attempt to proceed to India or Europe *via* Torres Straits or the Arafura Sea would be to court disaster and shipwreck.

The committee of aged sea-captains, who constituted the Board of Navigation, and who were mainly responsible for Hayes' sudden ejection from the White Marble mine, arose in a red heat of obesity and demanded the names of the miscreants who had dared to kidnap the keepers of their Northern light.

Sixteen highly reputable marine insurance-firms, representing invested capital to the extent of twenty millions sterling, hurled their blighting telegrams at the head of the Navigation Department. There were, at that moment, they said, between Port Darwin and Thursday island, three liners and eight merchant-tramps carrying a risk of over six hundred thousand pounds. Had the Queensland Government gone in for wrecking on a grand scale? they demanded. Were human life and the earnings of the widow and orphan to be scattered ruthlessly about the floors of Queensland's reef-strewn passages?

Many Southern newspapers declared that the sexagenarians who composed the Navigation Board were unfit to control an animated dust-heap. Meetings were held throughout the colony demanding their instant resignation.

Several mounted troopers were dispatched overland from Port Douglas with the intention of arresting every person found in the vicinity of the Skull Rock Lighthouse. The gunboat *Warrigal*

was ordered from Brisbane to patrol the narrow straits between Thursday island and Cape York.

At the moment of their departure Captain Hayes was sauntering along the beach at Emu Creek, his face turned towards Skull Rock. A far off murmuring of voices reached him that sounded like the droning of a swarm of bees. Clambering up the steep sides of a sand-hummock he peered through his binoculars at the distant Skull Rock.

An army of squat shapes was swarming, ant-like, across the narrow peninsula, that led to the lighthouse. From where he stood the close-packed stream of figures resembled the body of some huge reptile winding its great length round the base of the cylinder-shaped tower.

Each squat shape carried a basket and pick, and when it arrived at the lighthouse-foot it paused to fill its basket with the crumbling débris that was being torn and rent from the solid piles of masonry by the army of Chinese gold-hunters.

Brandishing picks and spades, they attacked the foundations of the Skull Rock light with a fierce, irresistible energy that appalled the buccaneer. Occasionally a half-muffled roar told him that dynamite was being used in the assault upon the gold-pitted rocks of stone.

From all sides of the lighthouse flowed the stream of Chinese coolies in single file, each coolie carrying a basket of broken stone on his shoulder. As far as the eye could see the snake-like procession crawled over the sand-hummocks and boulder-strewn gullies until the distant jungle blotted it out.

The army attacking the lighthouse base had blasted out several huge blocks of stone from overhead, while dozens of crowbars and spades picked and battered the cemented walls until the crumbling stone fell in showers about their feet.

Suddenly, as if by magic, the swarm of pig-tailed workers scattered over the rock-bound peninsular, and as each Mongolian ran he glanced over his shoulder at the towering mass of stone that looked down upon the wide Gulf waters.

Its copper dome glinted fiercely in the tropic glare. A white-winged mollie-

hawk had perched for a moment on the iron rail that ran round the lantern. Without warning it rose swiftly, crying hoarsely as it flapped across the bay.

A shaft of flame leaped upward from the lighthouse base, splitting the great tower to its metal-capped dome. A terrific explosion followed, and for one moment the huge edifice leaned, then fell thundering across the peninsula.

Myriads of gulls and sea-fowl flew screaming past the headland as the army of Chinese wreckers returned to the heaped-up masonry piled along the shore. Like apes they swarmed over the ground, loading their baskets with broken stone and fragments of rock. All through the long hot noon the snake-like army traversed the narrow peninsular, depositing its load outside the stamp mill at the White Marble.

From his post of observation Hayes saw six mounted men swing over the boulder-strewn track leading from Emu Creek. They wore the uniform of the Queensland police. Straight as a gunshot they rode towards the crawling band of lighthouse wreckers. The clink of bit and chain reached Hayes as they wheeled full tilt at the pig-tailed column.

The column halted suddenly and watched the oncoming troopers. Then without a word of command from anyone its wriggling length opened to allow the troopers to pass. But the six flashing riders knew enough of Chinese mob-methods to refuse the invitation, and to halt in a half circle with carbines at the present.

The buccaneer laughed outright.

"Six asses," he said under his breath, "making war on an avalanche."

A short ripple of flame enveloped the police. Retreating ten yards they fired again into the glowering bunches of Mongolian eyes, and again, so coolly that even Hayes held his breath.

The snake-line wriggled convulsively as if something had lashed it. Narrow slits appeared in its body where the carbines had cut it in twelve places. Baskets and picks were flung to earth. The snake was wounded, and it turned its thousand eyes on the white mannikins that blew fire and lead into its body.



Sing Foo blinked as he listened to the half-whispered words

"Now," breathed Hayes, "those six asses are going to get the music served up in style!"

The serpent-line uncoiled suddenly; hundreds of clawing fingers snatched up heaps of loose rocks and stones lying everywhere around. A snarl that resembled the sound of a reef-fretted ocean broke from the Mongolian swarm. Arms and legs seemed to hurl themselves into frantic, wire-drawn attitudes. A shower of stones whipped the air in front of the troopers. Then it seemed as if a cyclone of jagged missiles had darkened space. The carbines spat through the murderous hail of stone that enveloped them, with the accuracy of machine-guns.

Mutilated, stoned from their saddles almost, they retreated with their maddened horses to the shelter of the near scrub. The Mongolian line readjusted itself swiftly, and again the procession crawled toward the battery at White Marble.

Hayes returned to his boarding-house and found the streets of the town deserted. Panic—terror peeped from every shut window and bungalow. The tropic-night found the straits once more a scene of chaos and hooting, fear-stricken ships. Long past midnight a wailing sound came from White Marble, where the army of coolies had been engaged crushing and testing the piled-up debris from the lighthouse. The cry grew louder until it broke into screams of pent-up rage.

Each coolie standing in the sweating darkness of the battery had learned from the tell-tale plates that they were the victims of a gigantic hoax. Their Titanic labor had gone for naught. Some barbarian dog had salted the lighthouse; the pyramids of stone outside the battery were worthless. They held swift council and talked sanely until a terrified voice whispered that the barbarian's gunboat was heading for the straits.

One by one they vanished into the darkness, some with a tiny parcel of gold strapped to their loin-cloths; one by one they disappeared into the scrub and kangaroo-grass until the silence of the gibber plains closed upon them.

The buccaneer slipped from his ham-

mock and stumbled across to Sing Foo in the darkness. The Chinaman carried a bundle in his hand and he gestured wearily at the silent army of coolies scattering towards the interior.

"They killee me, some day, when they catch um me," he cried bitterly. "Oh, why fo' you tell me that lighthouse was full of gold, Hayes?"

He departed towards the pier, hastily followed by his two shivering Tonquinese servants. The buccaneer watched them tumble into a big greasy sampan at the foot of the stairs. Five minutes later they were scudding across the bay under a stiff south-east wind in the direction of Tuan island.

On the morning when the gunboat *Warrigal* thrust her iron nose over the skyline, not a Chinaman was visible from Pera Head to the Batavia river. A squad of bluejackets patrolled the town, while parties of government black-trackers scoured the country looking for the vanished horde of Mongolian lighthouse wreckers.

Captain Hayes, dressed in spotless white twill, escorted a young sub-lieutenant to the Skull Rock and pointed out the track where the snake-army had carried every crumb of stone to the battery.

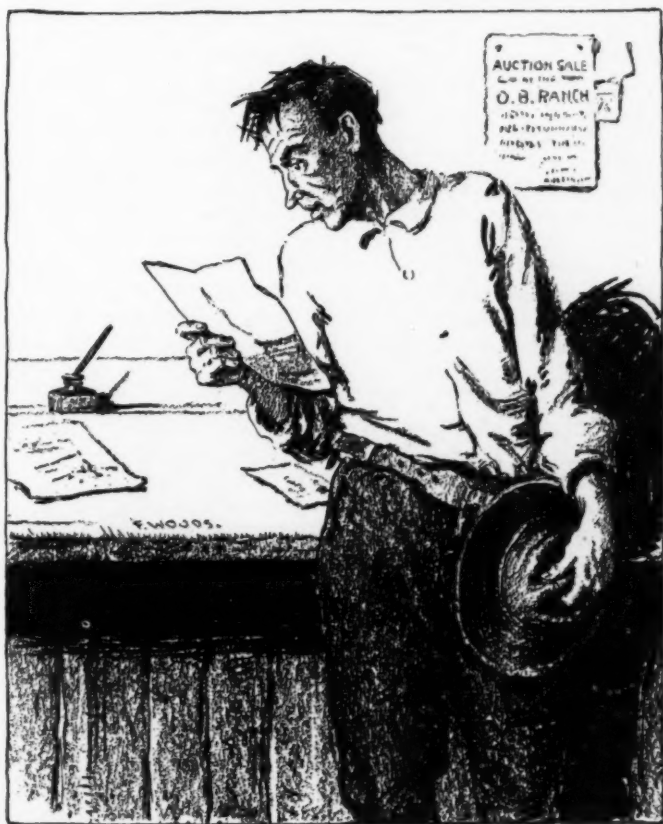
Three months later the Department of Navigation received a letter bearing the Honolulu postmark:

GENTLEMEN:

Your lighthouse-tragedy at Skull Rock was a lesson in catastrophes that the ancient heroes and writers might well have studied. Caesar had his moments; Hannibal was a big-headed director of legions; but neither of these gentlemen ever blew out a light of so many thousand candle-power. It was an inspiration. It darkened the sea for miles; and the men who hold the maritime insurance-money in tanks called you evil names.

I regret my inability to spell the one I chose for you when your trooper ejected me from the White Marble. When next you are inclined to hurl your police in my direction, remember there are nine other lighthouses between Rockhampton and Thursday, none of which is safe while a few pellets of gold and plenty of Chinamen are in the locality.

"BULLY" HAYES.



Four days later Rawhide got a letter

Rawhide Billings—Philanthropist

BY HOWARD DWIGHT SMILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED WOODS

WHEN Rawhide Billings sprung it on old man Baldwin that he wanted to marry his daughter, the old man just motioned toward the corral fence. When they had settled themselves on top of it, he inquired:

"Carrie willin'?"

"I reckon," answered Rawhide. "She's been a little kittenish and backward about it, but I guess she'll lead along all right, now; that is, if I can get you to agree."

"What're your assets?"

"Well, I'll admit that they don't assay up very strong at present speaking," says Rawhide, depreciative like. "I aint got nothing but one sawbuck, two strong and willing hands, a plug of terbacker, and my gold mine."

The old man snorted at the last mentioned asset.

Once, about three years before, a feller blew in from the East and took to prospecting hereabouts. He had a vest-pocket edition of "How to Find a Gold Mine"

with him, and was so plumb confident of its *re*-liability to locate one anywhere you happened to open it up and turn it loose, that he didn't take the trouble to consult any of us natives as to the liabilities. He'd 'a' saved himself a lot of trouble if he had.

While pecking around in Gidding's gulch, one day, he ran onto a little pocket of ore which looked to him like it was peppered as full of gold nuggets as a boarding-house plum pudding is of prunes. He was so dead sure of his find that he never said a word to any one, but emptied out the pocket and hid the contents. He then took Rawhide into the secret and hired him as an assistant, at four hundred dollars a month, to be paid after they had struck the mother-lode, as he put it; and they started driving a shaft into the face of the gulch wall.

They got in a hundred feet, with the walls all timbered and a tram car rigged up to tote out the rock, and then they ran onto another bunch of the same kind of ore that had started the excitement. This time the feller took a sack of it down to Denver for assay. About four days later Rawhide got a letter from him, with the intelligence that the ore wasn't nothing but iron pyrites. He reckoned there wasn't no use doing any more work on the mine and that Rawhide could have it to pay him for the trouble he'd gone to.

One of the main objects of Rawhide's life from that time on was to sell his mine. He'd button-hole every tenderfoot that came along and expatiate; but, so far, none of them had bit hard enough to dent anything. Everybody hereabouts knew the history of the mine from start to finish, and so when Rawhide mentioned it along with his other assets, the old man just snorted, as aforesaid, and remarks:

"Le's see the plug."

"Well," says he, after decreasing Rawhide's assets by one large chew, "I aint got nothing much to say. Carrie's pretty much her own boss, notwithstanding that I'm her dad. But I'll tell you this, young feller, the man who marries her has got to take care of her more or less respectable. That sawbuck o' yours wont much more'n pay the sky-pilot for coupling

you up, and a gal can't live on tobacker."

"Well, I've still got the two strong and willing hands left, aint I?" says Rawhide, wisely forgetting to mention his mine this time. "I'm holding down a job on the Double-bar-O ranch, that's paying me thirty per, and that ought to take care of a gal in these parts."

"Humph!" grunted the old man. He owned four sections and five thousand head of shorthorns, and thirty per wouldn't 'a' paid his grocery-bill. "Now see here, young feller, if you're going to marry my daughter you've got to show more'n that. You've got to own your own home and a passel o' land to do business on, 'stead o' a measly little job o' cow-punching, that you're liable to lose any day."

That sort o' stalled Rawhide; the prospects of earning a house, and lot on what he was making weren't so large that you'd notice them without specks. However, he brightened up when the old man continued:

"But, I'll tell you what I'll do, which is what I always figured doing when Carrie got ready to hitch up. I've got a piece of land down the road a bit, about forty acres big, with a nice little house on it just right to commence housekeeping in. The land alone is worth two thousand, but I'll make you a wedding present of half that price and throw in the house to boot, so you get the whole shooting match for one thousand dollars, cash. How'll that strike you?"

"Fine!" answered Rawhide, brightening up like some one had hit him with a spot light. "And while you're about it, Mr. Baldwin, mebbe you'd be willing to take my note for the thousand, so's we can get married right off."

Rawhide was always a great hand to grasp at opportunities when they came his way.

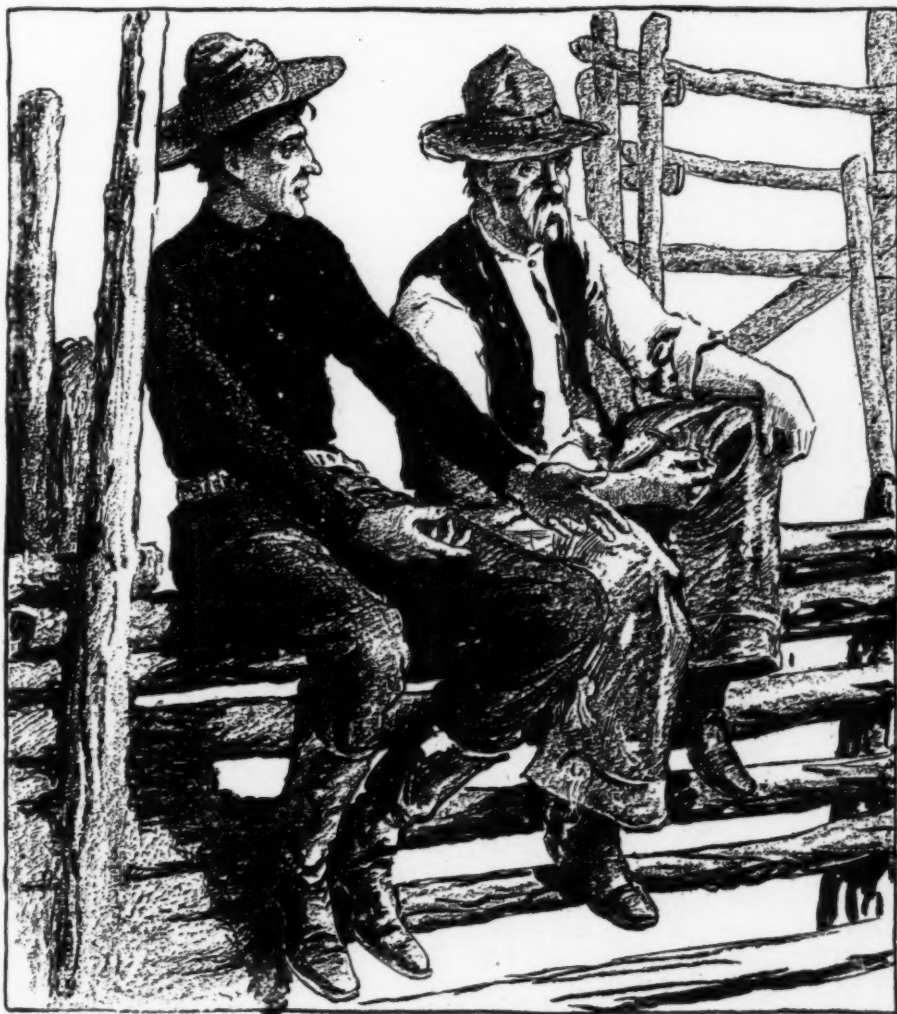
"If you can't raise a thousand dollars without my help you can't be a son-in-law of mine," grunted the old man. "Get out and hustle; that's the way I made my pile. You take that sawbuck and start a bank-account with it, and add to it every time you have a dollar. It hadn't ought to take a man long to earn a thousand, if he means business."

An hour later Rawhide was in town, spreading the news among us boys, he being too happy to keep it to himself. like a sensible man would.

We were all of us some surprised. It was generally known that Rawhide had been sparking around Carrie more'r less lively for some time, but none of us dreamed that he stood the ghost of a show. When it come to picking a husband from the mavericks scattered around this section, there wasn't much choice, and the girl must 'a' figured that way when she took up with Rawhide.

Howsomever, when we stacked up the bunch of legible ones, it seemed to us that she could 'a' drawed something better, if she'd exercised a little forethought and discreation. Rawhide was a pretty poor stick any way you wanted to look at him. Wimen is queer.

"First off, the old man sort o' had me backed up on raising that thousand," Rawhide informed us. "But I've figured a way out of that. I've got an uncle, up in Vermont, who's worth half a million, and I'm going to write him and get him to lend me the money. I reckon he'll



"I guess she'll lead along all right if you agree"

come down all right when I explain the circumstances. I can offer him a mortgage on my gold mine, for security, too."

So he sat down in the hotel-lobby and wrote a letter to his Uncle Thaddeus, and then skiddooled over to the bank and started a checking-account with his little ten dollars.

"I had a notion to make her a savings-account, at first," he told us, after he'd got back, "but when I got to thinking that mebbe there'd come a time when I needed the money quick, I changed my mind and took this check-book."

And he pulled a nice new one out o' his pocket and passed it around for inspection.

There came a time when he thought he needed money quick, about two hours later, when he wandered into the bar-room and found a couple o' strangers there having a quiet little game o' draw poker between themselves. They each had a big roll o' bills and played like they wasn't posted very strong on the intricacies o' the game. Rawhide must 'a' got an idea that here was a chance to increase his little bank-account, easy like, for after watching them for a spell he inquired if he might take a hand, too.

"I aint got no ready money," he informed them, "but if you'll take my check it'll be all right; I've got money in the bank."

The strangers were willing, and so Rawhide draws up a check for ten dollars and they starts playing.

By and by Rawhide draws up another check for ten plunks; after a spell he drew up another, then another and another, although every one in the room, excepting the strangers, knew that outside the first check they weren't worth the paper they were writ on.

Howsomever, Rawhide wasn't quitting while that check-book lasted, and would 'a' gone right through to the last one, if the other two hadn't called a halt, which they did after they'd separated him from forty checks, each one made out for ten dollars. Then Rawhide lit out for home, leaving the strangers with the delusion that they had made a bunch o' easy money.

O' course them tin horns had a lot o'

remarks to make, next day, after they'd been over to the bank and drawed ten dollars, 'stead o' the four hundred they'd been calculating on. They handed down a lot of opinions on cowpunchers in general, who didn't pay their just debts, that was interesting to listen to. They left town that day disgusted.

The next day Harold Brooks blew in. He was a lunger who'd come all the way from New York in search of his health, which he must 'a' figured was somewhere hereabouts, for he settled down with us, and, as luck would have it, went to boarding out to old man Baldwin's.

Harold was as nice a little chap as you'd want to meet, only he was unimproved, as it were. He'd been brought up in an atmosphere o' pink teas and petticoats, which naturally had a tendency to make him mild and innocent in his manners and trustful in disposition—a little too much so for this particular vicinity.

He was a sociable sort o' a tenderfoot; didn't drink or gamble or use terbacker, but, at the same time, had a way about him that we all liked.

He sort o' cottoned up to me, right off, and during our first talk he informed me that he was an illustrator.

I got real sympathetic right away. Told him I'd never heard o' that particular ailment, and asked him if it was as bad as consumption. That seemed to amuse him some tremendous, and he explained to me that an illustrator was a feller who drew pictures for magazines and newspapers.

He had a blank book that he toted around with him, and was everlastingly drawing pictures in it of this, that, and the other thing, and us fellers. Said he was going to send them to the magazines, back in New York, and that they paid big for such things.

Well, he hadn't been out to Baldwin's a week before him and Carrie took to riding into town together for the mail, and he begun to drop out of our company more and more, until it got so's we didn't see him long enough to hardly say "How-de-do." We didn't need a Yerkes telescope to see that the pair had taken a tremendous liking to each other, which wasn't at all surprising, considering that

Harold was what you'd call a real lady's-man and Rawhide just the other way. Still, it had us all wondering on what Rawhide'd do when he found it out.

Howsomever, things were working in Harold's favor. It was busy times on the Double-bar-O, and what with branding calves and rounding up a bunch o' steers to ship to Omaha, Rawhide didn't get into town for two weeks; and then he was in such a rush, owing to the fact that the boss had delegated him to accompany the train-load of steers to Omaha, that he just had time to chase around to the post-office to see if his uncle had sent that thousand yet, and then chase back to the hotel and write another letter, when he found that Uncle Thad hadn't even acknowledged his first one. He put in every minute right up to train-time on this second epistle, trying to make that neglectful relation of his'n see why he should send him that thou. by return mail. He must 'a' put considerable effort into it, for it cost him four cents postage. Then he hustled for the depot and was gone again.

And during this time matters kept getting thicker and thicker between Harold and Carrie. It was a mighty plain case of love at first sight, and it was evident to all of us that Rawhide's prospects had frazzled out until there wasn't enough left o' them to tie a toothpick on.

Things came to a head sooner than we expected they would, for one day, about a month after he had arrived in our midst, Harold came riding into town, looking like he had something important on his mind. He put his horse in the shed, and coralled and led me around to the shady side o' the hotel, where we sat down on a box.

"Billy," says he, "I want to ask a little advice o' you."

"Fire ahead," says I.

"Do you suppose," says he, real earnest like, "that a man o' my build could make a living in these parts?"

"Why, that depends," I answered. "I know o' several fellers o' your build that are doing pretty comfortably well, hereabouts."

"I want to get a job and earn a lot o' money," says he confidential like. "I am

going to settle down here and get married."

"So you've went and done it, have you?" says I with a grin. "When's the happy nuptials to be pulled off?"

"Oh, that'll be some time yet," answered Harold. "You see, Mr. Baldwin is going to make us a wedding-present o' a nice house and half an interest in forty acres o' land. I have got to get a thousand dollars together to pay him for the other half-interest before we can get married. That's why I want to get a job right away."

"Hm," thinks I to myself, "them's the same terms the old man gave Rawhide."

"What's the matter with that illustrator job o' yours?" I inquired out loud. "I thought that paid pretty well, according to what you say."

"It does," answered Harold. "There is a good living in it; but, you see, Mr. Baldwin don't understand such things, and says that he wants to be assured of something more substantial than pictures for the support o' his daughter. Told me to get out and show him that I could make good in other lines first, and that then I could go back to drawing pictures with the feeling that if the picture-market ever went back on me, I would be sure of a living, anyway. So, you see, I've got to get a job around here."

"Well," says I, "you hadn't ought to have any trouble finding one. But before you get to cavorting around too lively, you'd better listen to a little advice from your Uncle Billy. You probably know that you have a rival who's liable to raise a few objections to these here proceedings, when he finds it out, aint you?"

"Rival!" cried Harold, plumb surprised. "Who?"

"Aint Carrie told you about him?"

"Not a word. Who is he?"

I started in to tell him the whole story, but didn't get more'n two barks and a growl out o' me when around the corner o' the hotel bounces Rawhide, himself. He stopped short when he saw us and took an inquisitive squint at Harold.

"Hello, Billy," says he. "Who's your friend?"

That had me guessing. If Rawhide was wise to the state of affairs it was my

business to put my gun-hand where it would be ready for an emergency and keep mum. Otherwise, there was no immediate danger of the ruction that I was sure would bust loose sooner or later.

I put a feeler or two in Rawhide's direction, just to get the lay o' the land.

"this is Mr. Brooks, from New York. He's out here recuperating up. Mr. Brooks, meet Mr. Billings."

"Pleased to meet you," says Rawhide, shaking hands. "Nice country, this, Mr. Brooks. Going to stay with us awhile?"

"Why, yes," answered Harold. "I in-



Rawhide wasn't quitting while that check-book lasted

"When'd you get back from Omaha?" I inquired.

"About four minutes ago. Just got off the train and was on my way to the post-office to see if that uncle o' mine has answered my letter yet. But, who's your friend?"

"Oh," says I, feeling some relieved,

tend to remain indefinitely. As I was just telling Billy, I am looking for a job that I can earn a living at, and save something on the side. Do you know of anything in that line?"

"I dunno'," answered Rawhide, looking considerable disappointed. He must 'a' been figuring that here was another

chance to sell his mine. "You'd ought to find a job easy enough; there's plenty o' work, hereabouts."

"Well, I am going to find it, then. You see, I am anxious to get the job because I want to settle down here and get married."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Rawhide, interested. "Who's the lucky lady?"

"Miss Carrie Baldwin," answered Harold proudly. "Do you know her?"

I backed off out of range, for I half-expected to see some quick gun-play on Rawhide's part, and had my hand on my own gun, ready to help the boy, if necessary. However, Rawhide just squinted his eyes and looked queer, glancing from one to the other of us like he'd lost some words and thought we had them.

"Is that right, Billy?" he asked me finally.

I nodded an affirmative.

Then Rawhide took a chew of tobacco and continued to remain quiet.

"I wish you fellers could tell me where to start in at," says Harold, who evidently didn't realize that he'd stirred up things somewhat in Rawhide's mind. "You see, I'm real anxious to get right down to work and get a thousand dollars together, so's we can get married. I have four hundred of my own, so I will only have to raise six hundred more."

"You've got four hun—" began Rawhide, and then checked himself like a sudden idea had struck him. "Why, sure! I know where you can make money like an oil-magnate! Come along with me and we'll talk it over," and with that he grabbed Harold's arm and hustled him off down the street.

I had a notion to interfere at first and explain things to Harold, but, on second thought, I decided not to. Rawhide would probably do that fast enough, and I figured that, seeing he knew I was a friend o' Harold and was wise to his game, he wouldn't be trying anything violent. Howsomever, I kept an eye on the two and watched them walk down the street to the plaza and sit down under a tree. I wandered around to the front of the hotel and sat down, myself, where I could keep tabs on them.

They were having a real earnest con-

versation I judged, for they had their heads close together and were gestulating around like men do when they have something serious to discuss. They kept this up for an hour and then rose and hiked over to the livery-stable.

A few minutes later they drove out o' the barn in a buckboard and started off east at a lively clip. I wasn't long in figuring out that Rawhide was after Harold's four hundred and was taking him out to look over that mine. Howsomever, I had confidence in the youngster's common-sense, and didn't think that he'd get pulled into a deal o' that sort without giving it some investigation.

Still, I couldn't help worrying a little. You never can tell what a tenderfoot will do; and as time went on and they didn't show up, I begun to regret not having interfered when I had the chance.

Along about eight o'clock in the evening they drove up. Rawhide went into the barn with the horse and Harold headed for the hotel. I corralled him prompt and hustled him around the corner.

"Where've you been?" I demanded.

"Why, Mr. Billings and I have been taking a little drive in the country."

"You've been out to his mine, aint you?"

"Why—yes," admitted Harold.

"Did you buy it?" I demanded fiercely.

"Why—I can't see how that's any o' your business, Billy," he answered, sort o' embarrassed like.

"Now, see here, Harold," says I, earnest as I could, "I'm a friend o' yours, and you know it. Now tell me: Did you buy that mine?"

"Well, yes," he admitted reluctantly.

"But it's all right. It's a good mine."

"It aint worth two cents!" I snorted indignantly.

"Why, it is, too! I saw the gold, myself, Billy. It was peppered in the rock at the end of that tunnel, as thick as flies on a sugar barrel!"

"Them's nothing but iron-pyrites. You've been buncoed, Harold. Did you pay him for the mine?"

"Yes; I paid him four hundred dollars down and gave him my note for the balance. He let me have it for a thou-

sand. I figured on working it myself and getting that much out in no time at all. Do you really think it is worthless, Billy?"

"Think!" says I disgustedly; "I know it! You stay right here, now, and wait for me. I'm going in and interview Rawhide and get that money back."

"I'll go with you," says Harold starting to follow.

"No you wont," I answered. "There's liable to be some gun-play and you'll be safer out here. He's got it in for you, anyway," and I left him there and hiked into the barroom.

Rawhide had come in and was leaning against the bar. I didn't waste any time in preliminaries, but got right down to business.

"Looky here, Rawhide," says I, "it's all right to have your jokes, but you're carrying it a little too far, in this case. I want you to give that kid back his money right prompt, or you and I are going to have trouble."

"I don't know how this is any o' your business," snarled Rawhide, surprised.

I don't reckon he figured on the game becoming public so soon, and was some flustered.

"Well, if you intend to rob that tenderfoot in this manner, I'm going to make it my business," I retorted; "and the boys will back me up, too," and with that I turned around and informed those present of the circumstances.

"And you just sasshay out and square yourself with Harold right prompt or you're due to get some mighty rough handling," I concluded, turning back to Rawhide.

He looked around and saw by the expressions on the boys' faces that they were all with me and meant business. Then he suddenly changed his tactics.

"I didn't intend to keep his dough," says he, with a cheap grin. "I was only joking, and will give him back his money. Where is he?"

"Right around the corner o' the hotel," I answered, and Rawhide hustled right out.

In about ten minutes they walked in together, with Harold grinning like a kid with his first pair o' pants.

"Boys," says he, "Mr. Billings wanted me to come in and tell you that everything is all right. He was just having a little fun with me and had no intention o' beating me out o' my' money. He's squared it all up fine."

"Did he give you back your money," I demanded.

"Oh, yes; every cent," answered Harold, smiling at Rawhide.

"Well, then, get your horse and light out for home. You aint got any business mingling with real men."

Harold looked hurt at this, but he went out without a word and a minute later we heard him galloping away.

A little later Rawhide engaged a room for the night and turned in, explaining to the landlord that he had neglected to call at the postoffice for his mail and would stay over until morning to get it. A spell later I went home myself.

It was nine o'clock before I got downtown next morning, and the first person I met on the street was Harold. He was looking too happy for ordinary purposes, and I stopped him to inquire about it.

"Morning," says I. "What're you looking so joyful over to-day?"

He hesitated for a minute, like he hadn't ought to tell, but it was too good to keep, and then answered:

"I guess I'll take you into the secret, Billy, but you mustn't tell a soul until after it's all over. Promise?"

"Sure thing," I answered, wondering what was coming.

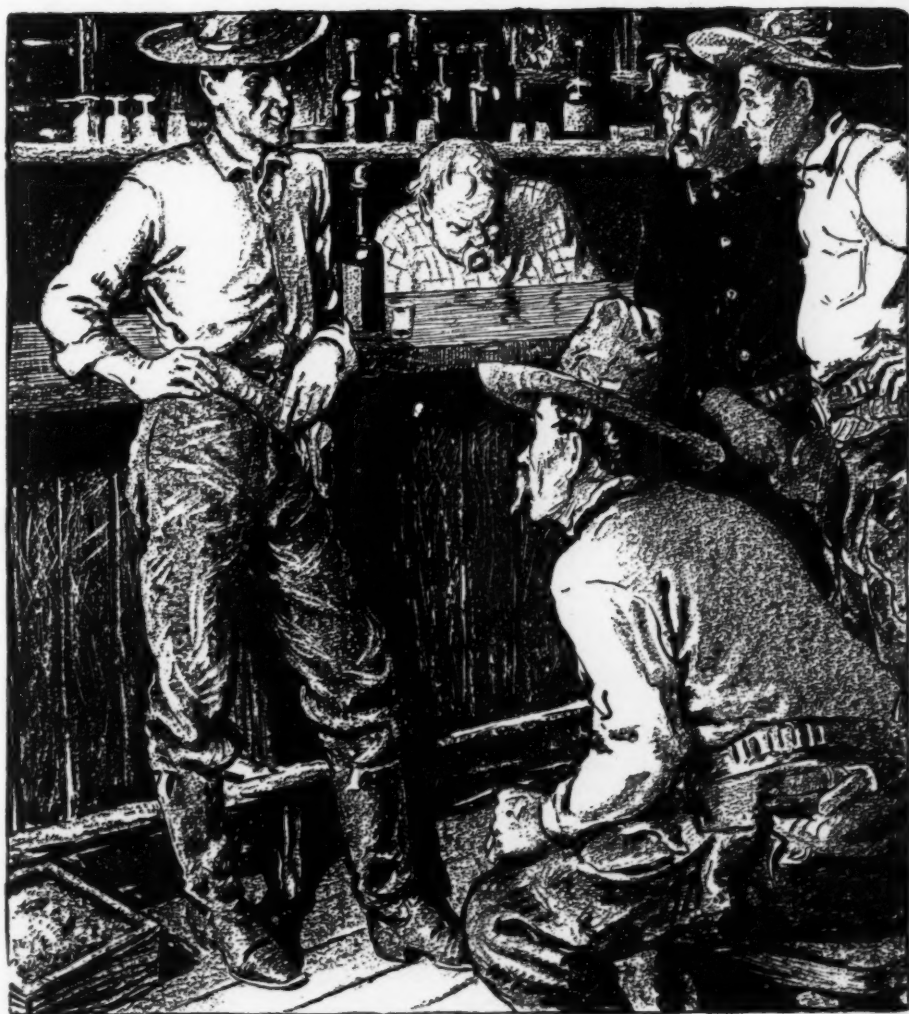
"Well, I'm going to get married this morning."

"You don't say so," I exclaimed. "Aint you made up your mind rather sudden?"

"Well, yes, I suppose I have. Carrie and I got after her father last night and made him agree to our being married right off. I told him I could attend to the supporting part better if I had a wife by my side. He was a little reluctant about it, but Carrie made him come to time. It was Mr. Billings who made it possible, you know."

"What's Rawhide went and done?" I asked, plumb surprised.

"Will you promise not to tell if I show you? Mr. Billings is a little retir-



Rawhide had come in and was leaning against the bar

ing and doesn't want his philanthropies known. It's only a loan, anyway."

I promised, and Harold drew a paper from his pocket and unfolded it. It was one of Rawhide's checks, made out for one thousand dollars!

"Well, if that aint the limit!" I ejaculated, too overcome to say more.

"It certainly was kind of him," averred Harold.

"And didn't he give you back your four hundred dollars?" I demanded.

"Why, certainly not. When he ex-

plained matters to me, he offered to make me the loan of enough to make up the thousand. He already had my note for six hundred, so he just made out the check and kept the four hundred. It's all right, and I'm going over to the bank and cash the check now and then I'm going over to the minister's house, where Carrie and her folks are waiting for me."

I opened my mouth with the intention of telling him that the check wasn't worth the paper it was written on, but he was gone before I could speak. Then I

started for the hotel to interview Rawhide again.

The landlord informed me that he wasn't up yet, and I, in turn, informed the landlord of the trick that Rawhide had played on Harold. It aint necessary to state that he was some indignant.

"You just stay here and watch the office, Billy, and I'll go up and fetch him down," says he, after he'd expressed a lot o' views pertaining to Rawhide's general make-up.

He went up-stairs and I wandered over to the window and looked up the street towards the bank. I caught a glimpse of Harold just as he turned the corner on his way to the sky-pilot's, and felt sorry for the poor feller when I thought o' how disappointed he must be.

The landlord was back in a jiffy, looking madder than when he left. As he came down the stairs, Bud Owens came in from the street.

"He aint in his room," says the landlord. "He must 'a' heard us talking and sneaked out the back way."

"Who're you talking about?" asked Bud.

"Rawhide Billings."

"Why, I just met him on the street. He was going toward the postoffice."

In about two minutes I had explained the situation to Bud and we were on our way to the postoffice. Rawhide was inside reading a couple o' letters, and just as we entered he dropped them and started for the door. He was about the excitedest man I ever saw, and before we could collect our wits enough to stop him he had broke past us and was running up the street.

"What do you suppose is the matter with him now?" asked Bud.

"I dunno'. He seemed to be in a powerful hurry. Mebbe these will explain," I replied, picking up the letters Rawhide had dropped.

We looked them over and at once began to see reasons for Rawhide's excitement. One was from his uncle, up in Vermont, saying that he had complied with Rawhide's request for the loan of a thousand dollars, and had ordered the money transfered from his bank to the one in our town. He explained that the

reason he had not sent it before was, because he had been away on a sailing-cruise and had only just reached home again. The other letter was from the local bank, notifying Rawhide that there was a thousand dollars on deposit there for him. I glanced at the postmarks; they had been in the office for a week.

"Let's go up and see the fun," laughed Bud, and out we hopped into the street again, just in time to see Rawhide disappear into the bank.

He was out again by the time we reached there and was looking wildly up and down the street.

"Have you seen anything o' that blanked tenderfoot?" he demanded as we came up.

"Why?" asked Bud innocently, although he guessed the truth.

"The son o' a 'hop-toad just cashed a check for a thousand dollars that belongs to me, and has gone off with it! I've got to find him!"

And, just then, up drives a surrey, with old man Baldwin and his wife on the front seat and Harold and his wife on the hind one. They stopped beside us and Harold called out:

"I just want to thank you again, Mr. Billings," says he, smiling like all outdoors. "You've made Carrie and me the happiest couple in Colorado. If I could 'a' found you I'd 'a' invited you to the wedding. You must be sure and come to see us when we are settled in our little home; I've got it all paid for and the deed in my pocket, thanks to you."

"It was awfully dear o' you, Rawhide," chimed in Carrie, handing him one o' her sweetest.

"If there were more men with your spirit o' generosity an' self-sacrifice in this here community she'd be better off for it," put in old man Baldwin as he clucked to the horses.

"And, by the way, Billy," Harold called back to me, "what's the name o' that rival you started telling me about yesterday? I can't get Carrie to tell me. Guess, though, I don't have to be afraid o' him while I have such good friends as you and Mr. Billings around."

And with that they drove off down the road, waving fond farewells.

The Golden Boomerang

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

Author of "Policeman Flynn," "The Best Policy," etc

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK DE FORREST SCHOOK

MONEY and Trouble, harnessed tandem, overtook Rodney Gleason. Money and Trouble frequently travel together, although Trouble certainly does not need the companionship. Trouble can travel alone or with any kind of a companion, but Money always seems to be lonely without Trouble.

Rodney was proprietor, manager, and clerk of a retail tobacco-store—the only one in town—when Money and Trouble came to his door. It was not much of a store, but it was all that the town could support in that line, and it suited Rodney. He made a modest living out of it, and he could think of no other way in which he could do this with so much comfort. And Rodney liked to be comfortable. The few chairs that his limited quarters permitted him to provide for his customers were nearly always occupied, so he had plenty of company; and what is more pleasurable than to watch one's companions burn up the tobacco that one sells them? Then, too, such a life of discussion and smoke qualifies one to settle all the great questions of the day, which is a joy in itself.

So it was a wholly contented Rodney to whom came the news that a \$50,000 bequest was awaiting him in a Western mining-town.

"Have I got to go for it?" he asked.

"Of course," was the reply.

He showed his annoyance. Comfort was more to him than money, and he was comfortable—had been lazily comfortable for so long that it had become a habit.

"Who'll look after the store?" he inquired doubtfully.

There were several volunteers, but they seemed to add to his doubts. A man needs to be mighty careful whom he leaves

in charge of a tobacco-store. However, there was nothing for it but to make the best selection possible and trust to luck.

"What difference does it make to you?" reasoned Fred Darrow philosophically. "You're all right now, even if somebody should pick up the shop and carry it away. You don't need it."

"But I want it," objected Rodney. "There isn't any other place where I could live as easy."

Nevertheless, he left it to the tender mercies of the most moderate smoker of his acquaintances, went after his money, and returned to find Trouble awaiting him.

The little cigar-store was all right, barring the fact that the acting-manager's generosity had dissipated the profits, but Rodney discovered that a most annoying change had taken place in his own position. He was an insignificant member of the community when he left, and he was a prominent citizen when he returned. Fifty thousand dollars put him among the capitalists of the town. Instead of being able to settle comfortably into his accustomed chair, he was harassed by people who wanted him to consider business-propositions or lend them money or become active in movements for civic improvement or enter upon social pleasures.

A large delegation, including most of the adult males and all the boys of the town, met him at the railroad-station. When he descended from the car, intent upon hurrying to the store, they gave him three cheers, took his grip away from him, and escorted him to a carriage. He was then driven to the public square, where an address of welcome was delivered, and he was called upon to reply to it. Public speaking being entirely out of

his line, he could only say, "Come over to the store and have a cigar." Later, he figured it out that, including boys, they had about five cigars each. Then he was informed that arrangements were being made to give him a dinner.

"What for?" he demanded grumpily. "I aint hungry."

Lack of appetite, however, was not accepted as a valid excuse.

"It's mighty queer," he reasoned. "I've seen some hard times in this town, but there wasn't anybody giving me dinners when I needed them. Now that I can buy out a restaurant, you all want to feed me. What's the reason?"

There was no answer, except that it is the way of the world. That is, there was no answer then. Later, when various citizens dropped in to advise him as to the best method of investing his money, he began to get a glimmering idea of the reason. Each one of them had some scheme of his own that would be the better for additional capital, and there were some suggestions for civic improvement that they thought ought to appeal to a public-spirited citizen. His cigar-store cronies began to ask for financial accommodation, too.

All in all, life became very strenuous for Rodney; his old comfortable existence was no longer possible. He tried to return to smoke and the desultory discussion of political questions, but somebody was always bothering him. Society began to reach out for him, and he was wanted at all the church-socials and church-fairs. Peterson invited him to dinner, and Miss Peterson smiled upon him in a way that frightened him. He was not a society-man, but there seemed to be no escape.

"I've got to get away from this," he declared finally. "I need a rest."

"Sure," agreed Fred Darrow. "Let's take a run down to the city for a few days, where we wont be bothered by anybody."

Rodney thought it would be a nice thing to get away from his troubles for a few days, but the trouble went along with him. Three of his cigar-store cronies accompanied him, and he figured it out when they returned that he had paid

for the headaches for the whole party.

"This money," he reasoned, "hasn't given me anything but trouble and headaches. I don't want it. I was comfortable before, and I want to be comfortable again. I'll have to get rid of it."

He went to see Connor, a lawyer, about it, but Connor could see more trouble in everything proposed.

"If the town could agree upon what you ought to do with it," said Connor, "there would be no difficulty, but you can't do a thing here without making enemies. They can't even agree upon public improvements. No matter what you try to do, you'll find yourself tied up in a worse snarl than ever the moment you make the announcement."

"But I've got to get rid of it," insisted Rodney. "Why, I don't get a minute's peace. Even the girls are after me, and no man's safe when the girls get after him. I've just got to lose it or go crazy."

"You might try speculation," suggested Connor.

"Uncertain," complained Rodney. "I might win."

"Not in ten cent mining-stocks," said Connor. "Nobody but the promoter wins in that game."

"That looks good," admitted Rodney thoughtfully. The craze for mining speculation had been one of the subjects discussed by his cigar-store cronies, and the various exposures had convinced them that the cheap promotions were all swindles. "I'll look into the mining-proposition."

He did, and the result made him cheerful: the advertisements promised so much that it was reasonably certain nothing would be realized. There could be no doubt that his hope of loss lay in cheap mining-stocks.

"I'll have one high old time while I'm putting the deal through," he decided, "and then I'll settle down to comfort again."

The "Lucky Luke" looked to him like a promising mine for his purpose. The Lucky Luke Mining Company, according to its advertisements, was selling a limited amount of stock of the par value of one dollar at ten cents a share, and was promising to make everybody rich with-



His cigar-store cronies began to ask for financial accommodation

in a few months. Rodney reasoned, quite sensibly, that in order to make sure of a loss he must turn his money over to the people who made the most elaborate promises, and he gathered from what he read that the promoters of "Lucky Luke" expected every stroke of a pick to turn up something—diamonds, perhaps—that would send their stock soaring beyond the reach of ordinary mortals. They were so worried about this that they earnest-

ly urged everybody to "come in" quick.

It certainly looked as if "Lucky Luke" was the very stock for Rodney's purpose, but he was cautious. Instead of rushing away to buy, he consulted Darrow.

"Good heavens!" cried Darrow, "are you crazy? You might better tie your money up in a sack and sink it in the ocean, for then there'd be a possibility that some of it might be recovered by divers."

Rodney smiled joyfully at this assertion, and then sought others in whose financial judgment he had confidence. At the mere suggestion of a cheap mining-stock investment they had such spasms that he was greatly elated. For mines that had any prospects at all, they said, money could be had in large bunches, and it was unnecessary to spend great sums in advertising for the dimes of the poor. Therefore, the "Lucky Luke," and others like it, gave an investor hardly one chance in a million of ever getting his money back.

This so cheered Rodney that he at once left for Chicago to make his investment.

His plan was arranged with care, for he felt that he ought to act with some appearance of caution: to attempt to invest all his money—he had about \$48,000 left—at one time might give even calloused promoters a fatal shock and would certainly lead to doubts of his sanity. That a man should make an off-hand purchase of 480,000 shares of a cheap mining-stock would be rather startling. So Rodney went about his task in as systematic a way as his careless nature permitted.

His first effort, in the way of preparation, was to acquire a reasonable amount of artificial nerve and joviality. This would be helpful, and, besides, he had determined to make the most of the brief time that he would be a capitalist. Then, being prepared, he called at the Chicago office of the Lucky Luke Mining Company, where he was fortunate enough to find Daniel Benson Overman, the vice-president and general manager. Mr. Overman was just about to leave for a consultation on financial matters with a representative of big Wall Street interests, but he generously agreed to let Wall Street wait. Mr. Overman was always just to leave on this important mission when a prospective investor arrived, and he always let Wall Street wait while he talked to the caller. This flattered the caller without doing any serious damage to Wall Street.

Mr. Overman now explained that gold in large quantities was only a few days away. Perhaps he meant a few days'

travel by rail, but he did not give that impression. The "Lucky Luke," he explained, adjoined the "Great Cræsus," which was turning out a thousand dollars a minute, and vast wealth was a mere matter of raising money for development.

"Sure," agreed Rodney, carelessly; "I know something about it myself."

This gave Overman a bad moment: he was not looking for men who knew very much about his mine. But he had to hold to his story.

"This stock," he asserted, as if half expecting a denial, "will go to 15 or 20 within a month, and I expect it to be above par inside of six months."

"Looks that way to me," acquiesced Rodney, much gratified that the verbal assurance should indicate as clearly as the advertisements that it was a worthless stock.

"It may jump to a premium any day," added Overman, gaining confidence.

"Put me down for 50,000 shares," said Rodney with enthusiasm.

"Time?" asked Overman.

"No, cash," returned Rodney.

Overman had very excellent control of himself, so his face did not show his elation, but he excused himself, on the plea of having the certificate made out, and a moment later he was dancing a jig in the adjoining office.

"Five thousand, cash," he told Alonzo Gilroy, president of the company.

"Who is it?" asked Gilroy.

"Search me," replied Overman, "but he puts up for 50,000 shares without a struggle."

"Perhaps he's got more," suggested Gilroy. "Hang on to him."

Overman, showing nothing of the joy he felt, returned to Rodney, and the transaction was soon completed. Then Overman acted in line with Gilroy's advice.

"Do you ever drink?" he asked.

"Only when I feel like it," answered Rodney, "and then I'm rather careful."

"How careful?"

"Well, I never take more than one drink at a time."

"We'll try a small bottle," ventured Overman.

"Anything that's wet and costs money," returned Rodney. "I don't get to Chicago every day."

Fifteen minutes later they were in the back room of a comfortable little place and the waiter was opening a small bottle of champagne.

"From the West?" asked Overman.

"I've been there," answered Rodney, thinking of his trip to get his inheritance.

"Great place to make money," remarked Overman.

"I brought some back," said Rodney.

"Of course," agreed Overman. "That's where the money is." He raised his glass. "Here's to the 'Lucky Luke.'"

"That's the mine for my purpose," declared Rodney, after drinking the toast.

"Why don't you take some more of the stock now?" Overman then ventured.

Rodney pretended to consider this, frowning thoughtfully. "I might put another five thousand into it," he finally decided.

"We'll go up to the office and arrange it now," said Overman promptly.

Thus Rodney got rid of \$10,000 of his troublesome surplus, acquiring 100,000 shares of stock in the process, and everybody was happy. There probably never was a mining transaction that was so mutually satisfactory.

"Easiest proposition we ever had," Overman told Gilroy. "I can't help feeling sort of worried over it because it is so easy, but I don't see where there can be any slip."

"We've got the money anyhow," was Gilroy's consoling reply.

When Rodney strolled into the office



"Easiest proposition we ever had," Overman told Gilroy

the next day, however, Overman became anxious and feared an explosion of some sort. But Rodney was even happier and more genial than on the day before. He had, he said, been "enjoying life in a large city" the previous evening, and he had merely called to return the libational compliment of their earlier meeting. Overman suggested that they include Gilroy and make it a large bottle, which was entirely satisfactory to Rodney. Overman wanted Gilroy's judgment on this "angel," for he was beginning to worry over the possibilities that might be lurking there. He wished to overlook nothing, and he wished to make no mistake.

Rodney was reassuringly merry and care-free; he even insisted upon singing a song and telling a few stories before he permitted the conversation to touch upon anything remotely connected with business. Finally, however, he found time to ask about the news of the "Lucky Luke." Gilroy gave Overman an encouraging wink, to indicate that he considered the situation wholly satisfactory. It was Gilroy's opinion, founded upon his observation and general knowledge of spirituous exuberance, that a man with more money than sense was celebrating, and there seemed to be no reason why they should not make the most of it.

Thereupon, as a preliminary to suggesting a further investment, Overman, with occasional prompting from Gilroy, entered upon an auriferous description of the glorious future of their property.

"Great!" cried Rodney, interrupting the brilliant recital before they had reached a point where they dared even hint at a further investment; "I've got to be in on that for another ten thousand. I'm not fool enough to let the United States mint get away from me! Let's fix this up before the stock starts for the stars."

It is a strange fact that too much good fortune has a sobering, even a depressing, effect. This was too much. It had seemed possible that they might get another \$5,000, with much effort, but here was \$10,000 practically thrown at them. It didn't look right or reasonable.

Overman and Gilroy were much perplexed. They looked at each other in-

quiringly when they were again alone.

"What's the answer?" asked Gilroy. "Is he a plain fool or are we up against something?"

"He's certainly not a plain fool," returned Overman. "He's a frilled and illuminated fool, if he's one at all."

"It's like a dream," declared Gilroy. "Think of a man dumping \$20,000 into a mine that he doesn't know anything about!"

"He's from the West," suggested Overman, whereat Gilroy straightened up suddenly. "Perhaps he knows more than we do."

"The devil!" ejaculated Gilroy. "Do you suppose there can be anything in our mine?"

"Looks to me like he's going to a lot of trouble to get it," said Overman. "Some of that recklessness seemed a little forced, too. He might have been sent here to work us."

"If he comes back," announced Gilroy, "the price of that stock has gone up 50 per cent. We'll see what he says to that. Meanwhile, I'll telegraph for a report from the mine."

The answer to the telegram was disquieting but indefinite. No new discoveries had been made, but some men had been caught secretly "investigating" the claim and there was extraordinary activity at the "Slim Jim" mine, which was immediately adjoining. This might mean much or nothing at all. Men were always secretly investigating in one place or another, and extraordinary activity usually preceded the sale of a mine.

The action of Rodney, however, was altogether disquieting. He not only came back the next day, but he was not in the least disturbed by the announcement of the increase in price. He was as careless and happy as ever.

"Sure! sure!" he exclaimed. "I expected that. Give me another hundred thousand shares at 15, and then let's go down and have another bottle."

Overman excused himself this time; the pace was becoming a little too swift, and the readiness of Rodney to take the stock at an advance added much to his doubts and worries. Just as a precaution, he decided to shut off the possibility of



"We must consider this calmly"

a further purchase by the announcement that this was the last of the allotment to be sold at 15. "It goes to 20 now," he said.

"Good enough!" said Rodney. "I like it so well at 20 that you can give me 50,000 shares."

Overman had to take a turn or two up and down the room to compose himself. Then he tried to back away from the money.

"I'm afraid you're going it too strong, Mr. Gleason," he urged.

"Not a bit of it," returned Rodney; "I know what I'm doing."

"It's a speculation, you know," persisted Overman.

"Not with me," was Rodney's startling reply.

"Think it over," pleaded Overman, "and come back to-morrow. We don't like to sell so much to an individual."

"You've made no such reservation," asserted Rodney.

"No."

"Then I'll take it. I tell you, I'm dead satisfied with it."

Overman sought Gilroy the moment Rodney left. "This man," said Overman with decision, "is either a hand-embroidered fool or he's got something up his sleeve. There's a total of \$45,000 that he has now left with us. I'm scared blue over the thought that there may be something in our mine that we haven't heard about."

And the next day the blow fell.

"Big strike at the 'Slim Jim,'" the dispatch read. "Vein runs directly into our property. Worth a million."

Gilroy, who received the telegram, rushed over to Overman with it, and for ten minutes thereafter the room smoked with their excited comments.

"He knew it all along," declared Overman, when he was calm enough to talk intelligently. "He said it was no speculation with him, and he's got 350,000 of the million shares of stock of the company. How do we stand on the rest?"

"About the same number of shares have been sold in small lots to other parties, and we've got about 300,000 shares left," answered Gilroy.

They were both excitedly pacing the

floor, but Overman stopped long enough to say, "We must consider this calmly," and then resumed his perambulations.

At that moment, while these pedestrian exercises were in progress, Rodney was congratulating himself that he was now a poor man whom it would be a waste of time to entertain. True, he had something over \$2,000 left, but that was a mere trifle that he could dispose of without great exertion, and he gave his attention to a consideration of the best method of enjoying it. He had made two or three acquaintances who had assisted nobly in his laudable purpose the previous evening, but he had not made satisfactory progress: his headache was not as expensive as he felt it ought to be, and yet it was bad enough to convince him that he didn't want many more of them.

"One more whirl," he decided, "and I'm through, so I've got to make it a good one. After that it's me for home, no matter what I have left."

No one need know, he reflected, if he returned with a few hundreds, and this so cheered him that he settled down to the pleasing task of making mental pictures of the astonishment and chagrin of the prominent citizens.

He was thus engaged when Overman and Gilroy found him, and the excitement and words of Overman and Gilroy were most mystifying.

"Well, you caught us," said Overman. "You played the game for all it was worth, and we throw up our hands."

"How much will you take to call it all off?" asked Gilroy.

Rodney merely looked at them in astonishment.

"How will a bonus of \$10,000 do?" inquired Overman anxiously.

"Don't joke," pleaded Rodney. "I don't feel like it to-day."

"Twenty thousand," said Gilroy. "We'll take the stock back at twenty thousand more than you paid for it. That's a good profit on a quick deal."

"But I got it for a purpose," complained Rodney dismally.

"Twenty-five thousand," said Overman.

"Thirty thousand," urged Gilroy.

"Hold on! hold on!" cried Rodney

desperately. "I'll take that before it gets any worse. I don't have any luck at all."

"Luck!" grumbled Gilroy. "You're getting \$75,000 for stock that cost you \$45,000. What do you call luck?"

"No luck in that," he complained bitterly.

They could not understand him at all. Instead of being pleased with his profit, he was most disconsolate during the time that the transfer was being made.

"I try to throw something away," he grumbled once, "and it comes back and hits me in the neck. It's a regular boom-rang deal."

Then a more cheering thought occurred to him.

"I suppose that mine's really worth something," he ventured.

"Oh, a million or so," answered Gilroy, the transaction now being completed.

"By George!" was Rodney's extraordinary comment, "then I suppose I ought to consider it a fortunate escape."

But the gloom settled down again when he was alone. If the town had made life a burden to him when he had \$50,000, what would be his fate with \$75,000? But there was no help for it: he would have to go back.

He was packing his grip when a telegram came from Connor, the lawyer.

"Buy government bonds," it read. "Then nobody can kick."

Rodney sat down on the bed to think it over.

"Whipsawed!" he grumbled. "I get it both ways. When I don't want money, it comes to me; when I find out what to do with it, most of it has got away. I could have had some hundreds of thousands out of that mine as well as not. I don't have any luck at all."

But he bought the bonds, and about the time he was making the purchase, two men — gloomy men — sat opposite each other in the Chicago office of the Lucky Luke Mining Company. One of them was reading an item from a newspaper for the third time, hoping that a third reading might uncover some significant point that had previously escaped him. This was the item:

The report that a vein of high grade ore had been struck in the "Slim Jim" mine, and that it led directly into the "Lucky Luke" property, proves to have been a bit of fiction invented for the purpose of unloading the "Slim Jim" on some unsophisticated Eastern investors. The purchasers have been unable to find the vein, which will be a sad blow to the present owners of both mines.

Overman put down the paper finally, and looked to Gilroy for some hopeful word, but Gilroy only shook his head.

"I wish," said Overman slowly and solemnly, "I wish, Gilroy, you could tell me what happened to us and how it happened. I am rather dazed."

The Heart of a Child

BY LILLIAN COLLINS

Author of "The Ordeal of Marian Josephine," etc.

MARIAN JOSEPHINE was gazing sadly into the face of Sorrow. It was not to be expected that the other members of her small world could understand the situation, and Marian Josephine could not explain. This spiritual dumbness made her grief all the more poignant. Mother ought to understand, but mother didn't. Perhaps that made it worse.

Yesterday had been Marian Josephine's birthday, and her Aunt Mary had sent her a fine new doll from the city. For one whole day the child had been in a perfect trance of happiness. Once, when she was visiting her aunt, she had seen just such a doll in a shop-window. She had flattened her little nose against the glass for a nearer view of the

golden-haired beauty, but no thought of ever having one for her very own had even entered her mind.

When she had opened the box yesterday, and discovered this radiant creature, with blue eyes demurely closed, reposing upon a soft bed of cotton wool, she had been speechless with amazement and delight. Too excited to eat, she had spent the day in weaving bright fancies into a day-dream of perfect joy. The wonderful clothes had been examined and commented upon. The blue silk visiting-gown had been replaced by the pink mull afternoon-dress, and this, in turn, had yielded to the fascinations of the exquisite white lingerie frock. Slippers and stockings and hats for every occasion were there, while sashes and girdles and sheer undermuslins made glad the heart of the little woman-child. She rejoiced in the beauty and harmony and completeness, rather than in the magnificence of the doll's wardrobe. It had been a glorious day, perfect in its utter content.

This morning, however, she was realizing, in pitiful loneliness, that her new treasure had not brought her happiness. She had just finished her simple breakfast when the flash came from a clear sky, and sentence had been pronounced in the soft, gentle voice of her mother.

"I think I shall visit Mrs. Dean this afternoon, and you may accompany me if you wish, Marian Josephine."

The child's eyes had lighted with pleasure at the prospect of taking her wonderful new doll to visit Annie Dean. The joy of yesterday would be repeated in the admiration and delight of her little friend.

"Don't you think, dear, now that you have such a fine new doll, that you would like to give Lady Jane to Annie?" the woman's even tones went on. "She has no real doll, and it will be very nice for her to have this one."

The child paused in the act of skipping across the room. "Give Lady Jane to Annie," she repeated in utter bewilderment. "But, mother, I don't want to give Lady Jane away. She's lived with me so long and—I *like* her, you know."

"Of course, dear; mother knows you do, but you will soon grow to love the

new doll just as well. Besides, you might call the new one Lady Jane."

"Oh, mother! that name don't suit her at all. She's much too fine to be called Jane. I've named her 'Genevieve.'"

"Very well, dear. Perhaps the name, 'Genevieve,' does suit the new doll rather better than Jane, but my little girl must not grow up into a selfish woman. Think of how much pleasure the doll will give little Annie, and you do not need her any longer to play with."

"But, mother, I don't just play with Lady Jane; I talk to her, and tell her things."

A note of apprehension sounded in the thin little voice. Though seemingly the decision rested with herself, the child was keenly alive to the obligation which loving obedience imposed upon her.

"Well, my dear, can't you tell things to Genevieve?" her mother smiled.

"Maybe she wouldn't understand. Lady Jane always understands the very first time I tell her. She's an awful intelligent doll, mother."

The child anxiously searched the woman's face to note the effect of this important announcement.

"Of course, dear," her mother agreed absently, preparing to leave the room.

Marian Josephine stood looking after her for a few moments, a sense of defeat weighing upon her. If only she could make mother understand. She glanced at Genevieve, who was sitting in magnificent state, resplendent in silk gown and all attendant finery. She was certainly very beautiful; it would be just lovely to take her calling on her little girl friends, but—

The child passed into her own bedroom, and picked Lady Jane up from the chair by the bedside. She smoothed the doll's clothes with all the careful solicitude of a grown-up mother, and sat down to think. Presently, with the doll still in her arms, she followed her mother into the kitchen.

The woman was busy with her baking and did not look up as the child stopped by the table. Marian Josephine watched her for a time. She essayed to speak, but the words refused to pass her lips. The thin little arm tightened about

Lady Jane's worn body, and a tiny hand stole down and softly stroked the tousled head. The contact gave her a momentary courage, and she timidly advanced her plea.

"Please, mother, may I give the new doll to Annie? I—I'd rather keep Lady Jane."

A great anxiety drew the spirituelle face into pathetic lines; a child's soul looked out through the dark eyes in wordless longing. Had the woman looked at the small stricken face—but she was busy.

"Nonsense, child! What an absurd idea! Run away now and play. Mother is very busy this morning."

Marian Josephine went away, but she did not run; neither did she play. She cast one reproachful look at Genevieve as she passed through the room; there was even a hint of dislike in the somber eyes, but that didn't matter just now. Genevieve was not even remotely connected with the great issue which just now confronted Marian Josephine.

She drew out the little trunk which held all of Lady Jane's clothes, and took the tiny garments out, one by one. With loving care she removed the doll's play-dress, and robed her in her very best visiting-gown. Tiny hat-pins held the pert little hat on the rough yellow curls. Lady Jane was ready for the sacrifice. She hoped Annie would be good to her. For an instant she looked at the doll through tear-mist eyes, then turned to complete her task. The small garments were neatly folded, and packed in a little basket; the tiny trunk yawned empty.

Her work finished, she sat down with her doll in her arms. These last moments were too precious to hold any other duties. If only mother had understood that Lady Jane was Marian Josephine's own little girl, she was most sure she might have kept her. Why, only a few weeks ago, a tiny baby had come to live with Annie's mother, but Mrs. Dean hadn't sent Annie to live with some other woman. Mrs. Smith hadn't any little girl, and she wanted one awful bad; why hadn't they sent Annie to be Mrs. Smith's little girl when Annie's mother got a new one. The child shivered and drew the doll

closer to her as the clock struck twelve.

Directly after lunch, unexpected company came to visit Marian Josephine's mother. The child was happy in the reprieve. She would not look forward; she welcomed any delay. With Lady Jane in her arms, she was on her way to the orchard when her mother called to her. The child slowly retraced her steps, vaguely distrustful of what the moment might hold for her.

"I shall not be able to visit Mrs. Dean this afternoon, my dear, but perhaps it is just as well."

A great light dawned in the child's eyes; mother was going to let her keep Lady Jane. The blood danced in her veins; the sensitive little face was radiant. In the hurried glance which her mother bestowed upon her she noted the happy look, and thought of the transitory nature of childish griefs. Her mind played with the thought for an instant before she resumed.

"It is such a beautiful afternoon that it is a pity to disappoint you, so you may go without me. Take the doll with you and be sure to wear your sunbonnet. You may stay and play an hour, but don't run much; it is too warm."

Dropping a light kiss on the bright curls, the woman returned to the house.

All the light went out of the child's face. Her heart gave a great leap, and she felt cold. Her knees trembled, and her little legs were numb as with a great terror. She didn't scream, nor cry, nor protest. She simply crumpled up into a tiny, agonized heap of outraged motherhood. It was a long time before she moved.

Obediently the child prepared to carry out her mother's wishes. She tenderly placed Lady Jane in the basket, and neatly tucked the gay little blanket about her; but she did not close the lid. No knowledge of death had ever come within the child's experience, but a shuddering instinct kept the doll's face in the light.

Her own sorrowful little face, with its pitiful story of suffering, was carefully screened in the sheltering depths of the white sunbonnet as she passed out of the gate. Her mother watched the small form

as it traveled down the road, but Marian Josephine didn't see her.

She didn't hurry; mother had said she might stay and play. Play! Would she ever want to play again? She would use her hour, but it would not be in play. She sat down in the shade of a great maple-tree that grew by the roadside. With yearning tenderness she lifted the doll from its resting-place and gathered it into hungry little arms. The child's face bent forward until the bright hair of the little mother mingled with the rough tow-colored locks of her doll-child. When she came back past the big maple, her arms would be empty.

Little Annie met her at the door, beaming with delight at the prospect of company.

"Have you come to play, Marian Josephine? I'm so glad. How long did your Ma say you could stay?" she ran on without waiting for a reply. "What you got in your basket? Oh, you brought your doll. Let's go right out to the play-house."

Marian Josephine handed her the basket without a word. She strove to speak, but her tongue was thick and stiff. Something was the matter with her throat, too. She didn't know what it was, but it hurt dreadfully; seemed like there was something there that wouldn't stay swallowed.

She followed Annie around to the back yard; not that she wished for company, but because she still lacked the power to utter the words which would separate her from her beloved Lady Jane. As Annie reached down to lift the doll from the basket, she put out a protesting hand, then drew back in nervous haste.

"Aunt Mary sent me a new doll for my birthday, and—and—mother thought maybe you'd like to have Lady Jane for your little girl," she faltered, collecting her faculties for one supreme effort.

"Oh—h, Marian Josephine!" Annie cried, in surprised delight. "C'n I have her to keep? My! what pretty clothes," she exclaimed joyfully, pulling them all out into her lap. "Marian Josephine, howd's come—"

But Marian Josephine was gone.

It was a very pale, languid little girl

that crept into the sweet white bed at early twilight. Mother still had company, and couldn't talk; but Marian Josephine didn't care to talk anyway. She was conscious only of a dull, miserable sense of loss. The loving little arms were empty, and an aching pain centered in the spot where the tousled head of Lady Jane had always rested. She buried her face in the pillow, and shut her eyes tight.

It was late when the mother came into the room for her nightly visit. The child sat huddled up, with her face bent forward upon her knees; her eyes were wide open, but she did not move.

"Why, my dear child, what is the matter?" her mother exclaimed in sudden alarm.

All the child's pent-up sorrow burst forth at the loving tone.

"Oh, mother! I want my baby," she sobbed, her eyes dark with misery. "I don't want Annie to have her. I can't sleep without her. Please, *please*, mother, can't I have her back?"

"Yes, yes, my darling," the woman soothed, in consternation at the storm of grief. "Hush, darling! Mother didn't know you cared that way. Of course you shall have her back. To-morrow we will buy a doll for Annie, and bring Lady Jane home."

The child drew a long breath of perfect content; the tense little body relaxed, and a happy smile struggled up to the quivering lips.

"I'm sleepy now, mother," she murmured, nestling into the soft bed.

"Why didn't you take Genevieve to bed with you, dear?" her mother questioned, as she smoothed the pillow, and tucked back the tangled curls. The child shivered with dislike.

"I don't like her a bit, mother. She just sits there on the chair, and makes faces at me; she's been doing it, oh, for hours and hours. I did take her to bed with me, but she don't cuddle at all; she's just as *stiff*." The child was quiet for a time, then she roused up sufficiently to add, "I guess she's got a bad disposition."

The heavy lids dropped over the drowsy eyes, and Marian Josephine slept.



BY WILLIAM CHESTER ESTABROOK

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

DAVID DOSTER, poulterer, had a thousand turkeys; his little son had but one.

And because Doster annually sent hordes of the fowls to the ax he could not be expected to appreciate how strong a hold a single insinuating gobbler can get upon the affections of a guileless boy.

That Constantinople was insinuating it would be foolish to deny. He was two feet two, in his strutting toes, and weighed almost thirty pounds, undressed, of course. His color was pure bronze, and there wasn't a line or a marking from the end of his carmine nose to the tip of the last feather in his tail which did not, by right of superlative breeding, belong there.

To see him make the round of the barnyard on a crisp, sunny November morning, his chest expanded, his head thrown back, his feet high-lifted, the audience of other fowls standing respectfully about in conscious inferiority, was quite as grand a privilege as that of reviewing a regiment on dress-parade.

The boy and the bird had struck up an acquaintance when each was but six months old. Of its beginning Willie, naturally enough, remembered little, but as for Constantinople, his iridescent eye often held a look of tender reminiscence. Perhaps at such times he recalled the rainy night when the flood drowned all

his brood except himself. David Doster, wading out in his hip-boots, had found him perched on top the coop at his mother's side, safe but more dead than alive, and moved by pecuniary results rather than by kindly impulse had taken him in and slipped him beneath an old blanket under the kitchen-stove.

Constantinople had greeted the morning-light with a cheerful "tweet-tweet," and Mrs. Doster, for the fun of it, had bundled him under the covers at the baby's side. That was the beginning of a friendship which had spared Constantinople the ghastly fate that stalked in the Doster poultry-yards at Thanksgiving time.

Before the boy had learned to crawl the little turkey would find his way into the house, hop to the edge of the crib, and calmly make himself at home there. When the crawling period finally arrived he would follow him about, pecking, in occasional reminder, at his yellow curls and pink nails.

Later, when the boy was big enough to run about the yard the turkey nearly always accompanied him, and after Constantinople had acquired that look of middle-aged, bald-headed wisdom, which invariably attaches itself to mature gobblerhood, there was something absurdly funny about their Damon and Pythias affair. But no amount of teasing had ever

shaken their faith in each other. Like all Platonic relations should be, their friendship was pure, undefiled by jealousies, self-sacrificing, and loyal. They were happy in it.

In all the world Constantinople had but one enemy: a big young man with blonde mustache, blue eyes, fair hair, and that manner of assurance only acquired by rubbing immediately against the great world. At the Doster's he was known to Doster *père* and *mère* as plain Mr. Semple; on the P. C. & St. L. he was called 'Blondy,' and in the Doster's dimly lighted parlor on Sunday evenings he was coyly addressed as "Jerry dear," by Willie's sister, Mary, a girl of nineteen.

Except Willie, no one who knew the story of Semple's hostility toward Constantinople could doubt that it was wholly the gobbler's fault. The most cordial relationship had existed between the railway conductor and the turkey during the early wooing of Mary by the young man. It was, indeed, no unusual thing for Constantinople to meet the gentleman at the foot of the lane and escort him proudly to the parlor-door, entertaining him on the way by gobbled news and divers maneuvers executed with dragging wings and spreading tail.

At last Semple proposed and was accepted. The next Sabbath, flushed by love's triumph, he appeared, as usual, at the foot of the lane. Constantinople was there to meet him. Willie was manipulating a ball in the quiet background.

In Jerry Semple's pocket was a little red leather box scarcely an inch square. The thumb and forefinger of his right hand toyed with it anticipantly.

"Ketch!" cried Willie, and threw the ball at him.

In his effort to catch it Semple unconsciously jerked the box from his pocket, but he did not discover the loss until he reached the house. Then, followed by the whole Doster family, he rushed back and clawed frantically over the ground for rods, without finding any trace of it.

In the moment of his despair he heard an ingenious gobble, and Constantinople appeared on a knoll of the barn-lot, where he posed fetchingly.

Semple turned, pointing to him in simple tragedy:

"Constantinople! Maybe *he*—"

He halted lamely: it was like attacking the integrity of one of the family.

"'Nople couldn't 'a' swallowed it!" cried out Willie, in hot defense. "Of course he couldn't! Could he, ma?"

David Doster cast his small son a warning glance.

"We will see," said he.

The procession wound dismally toward the barn-yard.

Constantinople left his circle of admirers and gobbled hospitably forward. In that moment he appeared very amiable, very honest.

"Does he look like he had it?" sobbed Willie Doster.

"We must find out," declared his father inexorably.

It was the hour of Constantinople's supreme peril.

"If he's swallowed it it'll be in his crop an' I can feel it," shrilled his defender, and went down on his knees beside him, beginning a resolute manipulation of that rather prominent portion of the fowl's anatomy.

"It aint there," he exclaimed, quite as if the matter were settled. "If you don't believe it, feel for yourself," he suggested to Semple.

Semple declined to feel.

"It seems to me Willie's right," ventured his mother. "In the first place, I don't believe the turkey could have swallowed a box like that, and if he did we could feel it."

"Let's take another look about the yard," said Doster.

Constantinople had turned an indignant tail to his slanderers and was going back, unscathed, to his flocks. His wings spurned the ground, his "dusters" moved majestically, his neck swelled, his wattles glowed, his goatee expanded. If his internal workings were disarranged by the presence of a leather box containing a two hundred dollar, pure white, carat and a half, diamond engagement-ring he gave no evidence of it.

Mary Doster turned away from the scene, weeping softly.

However, her grief was assuaged



Simple turned. "Constantinople! Maybe *he*—"

when Jerry Semple brought her another ring, on his next visit.

With a fine magnanimity toward his slanderer Constantinople offered his usual welcome at the foot of the lane, but the big conductor met his advances with a vindictive kick, which miscarried only because of the deceptive length of the gobbler's tail.

Not content that even a single blot should rest on his turkey's 'scutcheon, Willie delved many weary hours in all directions without uncovering any trace of the precious little red box.

"*Maybe* he picked it up and carried it just a little to one side," he admitted, sometimes, to himself. "But he never swallowed it," was his final verdict.

With the burden of proof still resting on him Constantinople's influence began to wane. One by one his time-tried friends grew indifferent, and then cold. As the story of the missing ring percolated through the country he had to bear the odium of such appellations as "Doster's Robber Gobbler," or "Doster's Diamond Turkey," while Mary's friends laughingly called him "Mary Doster's Ring Bearer."

He was not allowed in the door-yard now, to say nothing of the house. Once, on a particularly fine morning, his every feather a mirror of polished bronze, he shouldered up the path in the faint hope that a little of the old-time welcome might be accorded him, but Mrs. Doster met him in the path with the garden-hose, and he fled back to the barn-yard, a soused and dripping wreck.

One thing was spared him—a thing that would have struck terror to his turkey-heart—and that was the knowledge of David Doster's desertion of him. To have lost the support of Willie Doster would have been bad enough, for all along it had meant undeviating fealty, steadfast love, and never failing comfort; but to have an enemy in David Doster—David, who held in the hollow of his hand, as it were, the destiny of every turkey in his domain—would have prostrated him as if he had already felt the ax.

When the blow fell it was Willie who withstood it, manfully, and alone.

The season had been a very prosperous one for David Doster; so prosperous in that he had not only sold every available Thanksgiving turkey of his own but had been compelled to scurry about among his neighbors for extra birds to meet the demands of his patrons.

With Thanksgiving only a week off he was called from the breakfast-table early one morning by an urgent ring of the telephone, and the conversation which ensued sent shivers up and down his son's spine.

At the first sentence which had come to him David had looked surprised and cleared his throat with some embarrassment before replying:

"Why yes—yes, that's so. I remember now. But I'd forgotten. Never did such a thing before. I'm sorry, but the fact is we're sold out—all but some old brood ones. Oh, no, I won't send one of them! There's one good one left that I can send you to-morrow, I guess. What's that? You've asked fourteen in for dinner? All right. This fellow will go 'round."

"It was the minister," he explained, hanging up the receiver. "I'd plum forgot I'd promised him a turkey for Thursday. Constantinople's all that's left."

Mrs. Doster raised protesting eyebrows; they were about the only things she ever did raise in protest.

"Constantinople is five years old," she remarked significantly. She was, however, thinking of the minister, of whom she was very fond, rather than of Willie.

"And he belongs to me," piped the little boy, in a panicky, frail voice.

Doster observed his son over his glasses.

"A boy five years old ought to have another sort of pet," he said. "The turkey's a confirmed old nuisance." Then he turned to his wife: "I never knew a fowl of any kind or age that the average minister's molars couldn't manage."

Mrs. Doster never argued a point at any length with her husband. He was a man who always had his own way.

Out in the yards an hour later Willie heard him giving instruction to one of the men to take the turkey to the minister's the next day.

THE FALL AND RISE OF CONSTANTINOPLE 111

A parental edict was something Willie Doster had never dared question. The right of petition was unknown to him. When his father spoke it was with him the finality of Fate. In that same spirit of inexorableness he now accepted Constantinople's warrant of death.

The tragic day was spent in utter misery.

All day long he hovered about the big turkey, stroking his feathers and stuffing him with delicacies. Also he endeavored to give him courage for the ordeal which he was to face, but an execution affords a somewhat joyless prospect for encouragement and his little voice stuck in his throat just when he wanted to say the most.

"When they get ready to—to—you know what, 'Nople, jest shet your eyes and say 'Little Bo-Peep, oh where's your sheep?' over and over, again. That's what I say when I don't want to think about anything, and am tryin' to go to sleep and can't. But *don't* you flop and kick. I hate 'em when they do that, 'Nople. Jest lay still an' the first thing you know you'll be right up in Heaven with Granny Doster an' Uncle Joe. An' you bet your life *they'll* treat you all right!"

Did Constantinople understand? Or was he only feeling the effects of over-eating? At all events he closed his eyes with seeming resignation, drew one foot up among his feathers, and leaned heavily against his youthful comforter.

They were in that posture when Mrs. Doster happened to glimpse them from the sitting-room window.

"I'm afraid it's going to break Willie all up, your giving Constantinople to Dr. Dawson," she said, still moved as much by visions of the minister's prospective task as by her son's probable grief.

"He'll forget all about that gobbler in a week," sniffed Doster contemptuously.

Mrs. Doster mildly wondered if the minister would.

At infrequent intervals she arose to sarcasm.

That night, after supper, Willie went out to bid his friend a last farewell. It

was dusk and the poultry-yards were almost deserted.

't was not everybody, by any means who could approach Constantinople will. The man who was to deliver him into the hands of the Reverend Dr. Dawson, and who was the bird's particular detestation, had provided against possible delay of the early start by catching him and fastening him with a long, stout cord to the coop-door. Under any other circumstances the boy would have regarded the string as a dire insult, but captivity seemed a small thing now in the face of death.

He put his arms about the gobbler's neck and held him close. The tears rolled from his blue eyes and fell among the smooth bronze feathers. His tousled yellow hair was snuggled close to the turkey's head.

"Good-by—good-by, 'Nople," he said, smothering a sob.

He did not seek to protract the farewell. His grief was not eloquent.

Bravely he straightened, and as he did so his shoulder caught the cord and lifted it from its fastening at the upper hinge of the coop-door.

It was a trivial happening, but what trend of great events has not been started in motion by a trivial happening? A wayward wind, and a new world is found; a cow kicks a lamp over, and a great city is burned; Willie Doster accidentally slips the cord that holds his turkey, and—

A man of five is not much given to philosophical introspection. At that age he is largely a creature of instincts, and instinctive action is never required to be buttressed by reason.

Before he knew what he was about Willie had traversed the poultry-yards, had opened the lane-gate, and was standing in the middle of the big, dark road.

And Constantinople was with him.

Even in his first moment of realization the boy's heart did not fail him. He was a little dazed by his own temerity, perhaps, and a little puzzled at the sudden aloofness of things. The light up at the house might have been miles away. He could make out faintly the contour

of his mother's head as she bent over her mending, but she and the others who dwelt in that foreign place were suddenly aliens to him. Old Red, the cow, bawled twice—warningly he thought. He started down the road in the darkness, leading the gobbler by the string. And there was no wavering now, no uncertainty as to his destination.

Two miles from the lane-gate and beginning where the country road crossed the covered bridge was a big stretch of untamed forest known as Blake's Woods. Stumbling and groping along he made his way toward Constantinople's refuge. The refugee was himself not an altogether willing pilgrim. There were times when he halted distrustfully, and once he deliberately sat down in the middle of the road and for ten terrible minutes refused to budge. A wagon of roistering young farmers returning from town sent them scuttling into the roadside where they remained till the grateful clatter had died away in the darkness.

At last they reached the bridge. Beyond it lay the woods.

The boy halted. Hard and courage-racking as the journey had been, the supreme test was now at hand. All the gloom of the road ahead seemed condensed in the pitch-black tunnel of the covered bridge. Every dire thing he had ever heard of the lonesome place throbbed in his head chaotically.

A thin, tricky moon slid suddenly above the tree-tops and turned the black to gray. It was like a welcoming hand. He caught the turkey by a wing and pulled him, scrapingly, over the bridge floor. Past the roadside bushes he went and up to the dilapidated woods fence.

He wound the string about Constantinople's neck and pushed him through.

"Crawl right in, 'Nople," he encouraged. "They can't find you now, an' I'll come and see you to-morrow."

Sadly he left him then and turned back to the road.

Just as he entered the bridge the moon went out. A gust of wind rattled a flapping board on the roof and its noise sent a shudder through him. But more terrible still was the hoarse, long-drawn shriek that cut its way through the dense woods

and died away, to be followed by a sullen, threatening roar.

He did not stop to reason that it was only the night-train on the P. C. & St. L. which ran along the other side of the woods. His heart stuck fast to his ribs and then gave a great bound. The next instant he emerged from the bridge, a little boy with nerves broken, his hands blue with the November cold, his face gray with fear, his eyes distended, his hair back-flying, his short legs working like pistons, and in pursuit of him all the hobgoblins and monstrosities his quaking mind could conjure.

He did not scream till he reached the lane-gate. The horror of that two mile flight reached the climax there. The latch would not work, and almost touching him were the things that pursued him! It was then that hysteria claimed him, and his frightened cries rang out stridently.

That there were lights all over the house, that lanterns showed in the barnyard, that some one was coming down the lane toward him, that encouraging cries were answering his own, brought him no assurance whatever. He started to climb the gate and his foot catching, he fell, dangling helplessly.

His father reached him just in time. With his great hands he seized the boards and released the little imprisoned foot.

A small red leather box rolled from the widened crack of the gate and dropped in the circle of lantern-light.

David Doster was not much concerned with it, however; he was busy quieting his boy.

The family doctor was called early the next morning.

"Hello, Willie," he said familiarly, taking the little hot hand.

"Crawl right in, 'Nople. They wont get you, and I'll come to see you to-morrow," the boy replied, his eyes bright with delirium.

"I'd no idea he'd take it like that," explained David Doster, when the doctor was climbing creakingly into his buggy.

The old fellow's face showed little concern—for David.

"Where's the turkey?" he asked grimly, almost sharply.



He was called from the table by a ring of the telephone

"I—I hadn't thought of that," said Doster.

"Think of it then," grumbled the doctor, and slapping his old mare drove off down the lane.

Doster immediately sent one of his men to hunt for the missing turkey, a mission that was likely to prove a needle-in-the-hay-stack affair, since not once in all his inchoate prattle had Willie given a hint of where he had hidden the big bird.

The doctor came again the next day. The day following he came twice. His manner was perceptibly gentler. It gave David a chill of the heart.

"It's his poor little nerves," said the doctor. "If we could get that turkey's troubles out of his head it would be worth more than all the sedatives we could pour down him from now till Doomsday."

A most systematic search was begun for Constantinople. Men scoured the fields and the neighbors' poultry-yards. One or two of them ventured into the edge of Blake's Woods, but the task of finding anything in such a waste of brush, and the improbability of the lad's having taken the turkey so far away, discouraged them.

Next to David Doster, Mary, perhaps,

suffered most from Willie's little tragedy. That she was having a little tragedy of her own at the same time in no way helped matters. Jerry Semple had not passed down the lane for more than a fortnight!

Just whose fault it was that he hadn't, neither David nor his wife had ever learned. True, they hadn't tried to find out, having an abiding faith that young love works its way through quarrels and other besetments if left to its own devices.

Since Willie's illness the girl had inflicted herself with cruel mental lashings. If it had not been for Jerry Semple, she argued, there would have been no ring, no blight upon Constantinople, no estrangement of him from the bosom of his family, no flight—nothing of all that which had been.

All this was very foolish, of course, but when one is young and has quarreled with one's betrothed, the most foolish things often seem the most sensible.

She sent the big conductor his two rings, the old one in its red box, the new one in its blue, and a letter which was meant to be very sarcastic but which succeeded in pathos only.

Jerry Semple was not wholly without the vanity common to his sex. Wherefore, the letter surprised him mightily, and the blue box quite took him off his feet.

But it was the sight of the red box which really astonished him. "By George, the old gobbler wasn't to blame after all!" he cried.

The ring's recovery however did not seem to rejoice him as it would have done the morning it was lost.

Ruefully he regarded the two boxes.

"It's bad enough to have one ring sent back to you. But two! What the dickens will I do with 'em?"

It was a low moment.

The next day was Thanksgiving. His train had very few passengers. He finished taking up his tickets from the last stop on the run, made out his report, and dropped into a seat of the smoker.

For the life of him he couldn't keep his mind off the Dosters, although he made a brave effort to do so. It was a gloomy prospect for all of them, he

thought. If Mary loved him, and he still believed she did, she wasn't getting any more fun out of the situation than he. Then there was the boy. Poor little rascal! He had heard all about his escapade, his illness, and the fruitless search for the gobbler.

"To think of all the row I've kicked up over that old bird," he muttered regretfully.

And with compassion for the maligned fowl there came a somewhat mollified feeling for the Dosters in general and for Mary in particular. It was a feeling that grew till it moved him to cross to the other side of the car where, as the train neared its destination, he could catch a glimpse of the Doster house over the fields of faded meadow and stubble. Since the beginning of his love-affair he had got into the habit of watching for the particular notch in the hills at the end of Blake's Woods where the red barns and the house moved into view.

While the big passenger-engine was pounding its way around the long curve that bounded the forest Semple found himself awaiting the notch with extraordinary eagerness.

"I'll be hanged if I'll let her throw me over," he declared hotly. "I'll think of some way to get her back. By George, it's not right for us to part like this!"

He leaned toward the window and looked down the right of way. Against a bleak, leafless clump of hazel-bushes in the wood fence a flash of something brown caught his attention. A great bronze wing whipped the air and disappeared. Again it rose, fluttered futilely and fell.

Jerry Semple threw up the window. Ten seconds more and they were opposite the hazel clump. As they raced by he saw a giant turkey struggling valiantly with a string that held him prisoner in the fence-row.

Without a moment's hesitation he jumped for the bell-rope and almost instantly the train slid and jangled to a standstill. Passengers thrust their heads from the windows, and the engineer and fireman swung wonderingly from the cab.

Jerry Semple did not stop for explana-

THE FALL AND RISE OF CONSTANTINOPLE 115

tions. He was running back up the track. In the bushes of the fence-row he disappeared, emerging immediately with a huge gobbler in his arms.

Gently he carried his former enemy to the baggage-car and motioned the astonished engineer to proceed.

At one o'clock—his run over—he appeared, dinnerless and still in uniform, at Doster's.

Mary answered the ring of the front door bell and paled at sight of him.

"I've brought you Constantinople," he said simply, and let the turkey down.

Then, before she could divine what he was about, he caught her to him and kissed her.

Constantinople gravely turned his back on what followed and limped down the familiar hall. He had lost much of his natural gayety during his week's exile. His legs were scratched, his feathers were ragged, his face was lined, and he was woefully emaciated.

Willie's door was open, and he limped into the sick-room and hopped up on the bed. Along the little ridge under the white counterpane he tramped and settled himself comfortably—one could almost have said, with a sigh.

David, who had watched his approach with silent astonishment, stooped over his boy and shook him gently.

"Here's someone to see you, Willie," he said cheerfully, but with an odd break

in his voice and mist on his spectacles.

The little fellow opened his eyes sleepily, and, unconsciously reaching out his hand, touched the gobbler's feathers. A curious change came over his face and his eyes grew wide.

"Why, if it aint old 'Nople!" he exclaimed—his voice natural for the first time in a week—"Has he had his dinner?"

"I don't think he has," said Mrs. Doster from the doorway.

"I'll tend to him," hastened David, and led Constantinople away.

It took a long time, but when the old turkey came back to the room he was actually changed in appearance. Certainly he was in better spirits. But he was very tired, and very content.

"Climb up!" said Willie.

And up he climbed.

The doctor came a little later. His eyes twinkled when he saw the picture that they made. "He's what I call a real Thanksgiving turkey," he said to David, on departing.

The Autumn sun shone through the west window into Willie's face and his mother drew the blind. The room was still, and the half-light presently caught the old gobbler in its soporific mesh. His blue-white lids met over the middle of his weary eyes, his head drooped, his wings settled—and he slept beside the little sleeping boy.



A Kink in the System

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

Author of "The Durn Fool," etc

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE everlasting system!" said Miss Kelsey getting down from her stool. "The irritating mechanism of a mail-order store! The lack of poetry!"

"And romance!" added the stocky little Mrs. Coburn, whose marriage had been a failure and who lived in a very respectable boarding-house almost out of the city limits.

"When the moment comes for me to go home," remarked the willowy Ethel Danziger with a cynical grimace, "I always think of the puffs on the front page of the catalogue. You know—'Thirty-two acres of floor-space; three million dollars of stock—everything from yeast-cakes to tombstones; we never sell except by correspondence—twenty-nine thousand letters a day; seventeen thousand dollars worth of our goods constantly being moved over the streets'—business, business, business, grind, grind, grind! And I'm one of the cogs on the wheel."

She started on her way toward the dressing-room along the correspondence-desk. This thirty yard counter took care of the orders and inquiries which came in each day, to be opened by Millie O'Brien and three other girls with the envelope clipping-machines, and read by so and so and so and so, and sorted and passed on to the next crew, who filed the express- and money-orders and the checks, entering the amounts on the books like intelligent, industrious machines and playing on adding-devices, their brains all running to their finger-tips, and then passed the letters on to the girls who sorted them to be sent to the stock-rooms or factory.

"Ugh!" exclaimed the willowy Ethel Danziger as she passed the empty stools.

Then suddenly she stopped.



She paid board to an old landlady

"That's the chair!" she exclaimed, as if it were a personality.

She pointed at one of them, with a graceful dramatic gesture which she had learned during her unsuccessful attempt to become a stage-favorite.

"What about it?" cried the others who had not been parts of the machinery so long as she.

"Ho! That was Mary Weymouth's chair!" said Miss Danziger. "There was something different! Oh! Something

very different." Her face, rather hard, even for a pretty woman who has passed thirty without much love, grew suddenly tender. "I sat next to her," she said simply. "And I think, of all the girls who have ever been here, it was just plain justice that it happened to *her*. The lightning—"

"Only strikes once in the same place," finished Mrs. Coburn, touching the bent wood desk-stool as if it had been the head-stone of an immortal.

Miss Kelsey's blue eyes stared. "Speak sense! I don't understand," she complained. "What happened?"

"Why, it's plain enough, my dear," said the ill-married one. "Something came in the mail. Out of the thousands and thousands of letters and orders and everything that comes in to the Great Machine, just one Great Chance came and this Miss—what's her name—Mary Weymouth—she got it. Don't you know all the correspondence-girls—everyone—way down deep in their hearts hope that some day they will open a letter which will bring— Oh well—something!—a chance!"

"A chance!" repeated Ethel Danziger stroking her left bare fore-arm. "Exactly!"

Miss Kelsey said, "Wait!" and hopped up onto a stool, all attention. She wore a heart-locket which she had bought herself; she belonged to the fellowship of people to whom on a life-journey nothing, either good or bad, happens. Her face was as plain as her own story, but she liked the faces and the stories of others. "Now, tell us," she said and set her mind upon the philosophy of Omar Khayyam to make it fit whatever the narrative should be.

"She was a *sight*," returned the Danziger girl pointing again toward the empty chair. "That is, her clothes were the kind a woman wears when she's finally, truly, honestly tired out with dressing to kill. And she *had* tired out with it, I used to think. No one knew what she'd been and done before she came to work here. Lots of the girls wouldn't speak to her much, because she was so—what they call 'doubtful.' And besides, she was an icicle. No, not an icicle! I beg your par-

don. She was a sort of burned down candle, drooped over, and smoke stains running down through the drippings—you know?—as if she'd finished with life. I never knew then who she'd been. She was quiet enough, goodness knows. I can only tell you now that she was a very worn out girl, about twenty-seven, with wrinkles and some gray hair, and a figure that looked like a very good one all tired out."

"My! I wish I could tell things as real as you do, Ethel," exclaimed Miss Kelsey. "I should think you'd go in and be literary!"

Miss Danziger smiled. "Well, it was all so."

She went on looking out upon the haze that gathered on the smoky expanse of the lake. The great building was very still now; it was so still that only the monotonous rumble of the great freight-conveyors running to the packing-room in the basement gave a sign of its titanic commercial life.

"Yes, 'Mary Weymouth,' as she called herself, suffered from the monotony and grind of the system," the ex-actress continued. "I used to think she'd suffer most of anyone. I used to think she'd given up gayety and luxury, perhaps, to work for a livin' the way we do. It's dull for us. What do you think it was for her!"

"But she stuck to it. She didn't seem to have any more hope than that. She just hoped to always stick to something dull and hard, day after day—always, as if she'd found out that what was bright and easy was more painful. Ugh! Aint it awful to have to choose between those two? And don't the restless fits come on? And don't you have to just *stick*!" She showed her front teeth pressed together as if to suggest what effort it takes for a certain type of woman to be a cog on the industrial wheel. "That's all she hoped for. She never expected no relief."

"It was awfully unexpected— But let me tell you first. She was absolutely alone. She didn't live with an aunt, like I do, or have folks up in Grand Rapids like you, Miss Kelsey, or get alimony—oh, excuse *me*! She had to buy her clothes and pay board to the worst old red-faced landlady, who breathed so hard you



"You should have seen her eyes the day she opened that letter"

could hear her coming to answer the doorbell and served twelve canned peas—actual count—in a canary-bird's bathtub. Well, I never knew anyone quite so alone. It cost *her* something to lead our kind of life, I can tell you. She was so alone I almost got so I was fond of her because she hadn't anybody else.

"But she seemed to like the loneliness. She'd work for days right side of me without saying a word, and sometimes smiling at me a little sad, and then perhaps it would come along a time when she'd be switching about on her stool, alive all over, then her gray eyes would get almost green and a kind of brightness would come into 'em. It would make you shiver! By and by they'd grow dull again and then get almost blue under her white forehead and I'd know she was peaceful. She'd talk then—had a pretty voice even

if she wasn't pretty in the face, because of the tight look around her mouth. Pshaw! I could tell just as well! By her eyes!

"You should have seen her eyes the day she opened that letter. She studied it a long time and then sighed—I can remember it perfectly. It come in a plain white business-envelope addressed to the firm all right, but the letter in it wasn't to the firm. It was to someone named 'Bill.' You needn't laugh.

"Yes, it was to someone named 'Bill' and it was written on that double-sheet paper with blue lines and an American eagle stamped in the paper on the corner, and it was written in a funny hand-writing, too—the old fashioned business-college penmanship—you girls know what that is—like a trellis covered with scarlet-runner vines. Let me read you what

he said. I've got a copy of it in my desk.

"Wait a second. There! She let me take it once before she went. Listen!

DEAR FRIEND BILL:

Yours of the twenty-first instant received and contents noted. In regard to the matter you speak of, would say it is not worth your while to trouble. It is perfectly true, as you say, that I am now called the Town Drunkard. Now, there is not any call for me to be anything else. You know the way I was brought up. I guess you will say, like all who know me, that I am a good fellow. And then, furthermore, there is no one to depend on me. I can be the way I am without hurting nobody but myself and nobody cares now and they will not care either after a while. Friend Bill, you know that once after the old man was gone I had one other affair which came out hard luck. I guess I am in for it. The business runs itself as always. The hunting-dog you speak of is dead. I lost three this winter running a fox. Do not mind about me. No one else worries any and there is nothing left for me as before mentioned. Trusting this will find you well and prosperous, I am truly yours,

FRED.

"That's the letter."

Ethel Danziger folded it in her graceful fingers.

"Of course, girls, you see what happened. It had come in the mail addressed to our people. It was plain as day—"The Parmenter Corbin Corporation, Mammoth Mail Order Store" and so on. Lots of people have done that—put the wrong letter in the envelope. You know how often it happens here. Well, I was so used to it I would have just laughed and thrown it in the basket—I mean that letter. My goodness, you ought to see the way Mary Weymouth took it. She read it over and over till I told her the foreman would make her get busy. And then I saw there were tears in her eyes.

"Tears? Yes! She said to me, handing it over to me: 'Read that, Miss Danziger,' and I read it and says, 'It's funny, aint it?' and she says, 'Not to me. It's made me cry for the first time in years and years; and let me tell you, Miss Danziger, thank God I've learned to cry again!' Yes, indeed, that's what she said, and she said *she* could understand his trouble as well as anybody on earth. She said *she* knew how it was. And when I

read it again I think I must have seen, too, how terrible it was to be so lonely and—you know—so hopeless, without anybody to take any interest."

Miss Kelsey watched the last three girls come out of the dressing-room tittering toward the elevator. The car brought three old women with brooms and mops and set faces. The girls stopped their giggling as the trios passed each other.

"Well," said Miss Kelsey. "Go on. Do please go on."

Her voice echoed sharply across the vast expanse of the three acres of floor-space beyond the iron lattice of the long desk.

"Why, yes," said Miss Danziger, starting suddenly out of a reverie. "I must hurry. I was just thinking. Of course. And, as I said, I handed her back the letter and thought she'd thrown it into the basket, but she folded it up and took it home with her. That's against the rules, as you know, because all the freak-mail is checked up in case of mistakes, and somebody down-stairs goes through the thrown-away stuff every morning. Isn't a system too horribly perfect for anything!

"Yes, she kept it and the Wednesday after that she spoke of it again. I knew she would. Her eyes had been the same color from the time it came. Yes, she stopped working all of a sudden and turned on me as if she was going to jump out of her skin. 'Don't you think it would help him to know a stranger took an interest in him?' she says. 'Tell me that?'

"'Course I knew who she meant. But it almost took my breath away. I hadn't thought of that letter since. So I says: 'Of course it would. Don't everybody do different because of somebody else?'

"'No,' says she! 'Not everybody!' and she smiled as if she meant herself, and she says: 'What if I let him know I cared. Suppose I let him know I didn't want him to be what he said—the Town Drunkard—me, a stranger?'

"I laughed. 'Why, Mary Weymouth!' says I, 'you don't know anything about him. You can't care much. Why should you?' But she looked straight back at me and says, 'Yes I do, because he's so

lonely and miserable and so like I've been once and am now and he's so human.'

"'Human,' says I, 'what an idea!'

"'And suppose I go to see him,' she says. 'Wont it make a difference? Isn't there a chance?' and she went on explaining to me, in a whisper—because the Newton girl on the other side of her had tried to listen—how much she had thought of it and how she thought the surprise and the unexpectedness of it and her being a stranger and so on would do the greatest good in the world.

"I listened all right, but I says, 'Suppose he was to get mad,' and says I, 'We're crazy to talk of it, anyhow. How many Freds do you think there is in the United States?'

"'I aint looking for Freds,' she says. 'I'm looking for *town drunkards*.'"

"'In how many towns,' says I.

"'In one,' she says. 'The envelope had a postmark! It's Tarsus, Ohio, fifteen hundred inhabitants, express-office and telegraph, according to the railroad-guide. I've looked it up! It's one hundred and fifty miles and, Ethel Danziger, I'm going to Tarsus!'

"'And ask to see the Town Drunkard?' said I. 'Yes,' she says, and then it came over me like a flash what fun it would be with so many chances and—you know—excitement. So I says, 'I'll go too!' and after I'd begged and begged she said 'Yes.' And so we went. We had to be gone over night and we started Saturday. She had the first life in her face that had ever been there as far as I'd seen, and her eyes!

"Yes, indeed, we went. I thought I was a goose! But it was Springtime and apple trees blooming all along out the car-windows. You're happiest in the Spring. Aint it a funny feeling? And the town of Tarsus was a one-horse burg, girls. It had a red station and cinders on the platform, and a line of one-story retailers across the road behind and trees, and a broken-down express-wagon backed up to the freight-house with meat all sewed up in burlap. You know the kind of town. Lots of shade trees.

"The station-agent was a gawk, long and skinny. So Mary Weymouth she went

straight up to him and says, 'Who is the town-drunkard?' And he laughs, and then the laugh fell off his long face just like a handkerchief would fall, and he looked real solemn and says, 'There's lots of them.' But she shook her head, disappointed, and asked whether there was a hotel. 'Why sure,' he says, pointing to a two-storied wooden building across the way. 'The Imperial, Fred Bean runs it, now that old Bean's gone.'

"'And is Mr. Bean one of *them*?' she says, so anxious to know she could only whisper.

"He laughed after a minute, when he'd wrinkled up his forehead. 'Certain sure,' said he. 'He's *one*; certain sure!' And she caught her breath. So'd I!

"Of course she went right over. I was scared. We thought we'd have to spend the night anyhow, but it turned out afterwards we went back on the late train even though we wrote our names on the register.

"Wasn't it the hotel though! There was a round wood stove in the office with a whitewashed band around the bottom and a mirror with advertisements in imitation of mother-of-pearl for a frame—of local barber-shops and doctors and dry-goods stores—you know, and a little counter for a desk with a potato stuck full of pens, and wooden armchairs sitting along the wall under a streak of woodwork where people who leaned back had rested their heads. Everything was kind of smoky except a streak of sunlight on the floor and across on the other side was the parlor for ladies. It was dark and smelt like a cellar. There was a rose carpet and lace curtains, with spiders' webs between the poles and the ceiling. Somebody long ago thought they'd done *something* when they fixed that parlor up!

"Anyhow, we asked for the proprietor. I had to laugh to think what a fool I was. There we sat, the pair of us! But Mary Weymouth seemed to take it just as *natural*! So he came in. He had a straw hat on the back of his head, and wrinkles at the corners of his eyes, where he'd laughed so much, and a mouth all drawn down as if there'd never been nothing to laugh about. He was a good-

natured, sloppy-looking man. No style. Oh, nothing of that sort. But honest, you had to like him then and there. Yes, because—well I don't know why.

"I saw the color come up into her face when he pulled off his hat. She was scared, all right. He sort of braced himself straight and pulled his hat off and smiled and bowed. Any woman would know he was a gentleman at the bottom; any woman would trust *him*. Frock-coats and so on aint in it with the real thing. I guess I've found that out!

"There was a picture of his mother—a big crayon portrait in an oval frame right behind him where he stood. You could tell in a minute who it was. It was taken when the women wore sleeves that fitted tight at the shoulders—and don't old fashioned styles seem respectable, though? And he stood there waiting till Mary Weymouth could talk, and when she looked up it seemed as if he knew he was glad she had come even before

he knew why or what she'd come for, or anything. They just stood there looking at each other. He knew she had come for some reason to see him, and she knew for some reason that this man was the one she had come to see. So I went out.

"I stood in the narrow little hallway and I could hear two or three men laughing in a back room, and she and him talking at the other end of the parlor. I saw him sit down on the edge of the red plush chair with his eyes growing wider and wider and finally he says: 'It was just that letter? You came all the way? My stars!' and he gulped twice as if he was trying to swallow his tongue. 'Because you thought it would make a difference?' he says. 'A stranger—a girl?'

"But that was all I heard. There was a screen-door, with flies settled on it. I opened it. They buzzed up. It was almost sunset and the air was kind of fresh and I walked up and down outside. I thought I'd never been so crazy in my life. I felt



"Who is the town drunkard?"

the fool! I walked up and down kicking the gravel on the walk.

"I did that for 'most two hours. I could hear dishes rattling somewhere and so I knew it was dinner-time. I had a white shirtwaist and it was simply covered with cinders. Sticky feeling? Well I should say! But by and by Mary Weymouth came out.

"She was sort of white and pale and her lips were drawn in thin. 'Well,' says I, 'what next?' And she says to me, 'Please come away. Let's walk. Let's walk out under those trees. They look so green!'

"We went over by the stone wall. I was hungry and it was getting dark. I didn't know what she wanted me to do. I was sorry for her. I thought he'd laughed at her and then I thought probably not, because he wasn't that kind. You know; you can tell. I was hungry. Finally, I says, 'Well, what are we going to do?' and she took hold of my hand and squeezed it hard. I never thought she had that much strength. 'We're going back,' she says.

"My! but I was sorry for her. She was so disappointed! I was so sorry for her it made me mad. I says 'You didn't think it would do any good, your coming here? You must have been foolish to take it serious. He wouldn't listen to *you*!'

"'But he did,' says she, looking over toward the hotel with its washed-out old sign. 'It was just as I thought,' and she stopped and choked in her throat and put her sleeve across her eyes a minute.

"'Oh, Ethel Danziger,' she says, 'you never can understand. But I had such a feeling about that letter. I've been so lonely and miserable for so long. I haven't said a word about it. There hasn't been anybody to tell. That work back there in the store is awful. It's awful dull to be honest and respectable. And I was no fool. I came here with a sort of hope. I wondered if he wouldn't be someone I could help. That was the first thing! I wanted to help him, but I couldn't help *it*—I thought about a home, too, and I wondered what kind *he* was. And when I saw him I *knew*. I could tell just as if I'd known him for years! When you get tired enough of

having no one to care, you can tell! It comes to you! There's a train back at eight to-night. We'll go back, wont we?' And then I could see the wild green look in her eyes again.

"'Wait,' says I. 'Tell me what happened. There was something more?' And I took her by the shoulders. There are some folks who wouldn't understand her. But I did. 'You told him why you came—because you took an interest? And what did he say?' says I. 'I know. It worked with *him* all right. And then he told you he'd try to straighten out. I know. And he thought about how you had come all the way, and he looked as if he might get to care by and by—care for *you*!'

"'Yes,' she says. 'He said it.'

"'He said it?' I says. 'Then what's the matter?'

"'Nothing,' she says, 'but I told him the truth.'

"'About what?' I says.

"'About me,' says she, and felt behind her and sat on the stone wall again looking up at me with great big round eyes staring and staring.

"And then by and by she shut her teeth together and says very, very harsh: 'And I'll tell you, too. I told him because I wanted him to know,' she says. 'He could have found out. He'd have to know anyhow. And because I wanted to play square.'

"She almost scared me looking at me so. I was afraid of her. Her face was just as white as her teeth. She looked so pretty all that day and she weren't really pretty at all. And when she sat there she looked so wild!

"'Yes,' she says, 'I'll tell you. I've been a crook. How do you like that? And I've served six months in the Maxwell, Indiana, woman's prison. How does that sound? And there aren't any excuses. I went to work in Terre Haute when I was seventeen. I was a maid for a woman there—a woman with money and I sold her out to a gang that pulled off a big thing in silverware. I'd never been a bad girl. I come from the country. It was Perry Sanford that got me in. He drove the grocery-wagon for a month before the trick was pulled off. I was



"Frock coats aint in it with the real thing"

tempted by the money in it. They caught me all right. Thank God, my folks never knew it. And when I had served my time, well—another job was ready!"

"It was just as if a different person was talking! 'Yes,' she says, standing up and looking straight at me and speaking slow. 'But—I—stopped—and—quit—when—everything—was—rosy!'"

"'It was hard,' she says. 'I had money and fun and everybody in the gang knew I was decent, too. But I quit. I quit the lights, and the coin, and the soft-snap. Nobody gave me any help. I just disappeared. And I came to the city and got a job—a dull, day after day job. I played

it alone. Nobody cared. There've been days when I wished I might never wake up in the morning. Sometimes I get crazy for excitement. It's as bad as drink. But,' she says, 'Ethel Danziger, please never, never forget—as long as you live—that you knew one woman who—quit—when—everything—was—rosy!'"

"So I put my arms around her and kissed her."

Miss Danziger stopped. Dusk had fallen over the city. It seemed to come in the great plate-glass windows like the ghost of smoke and settle into the corners of the vast second floor. There was

the sound of scrubwomen's brushes and the intermittent song of the elevator still went on. Miss Kelsey and Mrs. Coburn stirred slightly and uneasily.

"Yes," said the other girl touching the chair, "that was it. She'd told him. It was a little too much—even for *him*. What could you expect?"

"And that was *all*?" asked Miss Kelsey stridently.

"Oh, no," said Miss Danziger. "No, it must have been near a month later. It was about this time, too. I found her—Mary Weymouth—in the wash-room. She had a cake of pink soap in one hand and lather all over the other, and she

was standing looking out that little narrow window down into the court as if she'd forgotten where she was, and she was crying, and crying softly! I remember the soap was pink. The Corporation changed it to green later. She had dropped her towel on the floor.

"Then she turned toward me and smiled! My! And says she, 'He's coming to see me.' And she began to laugh, and by and by she sobered down and said in a little bit of a whisper, 'And he has asked me to—' And then she went down on her knees and put her head in her arms and cried and cried—like a goose!—and the pink soap slid out across the floor."



"She was looking out that little window"

Bought by a Bank

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "The War on the Widow," etc.

BALESTIER groaned. He dropped the ticker-tape and turned to Westendorf.

"Hang it all," he protested, "Universal Food has got to go up. It's bound to go up, and you know it, Westendorf. Look here, man, carry me for twenty-four hours longer. If Universal Food doesn't make good by then, why—"

Jake Westendorf shrugged his shoulders. He was the local partner in the brokerage house of Werts & Westendorf, with offices in Wall Street and in Monroe. He lived in Monroe.

"Mr. Balestier," he said, "we can't do it. You already owe us one hundred and fifteen dollars. On your own showing you haven't got another dollar; you just now told me you'd drawn your bank-salary in advance. What is there for me to do?"

He picked up the long-distance instrument and displaced the receiver from the hook.

Balestier caught his hand.

"Give me till eleven o'clock to-morrow morning, Westendorf," he pleaded. "No? Then until quarter after ten. Come, give me till the opening. How can you lose. Give me till ten."

Westendorf smiled. "I'll give you till ten if you'll put up five hundred more in margin. That's all I can do. But you can't put it up—"

"Give me till three to-day, then," persisted Balestier.

Westendorf hesitated for an instant.

"Oh, pshaw!" he said.

Then he bent his head toward the mouthpiece of the instrument. "Never mind, Central," he remarked; "nothin' doin' now."

He turned back to Balestier.

"You fellows make me tired," he said. "But I'll tell you what I'll do for you. I'll wait till half-past two this afternoon.

It's one now. If you can get \$500 in here by 2:30 we'll carry you, unless Universal Food goes too far down. That's all."

"Universal Food," said Balestier, "wont go two points down before it goes up again to stay. 'Till half-past two.'"

"Till half-past two," repeated Westendorf.

Balestier went back to the Monroe Trust Company, where he belonged.

The Monroe Trust Company, and the First National Bank of Monroe were the financial strongholds of town. There were other banks, but these two were giants in the local business-world. Balestier was assistant paying-teller at the Monroe Trust Company. His salary was twelve hundred dollars a year. He was a married man.

"Five hundred more," he said to himself on his way back to his bank, "and until half-past two."

Balestier was no fool; neither was he a gambler. He had watched Universal Food to some purpose, and he was sure that he was right. If he had had one hundred thousand dollars for investment he would have put it into Universal Food. As it was, he had surrendered to Universal Food everything that he had, by way of margin. And now, he needed more, five hundred more. And he knew where he could get it; where he could get five thousand, if he wanted it.

He stepped into the cage jauntily, whistling. The paying-teller nodded, threw off his office-coat, put on his street-coat, and went out to his lunch. Balestier turned to the money-drawer and counted out five hundred dollars in bills and laid it on one side.

"It's as certain as death and taxes," he assured himself, "and I have till half-past two."

At 2:45 Jake Westendorf, down in

the resident offices of Werts & Westendorf, called up Wall Street.

"Say, he directed, over the telephone, 'sell out Balestier—W. Balestier—William—That's right, William Balestier—Yes Universal Food. That's all he's trading in. Yep. You've got it right. Sell out. O.K.'"

It was not until a week later that Balestier told his wife about it.

"Girlie," he said that night, "I want you to look at this newspaper. Right down this list. Now, put your finger there. Read that."

She read it. "Universal Food, 43—46—46." Then she looked up. "Well, boy?" she queried.

"I bought some Universal Food at 30," he explained; "it went up to-day at closing to forty-six. You see?"

She saw. Her eyes gleamed with understanding.

"That's sixteen dollars a share profit," she returned, "and how many shares, boy, did you buy? Two, or five or ten?"

He laughed in spite of himself. "A good many more than that," he told her. "I bought on margin, girl. Here, just figure up the profits on a piece of paper. Put it down. So many shares. So much profit on each share. How much?"

Girlie's eyes bulged. "Twenty-one thousand six hundred dollars," she exclaimed, "Billy Balestier!"

"Yes," he said curtly, "and that's what I didn't make. I couldn't keep my margin good, girlie, and I went under. I owe Westendorf, down-town, about two hundred—you and I signed a chattel-mortgage on our furniture, and I've drawn my salary in advance down at the bank to beat the band. You see! You understand? I'm down and out."

"Billy!" she exclaimed again, and there was in her tone a note of sudden, overwhelming reproach that struck Balestier with full force.

"Hang it all, girlie," he went on, "I've got to tell the rest. There came a time on the twelfth of this month when I had about an hour in which to put up five hundred dollars. If I couldn't put it up I would be sold out. If I had put it up? Well, the only place that I could get it

was out of the money-drawer in the 'Trust.' I didn't put it up, that's all. Westendorf sold me out. Next day Universal Food went soaring and I could have put back five thousand for that five hundred; but I didn't get the chance. That's all."

She leaned forward and touched him on the arm.

"Billy," she said softly, "it was worth losing everything for—that. It was worth twenty times twenty thousand to me to know you—you didn't put up that five hundred dollars more. Billy, there's nothing could buy back your—honesty."

Balestier laughed and shook the burden of his troubles from his shoulders and held her tight. She was a dear, good, religious little body, was girlie, and he felt it. He couldn't tell her that he had actually counted out that five hundred and put it to one side, already for—He couldn't tell her that. She would never have counted it out. She would never even have given it a thought. After all, he was glad—glad!

"There was one man in the bank," he said solemnly, "who did take a thousand for Universal Food. I discovered it later. Yes, he took it. And he made thirty thousand on the deal."

"I'm glad we haven't got his thirty thousand," was her quiet reply.

"It was—Borchert," Balestier declared, cautiously.

"Why," she exclaimed, "and he's only a bookkeeper."

"He took a thousand, and made thirty thousand," reiterated her husband with a sigh. "Great, isn't it?"

"Billy," she said, with something of ecstasy in her voice, "you're a hero; you're a hero, Billy Balestier."

All this, however, was but a prologue to what followed.

It was a month later that the crisis came.

Balestier climbed the stairs that night as if each foot weighed a ton. He wished he might never reach the top; wished something might happen that girlie never would—could—should know. But there she was, waiting for him, just as always.

"Don't kiss me, girlie," he said, "not yet—not yet. I've got to tell you something. I've been fired by the bank."

"Fired?" she echoed, wonderingly.

"Yes," he went on, "I—they found out about my deal in Universal Food. It's against the bank-rules for anybody to speculate. You see, I wasn't so honest after all. I broke the rules. They found it out. Found out I was strapped. So they fired me—fired me, girlie."

"Fired you?" she repeated helplessly, as if even yet she could not quite understand.

In his anguish he grinned and showed his teeth. "Yes," he continued, "and they've given Borchert my place—Borchert!"

"And Borchert—stole," she muttered.

"Yes," he went on bitterly. "They don't know that, of course. But he stole—and I didn't steal. Oh, I was a fool—a fool—"

He broke down utterly, then. She bent over him as he lay face down upon their little worn-out lounge, and clasped him by the shoulders and told him he was her hero—her honest hero.

All this too was but a prelude.

During the succeeding weeks and months, when they had to live in two rooms, when, try as he might, William Balestier couldn't get a paying job, when they starved, and almost froze—during that period girlie began to think—*hard*.

"Billy," she said to him solemnly, one day, and Billy shivered; for the only thing about his wife that ever made him shiver was that portentous solemnity—it was a part of her religion, or something, he told himself.

"Billy," she said, "you must never, never, never speculate again."

"I—wont," Billy Balestier promised, woefully. He scratched his head forlornly. "I wish I could get a decent job," he sighed.

In the event, it was proved to Billy Balestier that his young wife was a trump. He had felt all along that she was, but she proved it beyond question.

"I'll go to the governor," she told herself. "But Billy mustn't know."

Landgraf was the governor—Llewellyn Landgraf. He was a reform-governor, so called. He had just been elected on a reform-ticket. He had one hundred and nine appointments to make, some little, some big. And Landgraf had announced that he was going to make appointments according to merit, and according to no other plan or schedule.

Balestier's wife knew the governor. The governor, five years before, had been superintendent of the Dutch Reformed Church Sunday-school. She had been assistant superintendent. This fact, she hoped, might give her a pull with the governor, a man supposed to be unsuspicious to pulls.

She saw the governor. She told her story. He heard her through. He nodded.

"I don't know Balestier very well," he mused, "but I'll tell you what I'll do," he said, "I'll look him up—investigate his record."

He tapped the table with his hand.

"There's one job, Mrs. Balestier, that has given me a mighty sight of trouble. I wont tell you what it is. But I've got to have a man who knows something of finance—a good deal. That's important. But it's not half so important as the rest. This man has got to be as honest as the day is long."

And so it happened, by one of those unusual tricks of circumstance, that within the next six weeks the governor appointed a new superintendent of banks and banking. And the new superintendent was William Balestier.

"At a salary of thirty-five hundred dollars a year. Je—ru—sa—lem, girlie-girl," said Balestier. "And you did it, too?"

"It's your honesty that did it," answered she.

Perhaps she was right. The governor had a long, strong talk with William Balestier.

"Balestier," he said, "the last three superintendents that we've had have made about fifteen thousand a year on a salary of thirty-five hundred. I don't have to tell you how. There are a few banks here and there in the state that want to play the Wall Street game, or develop tracts of land, or—well, those



"Universal Food has got to go up"

banks can pay for good reports. And, by George, it went, too. You know that. Nobody seems to have been any the worse.

"But now, we're running into bad weather. Over in New York the banks are getting shaky. And I've got to see that our little state maintains its integrity. You understand? You've got to be honest. You're going to have a harder time than any of them to keep straight, I can tell you that, because the storm is going to break and right soon, if I'm not mistaken."

Billy told his wife about it. She only smiled.

"I guess he needn't worry, Billy," she said. "When it comes to honesty, you've got the goods. We'll live on thirty-five hundred."

"I should say so," returned Billy, bravely. "After doing it on nothing at all a year, it'll be a snap."

He kissed her and they laughed into each other's eyes in sheer happiness.

"My hero," she whispered.

Yes, he was her hero again, and all the dearer because she had helped to make him that. She was a helpmeet. Billy was the right man in the right place, but she had helped him climb into that place. She was glad—glad.

Llewellyn Landgraf, governor, had been quite right. The storm broke over the right little, tight little state, all too soon. The best proof of it was that the two big banks in Monroe, The Monroe Trust Company, Balestier's old bank, and the First National, were flying signals of distress. These signals only brought on wider distress. They brought down upon these two big banks the state's force of bank-examiners—with Billy Balestier at the head of them. He put his men to work on both banks, but camped on the job in person.

"I've got to be shown," he told these banks.

It was on the fifth day of the examination of the Monroe Trust Company—there was no run as yet; the examination had been kept quiet, even by the state—that Borchert, now vice-president and cashier of the Monroe Trust Company sent for Balestier.

"Billy," he said, "there's no object in concealing anything. It's that Borchert Land Company tract up on the Heights that's strapped us. But it's good. Once this flurry is over, we can weather it. The land there is worth three times our investment."

Balestier frowned.

"You had no right to make the investment in the first place," he said, "but I wouldn't kick about that, either, if the value was up there. But you can't sell a lot for the next six months. Nobody will buy. And if there's no demand, there's no value. That's my point of view."

Borchert flushed. "Billy," he said, "you know we can pull through. Now, look here. There's twenty-five thousand in this for you if—"

Balestier merely smiled. He had expected that.

"Did you suppose, Borchert," he said, "that I would sell my soul for only twenty-five."

He passed on out.

The next day his report was made public, and the run on the Monroe Trust Company began.

Then Balestier inaugurated his personal attack upon the First National. He looked over the work of his men, saw that it was good, then strode into the office of the president.

"Now, what's your little trouble?" he asked of the officers assembled in the private room. "Let's get at the worst first, and have it over with. So now."

He was closeted with the officials of that bank for five hours, steady. When he went home that night, he was troubled. His wife could feel it. He paced the floor for hours.

"What is it, boy?" she asked.

He only shook his head.

"It wont do to destroy a bank if there's a good chance. A good chance—but is there, that's the question?"

Down in the First National the president's office was still lighted up. The president and cashier still sat with their heads together.

"We've got Balestier going," said the cashier hopefully, "why not take a chance—a bit of—influence—"

The president rubbed his hands.

"It looks that way, too," he said. "Maybe we can offer him the governorship, or—something else."

The cashier buried his head in his hands. He was tired, dog-tired.

"If we only hadn't gone and bought State Central," he complained.

"Yes," returned the president, "State Central surely did us up. But it's no wonder. Everybody in town—everybody—has been crazy over it. And it looked good—good. And any day it might—"

"Any day it might—" admitted the cashier.

Six days later William Balestier, superintendent of banks, announced officially to the public that the First National Bank of Monroe was financially sound, and that it met with the official approval of the state. The Monroe Trust Company, in the hands of a receiver, gnashed its teeth in despair.

"I didn't make the stake high enough to Balestier," growled Borchert.

"Girlie," said William Balestier one night, to his young wife, and he said it with a forced laugh, "just look at that."

He handed her a first page clipping from the *Morning Mail*:

BOUGHT BY A BANK.

IS OUR BANKING SUPERINTENDENT
A MAN WITH A PRICE?

Business men in town are beginning to ask each other why the doors of one big bank in town are closed, and the doors of the other still remain open. The safe, though broad policy of the defunct Monroe Trust Company in developing local enterprises, and backing safe businesses in town on good security, is well known. On the other hand, the reckless negotiations of another unnamed bank which still transacts business, and its Wall Street speculations, are notorious. What does it mean? That the resignations of the president and the cashier of that bank, forced though they seem, are merely a blind there can be no doubt.

What does it all mean?

Didn't the trust company bid high enough?

Did the other bank let fall a bigger, riper plum?

We wait anxiously for information upon the subject.

William Balestier, what do you say about it?

Mrs. Balestier looked up.

"What does it mean, Billy?" she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It means," he answered, "that the *Morning Mail* is one of the enterprises backed by Borchert and that Borchert wrote that item and had it printed in the *Mail*. That's what it means."

"Why," she said, "it's—disgraceful."

Billy Balestier only shrugged his shoulders again.

"It's libelous," she went on; "it all but charges you with bribery."

Billy Balestier smiled.

"You will sue them, Billy?"

And again he smiled.

"These are parlous times, little girl," he said, "and all sorts of rumors are flying about. Even the governor is getting it; not only from the *Mail* but from the papers in the southern part of the state. Everybody's being knocked. Why should I complain. I'm still superintendent of banks, and there I'll stick as long as my good friend—my very good friend the governor—keeps me there. And we've still got our \$3,500 a year, and—"

"And you know you're honest," she went on.

He glanced sharply out of the window.

"Yes," he said quickly, "I know I'm honest. And there's an end to it. That's all."

He took out his fountain-pen and endorsed on the clipping the date of issue of the *Mail* containing it, and thrust it into a pigeon-hole in his little desk.

"To-morrow," he said, "the people will take this up. They'll say that I've been bought. And there'll be a run on the First National such as this town has never seen. I know that. Those are the two results that Borchert worked for when he wrote this little squib. You'll see."

Balestier was right. It seemed, on the following day, as if the whole state had gathered about the door of the First National. The new president and the new cashier of the First National girded up their loins but shivered as they did so.

In their anxiety they sent for the old president and the old cashier. And when



"Yes " he said quickly, "I know I'm honest "

at 9:55 A. M. the old president and the old cashier drove up and stepped into the bank, the crowd nodded darkly.

"Aha!" said the crowd, "the *Morning Mail* was right, all right—all right."

And the crowd persisted in its suspicions, notwithstanding the new management's explanation that it merely wanted the benefit of the experience of the old management in this crisis.

"Give me my money!" That was the cry of the crowd.

Well, the unexpected happened. The First National Bank weathered the storm. And the same crowd two weeks later filed past the teller's window again and put its money back. For it so happens in a run, that no sooner does a man know that he can have his money, than the conviction is immediately forced upon him that he doesn't want it. When it was all over William Balestier drew a long breath.

"That lets me out," he told his wife; "that lifts the stigma from the banking-department of this state."

He was right, and the people saw that he was right. The First National had been put to a terrible test, and had emerged unscathed, unscarred.

"We'll go to New York to-night, girlie, and blow ourselves, we feel so good about it."

They went.

That night Mrs. Balestier's eyes were opened. William Balestier spent money on her as he had never spent it before. They witnessed "Lucia di Lammermoor" from high-priced seats, indulging in a wonderful dinner first, and a bewildering supper afterwards, and they didn't go home. Instead, they put up at the Amsterdam on the Park, and for twelve hours they lived as live the millionaires.

"Billy," gasped young Mrs. Balestier, "you can do things once in a while on thirty-five hundred a year—can't you?"

"Sure," answered Balestier, "just little celebrations—now and then."

It must have been quite six months later that Balestier brought his wife the pearl necklace, worth, well—she didn't know what it was worth.

"Been saving up for months to buy this for you," said Balestier.

"I never realized before," said Mrs. Balestier naively, "that thirty-five hundred dollars was so much."

It was at the end of the year that she counted up and found they had spent more than thirty-five hundred; that they had spent fifty-one hundred dollars—or even more than that; she couldn't tell how much Billy's incidentals might have been. And they had spent it; the cash had gone out.

"Where did we get that much, Billy?" she asked.

Balestier raised his eyebrows. "Is it that much?" he replied.

And then he explained, satisfactorily, that every man has a chance now and then to earn a little extra, here and there, especially a banking-man.

She knew this, because, when he was assistant paying-teller at the Trust Company, Billy had had little bookkeeping jobs for other people now and then.

"But this is so much more, Billy!" she exclaimed.

She was glad of it. Money "on the side" was—well, it was on the side, and that was enough.

Six months later, she found William Balestier's bank-book—his First National Bank book—that he had left by mistake, upon his desk. It was an ordinary national bank book, showing only deposits and nothing else. She picked it up curiously and casually opened it. The first item that caught her glance was the sixty thousand dollar entry on the last page. The date of entry was there, too.

"Sixty thousand dollars!" she exclaimed.

She laughed aloud in glee. Sixty thousand dollars. To think of Billy's having sixty thousand dollars.

She stopped short. Protruding from a pigeon-hole was a clipping from a newspaper. She pulled it out. At its head appeared the fateful words:

BOUGHT BY A BANK.

She looked back once more at the entry: \$60,000.

Then, eagerly, yet tremblingly she climbed upon a chair and took from a shelf a scrap-book in which Billy kept all the newspaper-clippings relating to his work. She leafed it over rapidly.

Yes. There it was. There was the official announcement by William Balestier, that the First National Bank was sound. That official announcement appeared in the *Evening News* upon the day before William Balestier deposited his \$60,000 in the First National Bank. She must make no mistake about *that*. The dates were correct.

And then she went back to the damning charge in the *Morning Mail*: "Is Our Banking Superintendent A Man With A Price? What have you to say about it, William Balestier?"

Billy had been bribed. It was as if she had been struck a blow. He had fallen from his pedestal. No matter that he had been lucky, no matter that the First National had weathered the storm—she could see now why the run had worried him so much—Billy, her Billy, had been bribed.

She slipped the bank-book into a drawer that he might not suspect she had seen it; placed the scrap-book back upon its shelf, and thrust the clipping into its pigeon-hole.

She spent the rest of the day trying to adjust herself to this new situation. She made up her mind to two things: First, that Billy must confess this to her of his own free will. She never would, never could accuse him of it to his face; her faith had been too great. Second, he must pay this \$60,000 back. Third—she had forgotten there was a third, of more importance than the other two—Billy was an official of the state—he was the representative of the people—she must take more time to consider that.

"And to think," she murmured self-accusingly, "that I have lived and laughed on some of this money. That I've helped Billy spend it. Oh, Billy, Billy, Billy!"

Balestier shivered when he came home that night. Upon his wife there rested that ominous air of portentous solemnity.

"Billy," said she, "you needn't answer if you don't want to. You needn't answer if you can't. But, listen, Billy! Is there anything—anything at all, that you haven't told me—anything that you ought to tell me? Is there, boy?"

"No," he answered, "there's nothing that I think of. Except," he brightened up, "that I've got tickets to see Genevieve Tolliver in 'The Despair of Lady Whiteside' in little old New York to-night. Come on, get ready, little girl."

But she didn't get ready and they didn't go to little old New York that night.

Twice more she put her question, and twice more Balestier looked out of the window, a tell-tale flush upon his face, and said he had nothing, nothing to tell her. But he shivered as he said it.

"What am I going to do?" his wife asked herself.

And the worst of it was, that her great Third proposition recurred, again and again, to her. Billy was an official; he was a trustee; he represented the people. The people believed in him. And he was a— She shrank from the very thought of the word.

In her agony and weakness, the way suddenly opened. And it seemed the only way. The governor was re-elected, and he was about to make his appointments. Billy had informed her that he, himself, was to be reappointed. And it was when he told her this, that she made up her mind.

The more she thought of it, the surer seemed her course. It had been her inducement, her representation, that led to Billy's first appointment. He had swindled the people; he had betrayed his trust; he had fooled Governor Landgraf. She was responsible for it. But she went a step farther. Billy's soul—she must see to that. He must be removed from temptation until he could grow strong again—he must *not* be re-appointed.

Perhaps, under ordinary circumstances, she would not have adopted this course. But to her it was so plainly her duty—whether Billy did or did not confess, the same course must be pursued—that she found herself in the presence of the governor before she had crystallized her great purpose into concrete details.

"Governor Landgraf," she said, "my husband, William Balestier, accepted a bribe of \$60,000 from the First National



She bent over him as he lay on the little worn-out lounge

to make a favorable report upon its standing. I want you to know that fact before you reappoint him."

She broke into a torrent of agitated sobs.

"I don't want to ruin him. I don't want to hurt him. I want to beseech you, now, before I go further, to keep him near you—somehow, in some position. But please, take him away from this terrible temptation. Billy must make a man of

himself again. But he's too weak now to—"

The governor held up his hand.

"Does he admit that he took this bribe?" he asked.

Sadly she shook her head. But his admission of guilt was a nonessential. She had the proofs. And the greatest proof of all was the lowered eyes and the flush of shame upon the cheek of William Ballestier back there on that night.

"Who told you about this?" queried the governor anxiously.

He was deeply concerned. He knew Billy's wife to be a safe, sane little woman. And he admired her all the more for her strict, religious principles.

"Who accuses Billy Balestier?" he insisted.

Then she produced, not her proofs, but her data from them—the damaging entry in the First National bank-book, the damaging identity of dates, the—

"Just let me see your memo," said the governor suddenly.

He glanced at her sharply, and at her memoranda quite as sharply. Then, with unmoved countenance, he dived quickly into the third drawer of his desk and produced another bank-book—his own.

"Look at that," he said.

It was a First National bank-book, bearing on its sheepskin cover the name of Llewellyn Landgraf, and at the top of a page there was the entry "\$60,000."

Mrs. Balestier gasped.

"Look at the date," said the governor.

She gasped again.

The date of Billy's deposit and that of the governor's were identical.

"Looks as if we were both in on this thing," said the governor, "doesn't it?"

"What does it mean?" gasped young Mrs. Balestier.

The governor sank back into his chair and laughed.

"Mrs. Balestier," he said, "you go home, and tell your husband that he ought to be ashamed for not telling you that he had made a big strike on the Street—"

"Oh," she wailed, "he promised me he never, never would—"

"Exactly," said the governor. "I suppose so. Well, Billy Balestier and I went partners on a sure thing—State Central—everybody was crazy about it here in Monroe. We're both through now, with the Street, for good. Yes. The First National had gone broke on it. The First

National was sure, as everybody else was, and invested in it heavily, and—"

"But," she exclaimed, "Billy reported in their favor."

"Exactly," said the governor. "When Billy went in there the First was broke. Billy told them they must raise cash—lots of it—hundreds of thousands in forty-eight hours. Told them that he didn't care a snap about the bank, but he did about the people, and he wouldn't cause a run if he could avoid it. They promised.

"Everybody knows what happened; everybody on the inside, I mean. State Central went up out of sight in the next forty-eight hours. The First National sold out its stock and took its profits in cash, and so did Billy and I. And the bank was good, then, because it had the cash. Billy deposed the old management—they had to be called in later, by the way, in the run, for they were old heads, no doubt about that. But the bank was sound then, because it had the cash. We were sound, too, for we had our cash."

The governor leaned forward and tapped the desk with his hand. "So there you are, you see."

She saw. That night when Billy came home, he found that all the portentous solemnity had disappeared. He drew a long breath.

"But—Billy," said his wife severely, but without solemnity, "is there anything you have to confess to me?"

Billy only laughed a raucous laugh.

"I've seen the governor, girly," he returned, "and all I've got to say: Is there anything you want to confess to me?"

"You—first," she returned, through her blushes.

"Well," said William Balestier, "I've got a couple of good seats for Billy Toombs in 'Greenland' over in New York. Are you on?"

Mrs. Billy Balestier was on, and accordingly, they went.

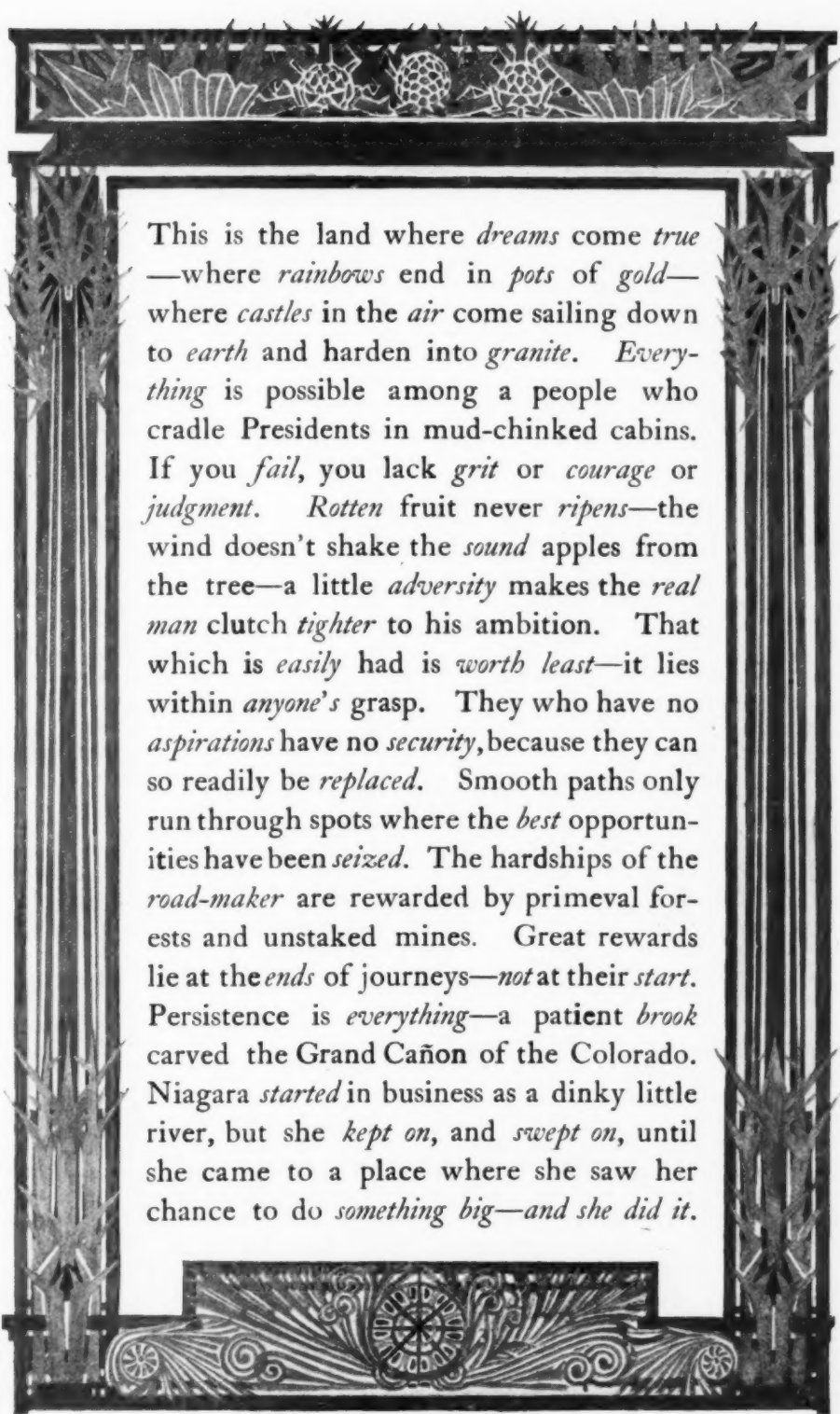


Your Start Doesn't Count

By Herbert Kaufman

TIME was when a coat
of arms meant a *lot*—

now it's the arms *in* the coat that count. We aren't taking so much stock in *family trees* as formerly. *Experience* has been busy etching a few *scars* upon our memory. We've found that *all* noble old oaks have *some* dead limbs—that every acorn doesn't *sprout* and that few fathers can leave a *heritage* of brains and *manhood*. We don't care *who* you are so long as we know *what* you are. Your name in *Burke's Peerage* may give us an idea of the sort of ancestors you *had*, but *Dun's Peerage* is more likely to show what kind of an ancestor *you're* apt to prove. Your *years* do not interest us—*Success* has no age. We learned *long ago* that brains do not grow in *whiskers*. Your *start* doesn't mean a *rap*.



This is the land where *dreams* come true—where *rainbows* end in *pots* of gold—where *castles* in the *air* come sailing down to *earth* and harden into *granite*. *Everything* is possible among a people who cradle Presidents in mud-chinked cabins. If you *fail*, you lack *grit* or *courage* or *judgment*. *Rotten* fruit never *ripens*—the wind doesn't shake the *sound* apples from the tree—a little *adversity* makes the *real* man clutch *tighter* to his ambition. That which is *easily* had is *worth* least—it lies within *anyone's* grasp. They who have no *aspirations* have no *security*, because they can so readily be *replaced*. Smooth paths only run through spots where the *best* opportunities have been *seized*. The hardships of the *road-maker* are rewarded by primeval forests and unstaked mines. Great rewards lie at the *ends* of journeys—not at their *start*. Persistence is *everything*—a patient *brook* carved the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Niagara *started* in business as a dinky little river, but she *kept on*, and *swept on*, until she came to a place where she saw her chance to do *something big*—and she *did it*.

The House Next Door

BY GEORGE HYDE PRESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES EDWARDS

WHEN Harcourt Browne came home that Spring afternoon, after a short absence, Mrs. Tibbs greeted him in the hall with a little air of excitement.

"The house next door is finished and for rent, Mr. Browne," she said.

"Yes, I saw the sign on the window as I came by," he answered. "I hope you will have good neighbors. Mrs. Tibbs," he added politely.

"I do hope so," responded the little old lady, looking dubiously over her spectacles. "If only they don't keep dogs to come rampaging through the hedge into the garden," she sighed.

"Oh, well, we will hope for the best anyway," he laughed, as he went up-stairs to the pleasant rooms constituting his bachelor-stronghold, which Mrs. Tibbs kept shining with the neatness that is one of the outward manifestations of the New England conscience.

Yes, Harcourt Browne was very comfortable, and yet sometimes he vaguely felt that something was lacking; and to-day he sighed as he went to the bay-window in his sitting-room and looked across a little stretch of lawn at the new house next door.

It was an attractive house beyond a doubt, and he imagined how it would look when the curtains were in place, and when someone, in a white dress, perhaps, sat in the window over there reading, or sewing a little on some trifle that went with dainty fingers. And then he imagined that he saw her suddenly stop and listen, and then throw down her work with a pretty gesture of haste, and run swiftly to the door at the sound of a familiar step on the walk. And then—

Harcourt Browne pulled himself up short.

"A very pretty romance," he laughed; "but probably the tenants will be a couple of ancient maiden ladies, or some fat old

pair with a lot of noisy boys. It is a pretty house, anyway, and I believe I will go over and take a look through it, since the carpenters appear to have left that side window conveniently open."

After a prolonged and appreciative inspection of the house, Browne threw himself down on a settle under the window in the hall.

"It is as pretty inside as it is out," he said to himself enthusiastically. "Now if a man only wanted a house," he sighed, "he could not find anything nicer or cosier than this."

As he sat there, he idly imagined himself the owner of it.

Of course, there would have to be some one in a white dress somewhere about, for what would be the use of his coming up the street with a swinging step if there wasn't any one there waiting to hear it? Or, perhaps, he thought, he might come home early some day, while she was out calling or something, and sit right where he was sitting now, thinking of her and waiting for her to come in. And presently he would hear a light step at the door and looking up, just as he was doing at this moment, he would see her, and—

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated suddenly, "there she is now!"

For there, looking at him through the glass set in the upper half of the door, as yet guiltless of a curtain, was a girl! As he stumbled to his feet and tried to collect his scattered senses, he heard the sound of the bell.

"What a fool I am," he murmured, as he walked towards the door; "but who wouldn't have been rattled," he added humorously, "to see his own imagined wife appear like a jack-in-the-box! Only a jack-in-the-box isn't as pretty as an angel," he declared to himself fervently, his hand on the knob.

As he opened the door, he saw that the

girl was not alone, and a middle-aged lady stepped forward.

"This house is for rent, I believe," she said waving her hand toward the "For rent" sign.

"Yes, it is," acknowledged Browne.

"May we see it?" she asked.

"Certainly," he responded. "Allow me to show it to you," he added eagerly. "Please come in."

"May I ask if you are the owner?" said the elder lady as they looked about the attractive hall.

"No, but I—er represent him," answered Browne. "I can't let them get away," he murmured to himself in excuse, with a sidelong glance at the girl. "They might not come back."

"We liked the outside of the house so much," went on the elder lady. "that we thought we would like to go over it. My daughter and I have recently come here, and we are looking for a house. I am Mrs. Kent."

Browne bowed.

"I am Mr. Browne, Harcourt Browne, and it will give me great pleasure to show you over the house. Now, this is the drawing-room," he went on, in quite a professional tone, "and this is the library just back of it."

"Oh, what a dear little room!" exclaimed the girl.

"Isn't it," agreed Browne enthusiastically. "And you will find this side of the house much pleasanter than the other," he added eagerly, "on account of the sun, you know."

"That is a very pretty garden next door," said the girl looking out of the window.

"Yes, Mrs. Tibbs is very fond of flowers, and it is very pleasant for me, for my sitting-room opens this way. I have my bachelor-quarters over there. That is why I happen to be—er—representing the owner—living so near, you see. And now if you will step this way I will show you the dining-room," he went on hurriedly.

"A fine large room, paneled in oak, you see. And here is the butler's pantry and kitchen beyond."

"Very nice, very nice, indeed," commented Mrs. Kent. "See what a large pantry this is, Margaret," she added to her daughter. "And the plumbing?" she went on anxiously. "Can you assure me, Mr. Browne, that it is the very best? I am most particular on that point."

"It is the very best, I assure you, Mrs. Kent," answered Browne. "If it isn't, I'll make it so," he added to

himself. "I'll build the whole house over, if necessary, if she will only stay in it!" he declared to himself fervently, gazing at the girl's pretty profile as she stood on the back porch.

"This is the loveliest place for a garden, mother!" she cried enthusiastically. "I shall start one the very first day, if we take the house."

"Are you fond of gardening?" asked Browne.

"I just love it!" she exclaimed. "Don't you?"



Margaret

"Yes, indeed," he answered. "I often help Mrs. Tibbs. Good gracious!" he added to himself, "that was going too far. I shall have to start right in to make that good!"

"Come, Margaret," called Mrs. Kent from the kitchen. "Now, Mr. Browne, if you will show us the second floor—Oh, dear no!" she amended, "we must see the cellar first, of course. The furnace!" she exclaimed suddenly. "What make is the furnace?"

"Oh, yes, the make—" began Browne, who had not been near the cellar. "Oh, it is that new kind—the latest, you know. 'Pon my word, the name has gone out of my head, but it is on the thing somewhere. Good gracious!" he muttered, as they went down the cellar-stairs, "I hope there is a furnace! Of course there must be! I am getting rattled."

The furnace was there all right. Browne breathed a sigh of relief, and pointed proudly to a name on it. "Funny I couldn't remember it," he laughed.

"What are you looking at, Margaret?" asked her mother.

"I am looking at that name. It says 'Cold air damper.' Isn't that an odd name for a furnace?"

"Oh, no, not at all," put in Browne quickly. "It is the new fad. The cold air idea," he continued impressively, "is considered the only scientific thing now, you know, and they even name furnaces after it."

"Well, it looks like a good big furnace," said Mrs. Kent approvingly.

"Oh, it is all right in every way," Browne assured her hastily, as they went up-stairs.

"I hope the bed-rooms have large closets, Mr. Browne," said Mrs. Kent, pausing inquiringly on the landing, as they proceeded to the second floor.

Now, Browne had not thought to look into the closets when he went over the house.

"Oh, yes," he said at a venture, "they are a very good size. But then," he added diplomatically, casting an anchor to windward, "a man really isn't a very good judge of such things, you know. I hope, though, you will approve them."

The closets, to Browne's great relief,

turned out to be entirely adequate, and Margaret went into ecstasies over the big, sunny bed-rooms. "This is the very house for us!" she declared. "There is plenty of room for us all."

Browne was radiant. Then he wondered what she meant by "all."

"Probably she has sisters," he guessed. "But not like her!" he declared to himself. That he was sure of.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Kent suddenly. "We have never asked about the rent!"

"What is the rent, Mr. Browne?" put in her daughter breathlessly. "Oh, I hope it isn't too much!"

"Confound it!" thought Browne desperately. "What do houses rent for around here, anyway?"

"Oh, yes," he said aloud, "the rent—well, the rent is—is fifty dollars a month."

Mrs. Kent looked pleasantly surprised. "I think that is most reasonable," she said.

Browne began to think so, too, now, but the die was cast, and he mumbled something about the owner preferring good tenants and small profits.

"I will take the house," decided Mrs. Kent. "I suppose we can have possession at once."

"To-morrow noon, if you wish," said Brown in a business-like tone.

"Is the rent payable in advance?" asked Mrs. Kent.

"Oh dear, no!" he exclaimed. "It is payable—oh—any time, that is, I mean," he added hastily in response to Mrs. Kent's surprised look, "I will collect it at the end of each month—for the owner."

"That will be very convenient," she said affably. "We are so much obliged to you, Mr. Browne, and we will send the first load of furniture up to-morrow noon."

In a moment more they were gone, and Browne fell back on the settle limp but triumphant.

"They are coming! She is going to live next door!" he exclaimed. "I wonder who in thunder owns the house! Well, it is up to me," he declared, looking at his watch. "I have just time to reach the

agent's office before they close the place."

When he came home that night, he had a year's lease of the house to Harcourt Browne in his pocket, in which document the sum specified to be paid monthly was eighty-five dollars!

"That comes of not being up on rents," he said, looking a little ruefully at the lease. "But it is worth it," he declared fervently, "to have an adorable little gardener like her just across the hedge for a year!"

And Harcourt Browne went blissfully to sleep that night, and dreamed that he saw Margaret in the garden picking American Beauties that were taller than she was—taller, but not prettier, no, not half so pretty!

Browne missed the moving in, for he was summoned to New York the next morning by an urgent wire, and he was away a week in spite of himself.

On his return he hurried home, walking on the opposite side of the street so he could get a good look at the house next door.

Yes, there were the curtains, looking filmy and pretty against the heavier inner draperies, and he caught glimpses of pictures as he passed.

Hurrying up to his sitting-room, he went to the window and looked over.

Yes, there she was, superintending the spading of her garden!

It would be only polite to inquire about her mother and ask how the garden is coming on, Browne assured himself, and a moment later he was walking across the yard toward his side of the

hedge. He felt glad it wasn't a very high hedge.

She saw him coming.

"Good afternoon," she said, shading her eyes with her hand, "you see I am starting my garden."

"Yes, it is coming on famously," he



"We must see the cellar first, of course!"

answered, though he was not really looking at it.

"Does this soil require very much water, Mr. Browne?" she asked, studying the ground.

"I—er—really don't know," absently replied Browne, studying her. And then, as she looked up in surprise, he added

hastily, "I mean soils differ so, you know. Now our soil," he went on, looking down and kicking at it with interest, "requires a great deal of water—gallons of it—but yours, you see—may be different," he ended lamely.

"Oh, yes, I see," she responded politely. And then she walked a little nearer to her side of the hedge, and pointed to a row of flowering plants on his side. "They are so pretty," she said, "but I don't know them. What are they called?"

"They are—now let me think—it is awfully annoying—names go out of my head just like—"

"The name of the furnace?" she suggested.

"Yes—er, that's it," he stammered, looking at her suspiciously, but she was shading her face with her hand.

"Wont you let me give you one of—the things, for your garden?" he blundered on in his embarrassment, looking around for something with which to dig up the plant.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed starting forward. "Don't dig it up! I have nowhere to put it. You see," she went on, her eyes dancing, "the beds are not ready yet," and she pointed to the newly spaded ground which still looked like a choppy sea.

"Oh, no, of course not," he agreed sheepishly. "How stupid of me." Then his face brightened. "You see," he went on, with a little air of frankness, "there are a lot of things about gardening which I don't know yet, and so I am greatly interested in yours, for I know that I can learn so much from you if you don't mind my watching and asking questions."

"Oh, no, not at all, Mr. Browne," she answered, "but of course there is nothing very interesting until the things come up."

"Oh, I believe in beginning at the beginning," responded Browne firmly. "That is the only thorough way. And how is Mrs. Kent?" he asked, hurriedly changing the subject. "I hope that getting settled has not tired her too much."

"Oh, no, she is quite well, and so interested in the house. And that reminds me. I think she wants to ask you about something. I heard her inquiring of Mrs.

Tibbs when you would return. Oh, here she is now," she added as her mother came to the door to inspect the progress of the garden.

"Mother, didn't you say you wished to speak to Mr. Browne about something?"

"Yes, I did. How do you do, Mr. Browne. I hope you will not think I am a very exacting tenant, but I would like so much to have an arch cut between the small room over the hall and the large bed-room on the north side. They would be so nice together."

Browne was staggered. "Well—let me see—Mrs. Kent—" he began.

"Now, I know it is a good deal for a new tenant to ask," she put in, "and I do not feel that I should expect you to take the responsibility. I think I ought to take the matter up with the owner direct, and, if you will give me his address, I will write him a note."

Browne felt that he was toppling on the edge of a precipice!

"Oh, no! Mrs. Kent," he exclaimed. "You must not do that, because the owner does not like to be bothered about—that is, he leaves everything to me. An arch, now," he went on airily, "is a very small thing! I—I will have the change made at once, if you will show me just what you wish done."

As Browne left the house, after viewing the scene of the projected improvement, he murmured to himself, "I wonder how much one of those confounded arches—costs anyway, and I wonder what the owner will say when he walks through it some day!"

But not the shadows of a dozen arches could have dimmed the happiness of the next few weeks for Browne. Everything in the garden next door came up beautifully, and as Margaret stood among her flowers and advised him concerning the care and culture of plants in learned words that came trippingly from her pretty lips, life seemed to Browne like one grand continuous performance with Happiness for the headliner! And he considered the lease the best investment he had ever made.

One memorable day she gave him a rose, because, she told him, he had shown unusual intelligence—for him—concern-

ing the name of a new species of plant. He always remembered the date, for it was on that afternoon that the world went smash!

It was after he had gone home, but he could not help hearing, for his window was open. Margaret was still in her garden, and, truth to tell, he was surreptitiously watching her as she lingered prettily among her flowers, when her mother came running out in a state of wild excitement, waving a telegram.

"Oh, Margaret! What do you think!" she cried. "John and the baby will be here in half an hour! This telegram has been delayed somewhere. It says they will be here at five, and it says, 'Don't tell Margaret; I want to surprise her,' but I just had to tell you!"

Browne saw Margaret drop her trowel and rush at her mother. Flinging her arms around her mother's neck, she cried:

"My dear, dear old John, and the baby almost here! And I didn't expect them for two weeks! I would never have forgiven you if you had not told me! Oh, I could weep for joy! You dear, dear little Tommykins! I shall have you in my arms in half an hour! You precious babykins! I will never let you out of my sight again! Oh, I am wild with joy! Just to think, my dear old John and the baby!"—

Browne softly closed the window.

"John and the baby are almost here," he repeated the words over and over. "Good heavens! She is—married!" he ejaculated. "And I am paying part of John's rent."

Then he tried to think it out.

"How could I tell?" he demanded savagely of himself. "Her mother always called her Margaret, of course, and spoke of her as her daughter. How could I know? What a fool she made of me!" he went on ruefully. "She let me go on without a word of warning, when she must have seen what was happening to me while I was learning the name of all those confounded plants! When she must have known that I was dead in love with her! And yet she did not seem like that. She seemed the most womanly—the sweetest—oh, I can't make it out. I suppose I was a fool not to see."

And he sat down wearily, staring straight before him.

The sound of a masculine voice outside finally roused him from his thoughts, and he strode fiercely to the window.

Yes, there sat John and Margaret close together on the garden-bench, and Margaret was holding a little baby-face against her cheek.

Browne groaned. That scene was more than he could stand, and he rushed down-stairs and out on to the street, just as an express-wagon stopped before the door.

"Say, mister," called the driver, "I've got a trunk here for John Chatsworth, care Mrs. Kent. Is this the place?"

"No, it isn't," snapped the tortured Browne as he strode down the walk.

"Chatsworth!" he muttered. He felt the name burning into his brain.

He telephoned Mrs. Tibbs that he was going out of town, and he did, and stayed away for two miserable weeks.

Mrs. Tibbs met him in the hall on his return.

"Mrs. Kent seems quite anxious to see you about something, Mr. Browne. She sent in twice while you were away, and asked if you would be kind enough to come in as soon as you returned."

"Very well, Mrs. Tibbs, thank you. I will go over in a few minutes.

"I wonder if she wants another arch," speculated Browne ruefully, as he rang the bell of the house next door.

"Is Mrs. Kent in?" he asked the maid who opened the door.

"I think so, sir," she replied.

"Please say that Mr. Browne would like to see her," he said, taking a seat in the drawing-room.

In a few moments, he heard a step at the door, and looked up.

"It's—it's Mrs. Chatsworth!" he ejaculated, under his breath. He had not prepared for that contingency.

As he rose and tried to pull himself together, she bowed in a most distant way, and said in a coldly conventional voice:

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Browne. I regret that my mother is out, but if you will sit down for a moment, I can give

you her message, so you need not be troubled to come again."

Browne bowed and stared at her speechlessly.

She sat down, and motioned to a chair. Browne sank into it mechanically.

"My mother wishes you to know," she went on, with her clear gray eyes full upon him, "that the owner of this house called here during your absence!"

Browne sat up suddenly. "Oh, did—did he," he managed to stammer.

"Yes," she went on, "and he told mother that you did not represent him in any way; that he had simply rented the house to you, and thought you were occupying it; that he was greatly surprised to find us in it; and that the rent you paid," she ended impressively, "was eighty-five dollars!"

For a moment the silence was dense and complete, and Browne was groping around in it desperately.

"Did—did he like the arch?" he stuttered at last.

He knew that the question was perfectly inane, but, for the life of him, he could not think of anything else to say. What could he say with her accusing gray eyes looking straight at him?

As he spoke, he fancied he saw a flicker of laughter in them, as at some sudden thought, but he must have been mistaken.

"I shall be obliged to refer you to the owner for the answer to that question," she replied coldly. "What my mother wishes, is an explanation of your extraordinary conduct," she went on, "and I feel that we have a right to insist that you give us one—if there is any," she added with dignity.

Browne rose. He was desperate! He was at bay! She was lost to him. What did anything else matter?

"I agree with you," he said calmly. "You are entitled to an explanation, if you insist upon it."

"I do," she answered firmly. "I want the whole truth."

"Then you shall have it, but remember through it all, that I never knew until just before I went away, that you were married, Mrs. Chatsworth."

"Married! Mrs. Chatsworth!" she repeated, wide eyed. "What do you mean?"

"But—but—John, and the—the—baby!" burst out Browne.

She looked at him for one bewildered moment, and then buried her face in her hands, choking with laughter.

"Oh! oh!" she cried between paroxysms! "John isn't—isn't my husband! He is my half-brother, and the—baby—is—his—baby! Oh! oh!" and she was seized by another paroxysm of helpless laughter. "Oh! Mr. Browne, how—how could you ever—"

"But you went on so about the baby out there in the garden that day!" broke in Browne, in excuse.

"Of course I did! The baby has been with us almost all his little life, for John's wife died soon after the baby was born, and John and little Tommy have been with us ever since. When we came here we left the baby with John's aunt until we could get settled, and—"

"Then you really are Margaret Kent!" broke in Browne eagerly.

"Of course I am!"

"That explains everything!" he exclaimed joyfully.

"I don't quite see that, Mr. Browne," said Margaret with sudden dignity. "I beg to remind you that I am still waiting for your explanation!"

"You shall have it this minute!" declared Browne, starting forward impetuously. "You couldn't stop me from giving it to you now, if you tried!"

There was a new note in his voice that made her look up at him uncertainly.

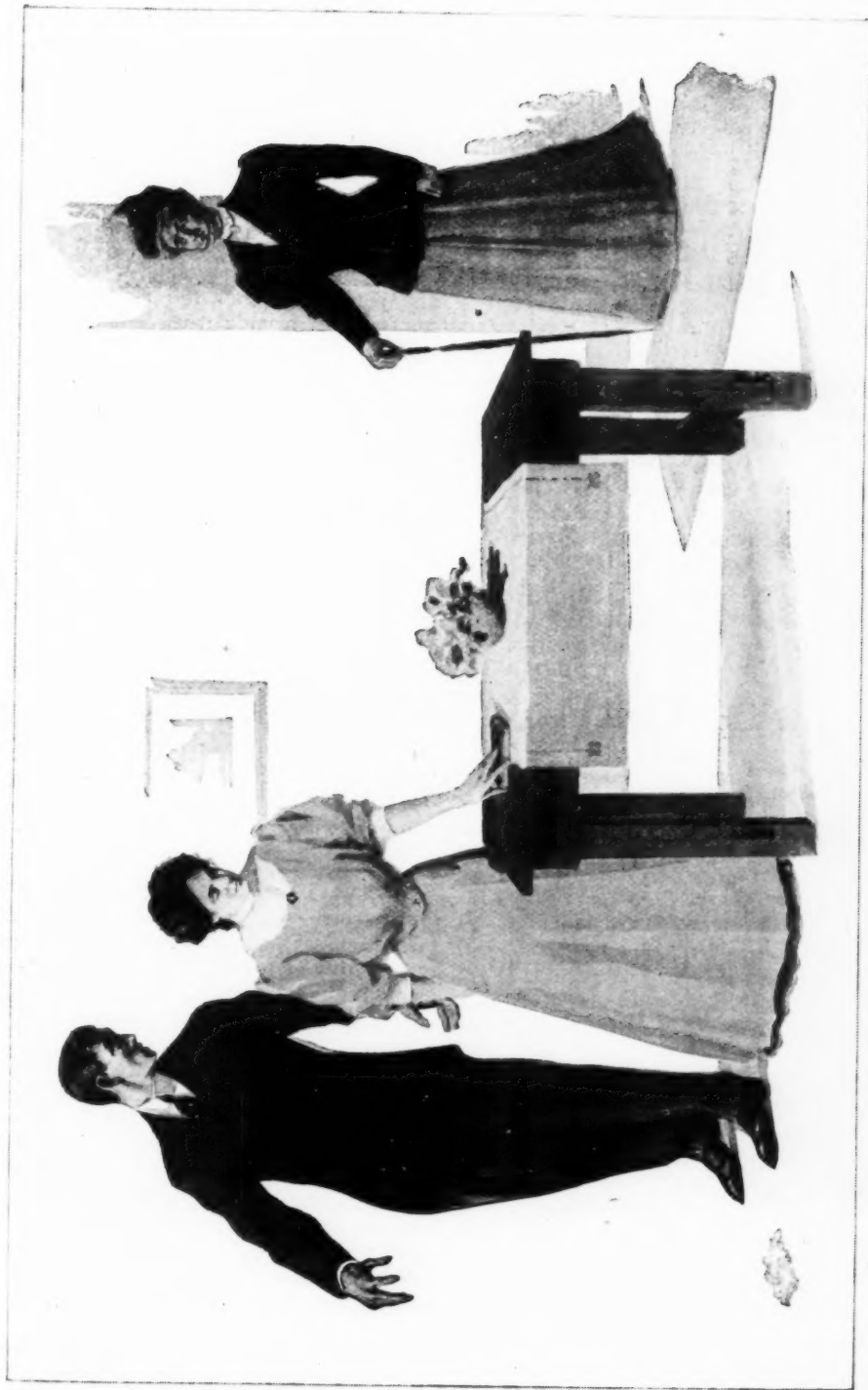
"Perhaps," she wavered, dropping her eyes, "you had rather give it to mother."

"No! Not to your mother. Not to any one else! Just to you!"

"But I—" she began.

He waved her words aside.

"Don't try to stop me!" he exclaimed impetuously. "I will not be stopped now! I had not a thing to do with the house!" he went on rapidly. "Didn't even know the owner's name! I had just happened in there a few minutes before you came, and I was sitting in the hall thinking how fine it would be if I did live there, and were just waiting to see my wife come in at the door, when I heard a step, looked up, and there was your blessed little self looking straight at me—"



Browne looked behind him and saw Mrs. Kent just entering the room

"No, I will not be stopped!" he exclaimed as she started up and tried to speak; "this is my inning and I am going to tell you the truth—every bit of it!"

"I did deceive your mother about the house! I would have deceived her about a dozen houses, to—to have you live next door! I hate gardening! Yes, I do—I am telling the whole truth, now! And do you suppose that, if I had not been dead in love with you, anything on earth could have persuaded me to learn the outlandish names of all those plants? You were the whole garden to me, and the place only bloomed when you were in it! Oh, Margaret, I have loved you ever since I saw you looking through the door! You walked into my heart that very first day, and now for goodness' sake stay in it! I—"

"Oh!" suddenly exclaimed Margaret.

Browne looked behind him, and saw Mrs. Kent just entering the room!

"How do you do, Mr. Browne," she said, bowing frigidly. "I am glad finally to have an opportunity to ask you for an explanation of—"

"Mr. Browne has already fully explained it to me, mother," interposed Margaret hastily, and then her whole interest seemed to become suddenly centered in straightening a book on the table.

"Oh, very well, Margaret," responded Mrs. Kent, "you may tell me about it later, and I sincerely trust," she added, "that Mr. Browne was able to give an explanation that was thoroughly satisfactory."

Browne looked at Margaret, his heart jumping.

"It—it was—to me," she answered softly, still busy over the book.

And then, for a swift moment, she raised her eyes to his, and Browne looked straight into heaven!

As Told by the Umbrella

BY HELEN FRANCES BAGG

Author of "What Happened on the Rigi," etc

IT is due to myself to state, very early in these memoirs, that I came of an illustrious family, on my mother's side at least. She was a lovely creature: slender, fragile, silken, with a handle of gold, delicately carved. I have often heard her say that we could trace our descent, without a break, back to the first umbrella that was ever seen in this country. I would give you the exact date, but my memory is lamentably weak on such points. On my father's side, I cannot, alas, claim so proud an ancestry. In fact, I have every reason to believe that there was cotton in his composition. He came of a sturdy stock, useful in their way, quite capable of doing their duty by keeping the rain off the heads of the common people with whom they associated, but hardly to be mentioned in the same breath with my beautiful silk and

gold mother. In short, it was a *mésalliance*: she having been misled by a flashiness of appearance, which resulted from the quantity of plated silver which ornamented my father's handle. As for me, I am an only son, and, I flatter myself, do not resemble my father's side of the family in the least: being made of the best quality of silk in the market, and having a very neat looking handle of handsome wood, decorated with silver.

I was separated from my family at an early age, and my most interesting recollections begin with the time when I was put on the top of a counter in a large department-store, in company with a great many other umbrellas, all strangers to me.

One chilly afternoon in March two pretty girls sat down by our counter, and one of them, a lively young person, very

elaborate as to dress, and very pert as to manner, selected me from the heap of umbrellas lying there, and said to the other:

"I shall buy this for father's birthday. It's not so bad looking, is it?"

Not so bad looking! If I could, I would have burst with rage. I would have sprung open in that young person's hands with a force that would have rendered her speechless for some time, and have considered that I was doing the world a service, too.

My next sensation was of being lifted and carried somewhere. Then somebody opened the box, carefully, and took me out, exclaiming:

"What a handsome umbrella! Dad, I shall borrow it next time it rains."

I took a good look at the speaker, having decided that she was a person of taste, and worth knowing. Her name was Amy Deming, and she was a sister of the girl who had purchased me, whose name, I soon learned, was Frances. Amy was tall and slender—alas, how like my dear mother—and had wavy brown hair and dark eyes. When I had been passed around and admired by all the family, I was placed in the umbrella-rack, with the other umbrellas belonging to the house.

In the Deming household, the umbrella-rack was kept in a corner of the library. Being exceedingly particular in regard to the sort of company I keep, you may imagine that I approached that rack with some trepidation. However, my fears were unjustified, and I found myself in the midst of a most congenial society. There was a rather pompous old silver handled umbrella, which stood conspicuously in the foreground, two handsome young sparks like myself, several charming looking ladies' parasols, and a number of smart walking-sticks. Walking-sticks being a sort of collateral branch of the umbrella-family, we always treat them with consideration; they are apt to be very good company, too, as they have so many opportunities of mixing with the world at its gayest, while our own goings out are limited to disagreeable weather, a state of things that many umbrellas find slightly depressing. I also observed, to my surprise, a shabby,

fat, cotton umbrella with a tarnished silver handle, which stood asleep in a corner of the rack. After I had been politely welcomed by my new friends, I settled myself for a little nap, when I heard someone say, in a husky whisper:

"Hello, my boy, this is a surprise! Where the deuce did you come from?"

Imagine my astonishment when I saw that the speaker was no other than the fat cotton umbrella, which I had supposed to be asleep in the corner!

"You evidently don't know me," continued this disreputable article, as I did not reply. "I dare say I've changed a trifle since you've seen me. You can't stay young and handsome forever; at least not when you lead the sort of life I've led."

By this time I had begun to suspect the truth, and did not need to be told that this wreck was all that remained of my flashy and fascinating father. I spoke to him cordially, and asked him where he had been for so long; and he proceeded to give me a detailed account of his adventures, which had been both numerous and exciting. Indeed, the number of times which, according to his story, he had been begged, borrowed, and stolen, gave one quite a poor opinion of human beings in general.

"How do you like it here?" I inquired.

"Oh, very well," replied father easily. "The society, as you see, is good; and I am never taken out except when I am loaned to visitors. It is cheerful here, too. I have often known it to happen that we have had fifteen or twenty strange umbrellas here of an evening, and to a clever creature, like myself, good company is an important consideration. I have led a gayer existence in other places, but take it all in all, at my time of life it is quiet and comfort that agrees with one best."

He continued in this strain for some time, and I must admit that his conversation was interesting. Indeed, I found that he was quite a favorite in the rack. He retained from his former fashionable manner a sort of battered gallantry, which endeared him to the parasols; while, among the young umbrellas and walking-sticks, his stories, some of them

a bit racy, it must be confessed, made him decidedly popular. The old silver handled umbrella, to be sure, was not fond of him, and was heard to mutter something about "climbers" and "rank outsiders" one day when father was relating a story, but this was attributed to envy, and nobody paid much attention to it.

Of course, living, as we did, in the library, we saw a good deal of the family. There were Mr. and Mrs. Deming, a son and the two daughters, Amy and Frances. Of course, two such pretty girls as these received a great many calls from young men, and sometimes it would happen that while Amy entertained her guests in the library, Frances would take hers into the drawing-room, across the hall: a state of things which used to shock an English walking-stick who lived with us, and who informed us, icily, that in the country from which he came, young ladies did not entertain young men alone. Which must be a bit stupid for the young men, I should think. The two who came oftenest to see Amy were Mr. Gibbons and Mr. Stanhope.

Mr. Stanhope was a rich man's son, lived in bachelor-apartments, and led a gay and joyous life generally. He had a very attractive way about him: a sort of spoiled child manner, which people seemed to like. It was as if he said: "Look here, now, I've had my own way all my life; people have been no end accommodating; you aren't going to spoil everything at this late day by refusing me the thing I want, are you?" The question which was up for debate in the umbrella-stand, was: "Will Amy refuse him the thing he wants, or will she end, like everyone else, by giving in to him?" For none of us, not even the supercilious English walking-stick, doubted that she was what he wanted.

Mr. Gibbons was another proposition, altogether. He wasn't a rich man's son, and he didn't live in bachelor-apartments, unless one bedroom in an unpretentious boarding-house can be dignified by that name. I know all about the boarding-house, because father was loaned to Mr. Gibbons, one rainy night, went home with him, and told me all

about it; though I am getting a little ahead of my story by mentioning it now. At any rate, Mr. Gibbons was poor, compared to his rival, and though good looking, had a modest demeanor, which is a great drawback to a young man now-a-days. He was college-bred, and I heard young Deming say that he was bound to succeed, as he had plenty of brain; but as yet, the discrepancy between his brain and salary was rather alarming. Amy appeared to like him very much, and though the opinion of the rack was that Mr. Stanhope would win out, because of his many advantages, we felt that Mr. Gibbons was no mean rival, and might come in ahead after all.

So things were progressing when one night it happened that both young men called. As a rule, Amy managed things better than this, but, as we all know, accidents will happen, even to careful people. To make matters worse, Frances was out, and she had to entertain them both in the library. Mr. Gibbons was particularly quiet that night, and had little to say; whereas, I had never heard Mr. Stanhope talk so well. But if Mr. Gibbons couldn't talk, he could stay, and he did. Mr. Stanhope was quite as obstinate on his side, and I dare say each would have stayed all night, rather than allow the other to have the last word with Amy, if it hadn't begun to storm furiously. Of course, they both jumped to their feet, both discovered that it was very late, and both started to go. Then Amy came to us, and picked out father and me. We were not many that night, as several of our number had gone out with the family.

I must admit that I was ablaze with curiosity to know which of the two she would give me to. The decision would mark her preference, as no young woman in her senses would present the man she loved with a battered old wreck like father.

She hesitated a moment, then said, sweetly:

"You must both take umbrellas, or you will get dreadfully wet. I hope you won't take cold, either of you."

Then she handed me to Mr. Stanhope and father to Mr. Gibbons.

So it was decided. Mr. Stanhope, without a doubt, was the lucky man. I bade my friends a cheerful good-by, for I was exhilarated at the thought of going out in the world again. Father, on the contrary, was disgusted.

"Just my infernal luck!" he growled, as he was carried off. "It's a beastly night, and ten chances to one, I shall be blown inside out. I'll be lucky if I don't break a rib and have to spend a week in the hospital."

It was a bad night, and I had occasion to remember father's dismal remark about ribs several times before we reached our destination. Indeed, I fully expected to break several before we got there. However, nothing so disagreeable happened, and I was put into the umbrella-rack, wet but safe. Mr. Stanhope's flat was very cosy and very luxurious, and though the company in the rack was limited—two or three walking-sticks, two umbrellas and a parasol—it was very gay and agreeable, and I hoped that my borrower would not feel obliged to return me too soon. I must say that I was astonished to see the parasol there. What in the world is Mr. Stanhope doing with a parasol, I asked myself, especially such a parasol? For she was one of those fluffy, black lace things, with spangles, and a handle made of mother-of-pearl, with a ruby in it. The first thing she said to me, was:

"I dare say you think it odd that I should be here with all these umbrellas and sticks but, I assure you, it is only because my owner happens to be engaged to Mr. Stanhope, and left me the other day when she was here to tea."

Engaged to Mr. Stanhope! You may be sure I was interested.

"Who is your owner, madam?" I asked politely, for she was really a very grand parasol, and I supposed that she must belong to the President's daughter at the very least.

"Miss Marjorie Carew. Perhaps you have seen her? She's an actress, you know, and a very good one, too. She's starring this season."

Here was a pretty state of things! Mr. Stanhope—our Mr. Stanhope—who, we felt so sure, was in love with Amy Dem-

ing, engaged to an actress. Either he was a very accomplished villain, or the black lace parasol was a dreadful liar. I resolved to find out which was the case. Miss Carew's name meant nothing to me, because I don't go much to the theatre, and when I do, am nearly always checked in the cloak-room, owing to the selfishness of the animal known as "man."

"It isn't generally known that my owner and Mr. Stanhope are engaged," continued the parasol, "so I hope you won't mention it. You see, they can't be married for some time."

"Why not?" I asked. "Mr. Stanhope is rich."

"Rich! He?" the parasol laughed very heartily. "Not a bit of it. His father is rich, but the young man hasn't a thing—except debts; and I never heard that they were anything to marry on."

This was worse yet. I began to feel quite depressed. "But this flat," I said, "it's very handsomely furnished. He must have some money."

The parasol gave a little shrug that set all her spangles jingling.

"An allowance, my friend. The moment he does anything that papa doesn't like, pouf—the allowance stops, and then where will my young man be?"

"In a very awkward fix," I thought.

"Tommy thinks that his father would be furious about the engagement," went on the parasol, in an airy way, "and I dare say he would. So it's no wonder that they wish to keep it a secret, for awhile, at least."

Tommy, indeed! The airs of that black lace parasol were beyond anything that you can imagine.

I spent four days in Mr. Stanhope's flat, but I saw very little of him. He got up late in the morning, and went to bed late at night, but what he did, or where he was, in the meantime, I have no idea. The thought that he might be calling on Amy and proposing to her made me very uneasy, for I had little faith in the story of his engagement to Miss Carew. He did not seem to me the sort of young person who would throw everything to the winds for love. I could no more imagine Mr. Stanhope without his dainty

flat, his careful valet, and his fine clothes, than I could imagine myself without my handsome handle or my glossy silk coat.

It was on the third day of my visit that I saw Miss Carew. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, when we heard a woman's voice in the hall. The black parasol started.

"It's my owner at last," she said. "I began to think she had forgotten me."

The next moment, Mr. Stanhope and Miss Carew came in.

Knowing something of my young gentleman's taste for beauty, I was prepared to see a handsome woman, but Miss Carew was more than handsome. In fact, she accomplished the rather difficult feat of being handsome and clever looking at the same time. She was not tall, and was slender, but very neatly formed. She had yellow curly hair, a fine skin, and queer eyes, greenish, like a cat's, not often very wide open; but when she did open them, it was with a flash and sparkle that dazzled you. Everything about her was quick, decisive, and to the point. When she looked at you, she seemed to read you as she would a newspaper, but, unlike most clever people, she had the sense to keep what she thought of you to herself. And, above all, she had that most rare and most desirable quality in a woman, a sense of humor. It twinkled in her eyes, it played about her mouth, it shone all over her.

It did not take much penetration to discover that they were in the midst of a conversation that Mr. Stanhope did not find exactly to his taste. In fact, he looked decidedly cross, for him.

"No, no, Tommy, there's no use dodging the subject, we must face it," said Miss Carew, firmly. "Either you love this Deming girl, or you don't. Now, which is it?"

"How often have I told you, Marjorie, that I love you? Do you want me to begin all over again?"

"Now, don't lose your temper, Tommy, because I'm not losing mine; and, to tell the truth, neither of us have much to spare. It isn't a question of your loving me, but of your not loving her. You see, you are the sort of person who can love two women at the same time, and not be

at all uncomfortable. If you had been born a Turk, you would have made a model husband; but, as you weren't, we can't dodge the fact that you're a bit of a risk. It's not your fault, it's your temperament. I work off my temperament on the stage, but you haven't any such convenient safety-valve. That's why you can make love to Amy Deming one day, and write me things like this, the next," and Miss Carew took a folded bit of note-paper from the little silver bag which hung from her belt, and tossed it on the table.

"Don't you think you're rather hard on me, Marjorie?" said Mr. Stanhope, in his best spoiled-child manner. "I've told you that I've never made love to Miss Deming unless you call going there rather often, and saying the sort of thing that one always says to a pretty girl, making love."

"It seems to me that you're a bit dense this afternoon, Tommy. I'm not talking about anything that you've done; I'm trying to find out what you ought to do. Be honest with me and tell me whether you love her or not."

"I don't know whether I love Amy Deming or not," replied Mr. Stanhope, slowly. "If it's true, as you say, that a fellow can love two women at once, I suppose I do. But I don't think it is. I've been smitten on her, I admit; she's so pretty that I couldn't help it. But I honestly don't think it's anything more than that. When I'm with you, I'm dead sure it's not; and dead sure that you're the only woman—all that sort of thing, you know. But, hang it, I can't be with you all the time, and that's when the mischief's done."

Miss Carew smiled just a bit with her eyes, and patted the curly head that Stanhope had lowered in perplexity.

"Oh, Tommy, Tommy, what a case you are! What am I going to do with you? It seems like running in the face of Providence to marry you—and yet—you're not at all a bad sort. Now, this is what you must do; go to see this girl, and give her a good chance to be just as fascinating as she knows how to be, and then, if you feel smitten, as you call it, propose to her."

"But suppose she takes me?"

"Then you'll know whether you're really in love with her or not."

"It'll be too late, then. Not that I think she will—you make me feel like a fool—but she might, you know."

"You won't get as far as that without feeling certain, one way or the other. The trouble is, you've been on your guard all the time. She's been forbidden fruit, you know. Take my advice, Tommy, and settle it. I'll not marry a man who goes to the church with a dim idea in the back of his mind, somewhere, that he might have done better to marry another woman."

"You take it calmly enough!" remarked Tommy, ruefully.

"I have to, my dear boy, because you're so muddled. But it's growing late; suppose you tell your man to make me a cup of tea before I go."

She gave a funny little laugh as she said this, and Mr. Stanhope went out of the room looking as solemn as an owl. She went on laughing, after he was gone, then gave a queer little gasp, as if the laugh had turned to a sob. Then she went to the mirror, and dabbed her eyes carefully, and I heard her whisper, as she passed me:

"I had to do it, Tommy, it was the only way. Oh, Tommy, Tommy, what a boy you are!"

But when Mr. Stanhope returned, she was sitting where he had left her, playing with the black lace parasol, which she had taken out of the rack. They drank their tea in a hurry, and, the valet being in the room most of the time, talked very gayly. Then they went out and Mr. Stanhope did not come home till late. I wondered if he had been to see Amy; but as there was no one for him to talk to about it, I didn't find out. It is painful to think how much information an umbrella misses by having always to rely on somebody else to draw people out.

I hope you haven't forgotten the letter which Miss Carew took from her bag and threw upon the table, because it plays quite a leading part in this story, I can tell you. Mr. Stanhope seemed to have forgotten it, for he left it on the table all night. Now, the table was

directly in front of the window, and, before he went to bed, the valet opened the window to cool the apartment, and, in the night, a very odd thing happened. I have forgotten to say that when Mr. Stanhope put me in the umbrella-rack, he omitted to fold me up, and I was left in this slovenly condition all the time that I was there. At first this annoyed me, for I am accustomed to being well cared for; but the time came when I was very glad of it. For a strong draught came in from the window, seized the letter, whirled it off the table, and landed it among my folds, as neatly as a person could have done it. How I gloated to myself when it happened, for I knew what I meant to do with that letter!

The next morning the valet called a messenger-boy and told him to take me to the Deming house. I trembled when I was taken out of the rack, for fear that they would try to fold me, and so discover the precious letter; but they didn't, and the boy took me away and thumped me along on the sidewalks till I ached in every rib. Just as we reached the house, the door opened and Frances came out. She was in a hurry as usual, but she stopped to take me into the house. Once inside, she surveyed me critically.

"Humph! He might have folded you at least," she observed.

Then she shook me out, preparatory to folding me, herself, and out fell Miss Carew's letter. You will never know what a relief it was to me to see it in her hands. It was a short note, written in a large, dashing hand, and Frances had read most of it, I imagine, before she realized what she was doing. Then, with a very odd expression on her face, she dumped me into the rack, in her usual violent manner, and went up-stairs.

I hoped that she would show the letter to her sister. You see, I had a shrewd idea that while Amy Deming liked Mr. Stanhope, and liked him very much indeed, the affair had not gone far enough yet to leave her quite inconsolable if he were taken away from her, and I hoped that the letter might be the means of nipping it in the bud. Of course, it was a risk: a girl of that sort doesn't show

all that she feels, and it might be more of a blow than I thought.

I found father in the rack. He had been home two days, and was in a beastly temper. He said that Mr. Gibbons' room was cold, and that there was only one umbrella there, a stupid creature with no conversation, whatever.

As for human company, besides Mr. Gibbons—a little of whom went a great way, according to father—he had met only one person: the woman who made the bed and swept the room.

"I don't wish Mr. Gibbons any harm," said father, disgustedly; "he seems to be a deserving young man. But I trust that if Amy should happen to marry him, she won't expect me to live with them. Another two days like the last two would ruin what little disposition I have left."

Mr. Stanhope did not come that night, and when I saw Amy, I knew that she had seen the letter. She wasn't in tears, and her nose wasn't red, but there was a little air of hurt dignity about her, a pained look in her eyes, that would have gone to my heart, if I had had one. The next evening he came, and much I wondered if he meant to take Miss Carew's advice. Amy looked quite herself again, and I was proud of her pluck. But if she was at her ease, he was decidedly nervous. Indeed, I had never seen him appear to less advantage; he seemed hardly to know what to say, till she led him on, as women will, to talking naturally, and then he became more like his usual self.

I could see that he had made up his mind to propose to her, and that she suspected it, and didn't intend to let him; whether to spare him, or because she did not feel sure of herself, I could not tell. At first, her reserve seemed to urge him on; he drew nearer and nearer the subject, she putting him off and turning his remarks aside with a deftness that amazed me. Suddenly, he seemed to understand her, and, being as clever as she at that sort of thing, he gradually and

gracefully drew away from the subject. A few minutes later he went away, and if Amy shed a tear or two into the sofa pillows when he was gone, there was no one to betray her. All of us would have been put into a very different sort of a rack from the one we were in before we would have done it.

How Mr. Stanhope arranged matters with Miss Carew, I can't say, not having been there; but he must have managed it somehow, for they were married a few weeks later, and if Amy cared, no one knew it. For my part, I believe that she got bravely over her fondness for that dangerous young man, and that Mr. Gibbons helped her. At any rate, Mr. Gibbons is still coming three times a week, and father is much worried for fear that he will be given to the happy couple for a wedding-present, if anything happens.

I suppose, in order to make this story really exciting, I ought to put in a few pages dilating upon the wrath of Mr. Stanhope, Senior, upon hearing of his son's marriage to an actress, but as a matter of fact, they say that the old gentleman was so charmed with the young woman, and so much impressed with the fact that such a very clever and delightful person should be willing to marry his Tommy, that his objections dwindled to nothing. I have never seen Miss Carew but once since her marriage, and that was on an occasion when I accompanied young Mr. Deming to the theatre and, by some unheard of stroke of luck, avoided the cloakroom. The comedy was a brilliant one, and Miss Carew, sparkling as ever, occupied the center of the stage most of the time. I could not help wondering, as I watched her, whether she had found marrying Tommy as much of a risk as she had thought it that afternoon in the little flat. Ah, well, I shall never know; it is only one more of the disadvantages of being an umbrella.



Parisian Fashion Model I D—From Life

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Martial et Armand:—
Costume of black tulle made
over white satin.



Parisian Fashion Model II D—From Life
 By special contract with REUTLINGER, PARIS
 Maison Drécoll:—Cloth automobile coat lined and trimmed with fur.



Parisian Fashion Model III D—From Life

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Creed:—Tailored suit
of blue serge bound with blue
silk.

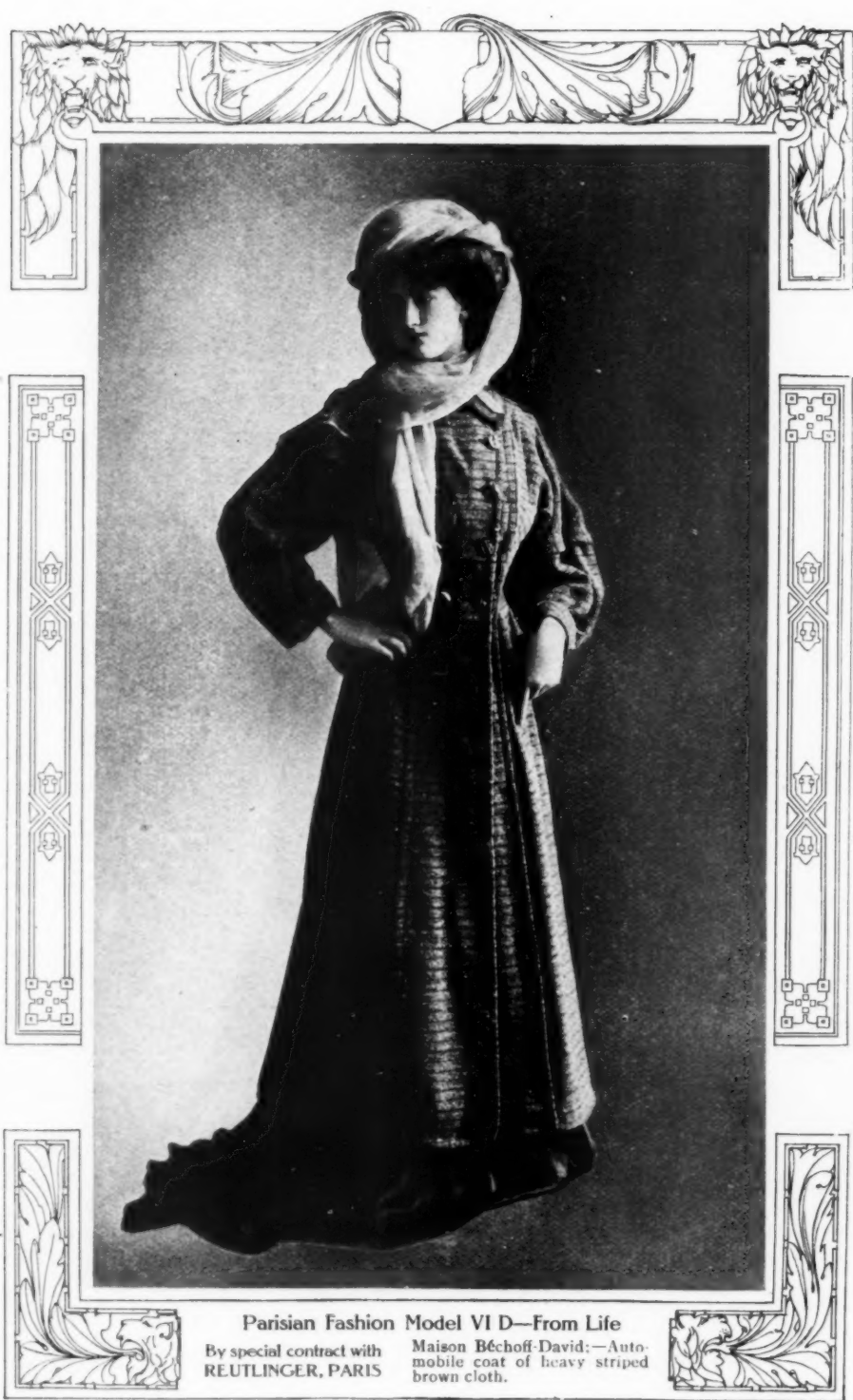


Parisian Fashion Model IV D—From Life

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Chervit:—Evening costume of Sevres blue satin trimmed with pearls.





Parisian Fashion Model VI D—From Life
 By special contract with REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Béchoff-David;—Auto-
 mobile coat of heavy striped
 brown cloth.



Parisian Fashion Model VII D—From Life

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Redfern:—Tailored
suit of brown velvet trimmed
with braid of the same shade.



Parisian Fashion Model VIII D—From Life

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Dukes et Jouvie:—Evening costume of light blue mousseline trimmed with silver.

D S O M E O F R A M A S T H E D A Y by Louis V. De Foe



MISS DOROTHY BERTRAND

Photograph by Otto Sarosy Co., N. Y.

EXTREMES have met in the early weeks of this new dramatic season. It opened with a visitation of Devils—a brace of bickering Fiske and Savage Satans, suave, sleek, and sardonic—and deep in their malicious pastime of meddling in the affairs of men.

A month has swung the scales the other way. Now the stage is all smiles and sunshine, lovely and gracious with the charm of women. The metamorphosis has been sudden and it is complete.

I do not recall another dramatic season in the early stages of which women stars have asserted themselves so completely to the exclusion of men. They have vanquished the sterner sex with all its virility and force. Their onslaught has been sudden and determined. They are now in undisputed possession of the field.

It was Miss Billie Burke who brought the first surprise and scored the first triumph of her sex. Her dainty comedy at the Lyceum, "Love Watches," which has supplied the wings for her flight among the stars, already bears every promise of an all-season success.

Charles Frohman did not choose amiss when he selected this little medley of all the feminine graces to become the newest member of his constellation, for in her first distinctive part she has easily exceeded his anticipations

Few women have forced their way to enviable popularity in New York more rapidly than has this little sprite with the saucy, tip-tilted nose and auburn hair. It was only two seasons ago in London that I first saw Miss Burke act a little part with Charles Hawtrey in a shockingly bad play called "Mr. George." At that time she was heavy with the affectations of musical-comedy, in which the few seasons of her career had been spent. Her girlish grace was discernible then but she was all self-conscious and studied poses.

Charles Frohman divined the latent talent that needed only skillful training to bring it forth. A season as John Drew's leading actress in "My Wife" worked wonders for her. At first Miss Burke could not quite free herself from a musical-comedy aroma, but as months multiplied natural spontaneity replaced studied effort. Miss Burke's training began to show its good effect.

This year she is quite able to make headway without Mr. Drew. She is alert, vivacious, resourceful, and a mistress of a variety of pretty moods. What she owes of her success to the delicate fiber of her new play, of course, is considerable, but the play is not responsible for her winning personality or the sureness of her own sense of humor.

And how is Miss Burke affected by her little hour of triumph? Her almost child-like glee is not the least attractive of her charms. At the first performance of "Love Watches" she escaped an attack of hysterics only by the narrowest of margins. A dozen or more times the curtain went up and down. Then she came forward to make her little speech of thanks. It was not one of those obsequious outpourings of everlasting gratitude—the foolish aftermath of every first-night hit in New York. Instead, Miss Burke came down to the footlights in a hesitating, bewildered way. "I guess I'll go down-stairs and have a good cry!" she exclaimed, and then ran away.

The dawning of this new celebrity has almost made me neglect her play. I hesitate to describe it; as well might I attempt to analyze the delicate shadings of a butterfly's wings. De Fleurs and

Caillavet wrote it originally in French, but it might be mistaken to have come from the pen of Scribe. Miss Gladys Unger adapted it for the English stage and managed to preserve all the sparkle of its quick, brittle dialogue and the surprises of its easy, natural situations. Probably she removed some of the tang of its Gallic spice. If so, the piece, as it stands, is immeasurably better suited to the tastes of its present audiences without it.

In the comedy Miss Burke is *Jacqueline*, an ardent French girl, made miserable by a jealousy which is the result of a too zealous love—a universal trait in woman's nature. Her family expects her to marry *Ernest Augarde*, a silent-suffering bookworm, whose efforts in this life seem to have all gone wrong and who is a plaintive object in his forlorn, unhappy state. But *Jacqueline* expects nothing of the kind. She is deep in love with *André*, her dashing cousin. Indeed, so ungovernable becomes her infatuation for him that she suddenly blurts out what is in her heart. *André* accepts his pretty cousin and for a few months the path of their matrimonial experience is smooth.

But gradually *Jacqueline* becomes the victim of her too ardent passion. Always zealous "friends" sow the seeds of jealousy in her heart. How about *Lucie de Monfontaine*, the friend of *André's* bachelor days, who still persists in brazenly calling him "Snoodles?" So *Jacqueline* goes on building mountains out of molehills until she makes herself believe she is a deserted wife and runs away to seek a haven from the world's bitterness in the arms of the patient, suffering *Augarde*.

The contradictory character of this poor old bookworm, by the way, is not the least amusing feature of "Love Watches." Ernest Lawford has put aside the ferocious beard and raucous voice of *Captain Hook*, who scared the children in "Peter Pan," to act this harmless new rôle, and his performance is as clever as anything he has done. *Augarde* welcomes the runaway *Jacqueline* into his dreary, book-littered flat and sets about to make himself believe that he is on the verge of



REPRODUCTION OF A RECENT PAINTING
OF
MISS JULIA MARLOWE
AS
JULIET

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO., NEW YORK.

a delightful *liaison*. But delude himself as he may he can force himself to be no more than *Jacqueline's* chivalrous protector. Even the vicious little supper he arranges fails as a clandestine love feast and becomes an opportunity for a lecture

of fatherly advice. At last all his dead energies are revived in an effort to reconcile the husband and wife, and with a pretty love scene, interrupted by a succession of ingenious and amusing incidents, he succeeds. His solace is his stenographer, to whom he turns in his second loneliness.

As the stenographer, *Charlotte Bermier*, Miss Louise Drew shows that she, too, is advancing in a profession for which she has never heretofore seemed very well qualified. Cyril Keightley was brought from England, as Miss Burke's leading man, to play the part of *André*. As a juvenile actor he shows much capability. It is not his fault that in "Love Watches" he is completely overshadowed by the star, who twinkles brilliantly from first to last in this clever little play.

History is not permitted to do so commonplace a thing as to repeat itself in Mrs. Rida Johnson Young's "Glorious Betsy." The only real glorious thing about the comedy is Miss Mannering, whom it has restored to New York after an absence of over two years. Even under the inspiration of



Miss Greeley-Smith.
Grand-daughter of Horace
Greeley in
"Love Watches"

her hearty welcome home she cannot hope to infuse the breath of life or the color of actuality into what, from the most lenient point of view, is a hopelessly exaggerated and ridiculously improbable romance. But in spite of these handicaps, as discouraging as ever confronted an actress, Miss Mannering is able to sketch the portrait of a vivacious coquette of early Maryland in colors so rich and warm that it seems to have stepped, not from the trials of "the road," but to have fallen from the pages of some old, forgotten story book.

Glorious Betsy is no other than Elizabeth Patterson, the Baltimore belle whom Captain Jerome Bonaparte, brother of the Emperor, wooed and won in the early years of the last century and then deserted for the crown of Westphalia and a fat German duchess. That ill-starred romance is not calculated to encourage the making of a comedy; it is, rather, one of those stern experiences out of which tragedies are made. Mrs. Young who, in all her plays, has exhibited a fine scorn for facts, just borrows the names of the actual personages and then proceeds to make them carry out her woman's will.

In the play we first meet *Betsy* among the flowering hedges of Old Sweet Springs, Va., in 1809, a paragon of young womanhood, endowed with all the virtues of her sex. She scorns a following of ardent young swains, among whom are *John C. Calhoun* and *Henry Clay*, destined some day to become famous in their nation's history, for the chivalrous, attractive young stranger whom we recognize at once as *Jerome Bonaparte*, in spite of his thinly veiled *incognito* of a French tutor. The courtship of the young couple is ardent but it is doomed to sudden blight, for the French Emperor has already decided his brother's fate and has commanded him to return home.

In the meantime, word comes that *Captain Jerome Bonaparte* is to be the honored guest of Baltimore and that *Betsy Patterson* is chosen to assist in his entertainment. She must leave at once. Will the French tutor accept a seat by her side in the coach? He regretfully replies that he cannot. She commands. He



Photograph by Hall, N. Y.

Miss Lillian Russell as *Mrs. Henrietta Barrington* in her new play "Wildfire"

declines to obey. Furious at the insult, she pours upon him the vials of her Southern wrath.

The day of the great fête finds *Betsy* ill at ease, longing and grieving for the dashing young tutor who dared to flout her to her face. The honored guest will soon arrive, but in her present frame of mind even the brother of Napoleon Bonaparte has no charms for her. Another comes and he is the French tutor. Then, in a dimly lit rose bower, *Betsy* puts aside her prospects of a brilliant social career and gives her hand to the youth who can offer her only love and poverty. So we come to the scene, so dear to the *matinée* girl's heart, when *Captain Bonaparte* throws back his coat and reveals to the bewildered *Betsy* that the French tutor and the Emperor's brother are the same. If such were only the happy experience of real womankind.

Miss Mannering acts this scene with such a variety of moods and so much charm of personality that she almost disguises its melodramatic conventionality. Her joyous transports ring much truer than her tearful pleadings in the next act when, on the deck of the frigate off the coast of France, she battles against the tyrannical will of the *Emperor* himself for the right to marry her devoted lover. Probably it is the hysterical buncombe of this overdrawn scene which crowds it to the verge of the ridiculous. Anyway, Miss Mannering's dry sobs fail to stir a responsive chord of pity, not even when the old "Camille" conflict between love and duty is ended and *Captain Jerome* goes over the side of the ship to pass, as *Betsy* knows, out of her life forever.

In the feeble final act *Captain Bonaparte* is back in Baltimore to claim his bride and settle down to happy married life, far from the political turmoil of European courts. Alas for pink-tinted romance! History says that *Betsy's* French husband soon forgot his Baltimore sweetheart in the sunlight of his German duchess' eyes, while his deserted wife lived to the ripe old age of ninety-three and healed her broken heart with the gratuity which the French government gladly gave her to keep at a

respectful distance from its frontiers!

Although I would not be willing to admit that Miss Mannering, with all her graces, is able to furnish the illusion of a girl of eighteen, her acting of *Betsy Patterson* puts a new feather in her cap and entitles her to a place in the little constellation of woman stars who are doing so much to adorn the early months of the new dramatic season. What "Glorious *Betsy*" would be without her even Mrs. Young, its author, might hesitate to contemplate.

In the long line of stage Napoleons that I have encountered I never before found one who spoke with an Irish brogue. His brother, *Betsy Patterson's* Prince Charming, has no trace of the rolling speech of Erin, and as George W. Howard plays the rôle it becomes a graceful bit of romantic acting which fits nicely into the atmosphere of the play, although it covers with a thick coat of whitewash an historical character who, in the popular estimate, was never far removed from a French cad.

It is something, at the age of forty-eight, to be the Queen of Bohemia—to reign in absolute power over the careless Kingdom of Pleasure. It is something to know that if you enter a restaurant anywhere between New York and San Francisco every other diner in the place, especially the women, will be on tiptoe with excited curiosity from the moment you cross its threshold. It is something, too, after a career in comic opera as long as is often granted to a woman celebrity of the stage, to come back home and make a clean hit in legitimate comedy.

You have guessed by this time that Miss Lillian Russell is the inspiration of these musings. And you have guessed rightly; she is! How many times I have followed Miss Russell in her song-bird flights—to Broadway she is "Our Lillian" and she will never be anything else—none but my scrap-book knows. I never anticipated that the time would come when I would have anything panegyric to say of Our Lillian as an actress. Yet her new racing play, "Wildfire," has upset my calculations and here I am, ready.



Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.

Cyril Keightley as *Cousin André* and Miss Billie Burke as *Jacqueline* in "Love Watches,"
Miss Burke's first starring vehicle

The sage who first said that a woman is only as old as she looks did not reckon with Miss Russell. Unfortunately, "Wildfire" had its first New York performance soon after the biographies of the late Tony Pastor had been published. With significant unanimity they told how, more than thirty years ago, a bashful girl from Clinton, Ia., had called at Mr. Pastor's office down in old "444" and asked for a chance on the variety stage. In those days, Tony's eye for undeveloped talent was as keen as his admiration of feminine beauty was great, and he was not slow to give the pretty young girl who called herself Lillie Leonard a place in his bill. That was in the far-away seventies—the theatrical birth of Our Lillian.

Meanwhile Father Time has played havoc with scores of our professional beauties and footlight queens. A generation of theatre-goers has disappeared and a new one has come into its place. Miss Russell has traveled the ups and downs

of a difficult career. She has been three times a wife and once a mother. Years ago she ascended the throne of Bohemia. Pretenders have arisen around her, only to fall again. She has persistently held her regal sway, her loyal subjects undiminished, her power to fascinate unrelaxed. The withering atmosphere of Bohemia has not marred her freshness. Her beauty is as imperishable as her youth. Hers, indeed, is a wonderful record.

Let us return to "Wildfire." George Broadhurst and George V. Hobart, the authors of the new racing comedy, have fitted their star as perfectly as the Directoire gowns she wears. They have gauged her ability discreetly and taken care not to allow her to attempt too much. If their play is redolent of the stable and track it is also as harmless as it is lively and bright. They have succeeded where writers of racing plays—except Henry Blossom who wrote "Checkers"—have failed, for they have crowded into its



Photograph by Hall, N. Y.

Miss Mary Mannering as *Elizabeth Patterson* in her International Marriage play "Glorious Betsy"

exciting scenes a great deal of *bona fide* human nature. Their play, in short, is not so much of horses as of men and women. And they have grasped the psychological moment—as did Charles Klein with “The Lion and the Mouse,”



Photograph by Hall, N. Y.

George W. Howard, the *Jerome Bonaparte*
in “Glorious Betsy”

—and brought out the play during an anti-gambling crusade which, just now, is a tender subject with lovers of the track in New York.

It seems as if I had heard before of a rich and dashing stage-widow who inherited a stable of thoroughbreds and raced them *incognito*. I recall, somewhere, the melodramatic episode of signaling a jockey with a handkerchief to go in and win. But such random borrowing from a long line of racing melodramas doesn't matter at all in the final estimate of “Wildfire.” If it were sheer melodrama it would excite as little interest as the others. As it stands, it is smart, crisp comedy, which does not falter in its humor from the post to the finish.

Miss Russell shines brightest in the humorous scenes, although she puts a real thrill into the flurry of the speech in which she gives the jockey his final instructions before the great race—a speech, by the way, which singularly reminds you of *Lady Gay Spanker* in “London Assurance.” But she is by no means all there is to “Wildfire.” Frank Sheridan, who played the rough old sea captain in “Paid in Full,” is the trainer for the Duffy Stables and he fills the rôle with unmistakable human nature. Will Archer, a talented little dwarf—the best cat and monkey actor on the stage—acts a tough and slangy stable boy, *Archie*, and makes the character convulsingly funny in a spontaneous and unstudied way. He, quite as much as Miss Russell, holds the play together. It is the stable boy's vigilance that thwarts a rascally bookmaker and turns the fortune of the great race. He plans and carries out a comedy elopement, confounds the anti-betting reformer and even paves the way to the final happiness of *Mrs. Henrietta Barrington*, herself—which is a great feat, considering that *Mrs. Barrington* is none other than Miss Russell. Neither “Wildfire” nor Miss Russell would prosper half so well with the diminutive *Archie* left out.

The details of the plot I have purposely omitted, for it would not be fair to the comedy to describe a melodramatic story that is so well hidden under a sur-



Photograph by Sarony, N. Y.

Miss Margaret Dale in George Ade's comedy,
"Father and the Boys"

face of continually amusing incidents. As you watch the play you fancy that you hear the thunder of flying hoofs and see the flash of racing colors in the whirling dust. In the foreground stands Our Lillian in the glamour of perennial youth—not fancy in this case but substantial, ever present fact!

There is about the same difference between American and English comedy that exists between a boisterous March gale and a gentle August zephyr. Both

consist of wind, though they move at different rates of speed. You may enjoy one more than the other, but it does not follow on that account that either is out of place in the general economy of things.

All of which brings me to "The Girls of Gottenberg," one of the very zephyrest imaginable of London Gaiety musical plays which has blown all the way from the Strand to Broadway without losing itself among the roving breezes of the Atlantic. Here it is as gentle and as refreshing as when I saw it in London a year ago. I doubt if it will greatly agitate those who are accustomed to the home-made March gale variety of musical-comedy fun, but it will be quite likely to charm all who have a preference for ultra refined entertainment. And if one takes the trouble to look for the chief source of his delight he will be sure to find it in the winning personality of its willowy little *prima donna*, Miss Gertie Millar.

Miss Millar, who is paying her first visit to this country, is an exact type of the London Gaiety girl—dark, slender, modest, hesitating, wistful. Her voice is delicate and pure and her singing, without being brilliant, is an artistic treat. Her manner is almost shrinking but the rhythm of Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton's music is all that is needed to transform her in a twinkling into a graceful sprite of the dance. Two of her songs are on topics no more delectable than "Beer" and "Sausages," yet she could make the first attractive to a teetotaler and the second appetitizing to a vegetarian. In the arrangement of the characters she is *Mitzi*, daughter of the landlord of the Red Hen Inn, who exchanges places with a general's daughter in a military school for girls and carries on a flirtation with a German prince that ends in a proposal of marriage just before the last curtain.

The piece has as little substance as most of its kind. George Grossmith, Jr., and L. E. Berman, who built the plot and wrote the dialogue, have not exerted themselves to accomplish anything unconventional yet they have contrived to arrange a series of exceedingly pretty pictures in which the younger feminine



Photograph by Sarony, N. Y.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who will bring her London Company to America later in the season

population of Rottenberg and Guttenberg, in baby blue uniforms, entertain a regiment of German soldiers who do nothing more bellicose than to sing and make love. The librettists, in fact, have scarcely supplied material enough to keep the long list of principals busy, for, besides Miss Millar, the cast gives prominence to James Blakeley who has a gift

of humor of a distinctly British kind; Lionel Mackinden, a capital dancer, whose talents are wasted on a thin and meaningless rôle, and Miss May Naudain and Miss Louise Dresser—two American actresses whose spirit and energy are in strong contrast to the gentle manner of the English girls in the company. Miss Dresser's song, "Clementine,"



Photograph by Sarony, N. Y.

Bruce McRae, Miss Ethel Barrymore's leading man
in "Lady Frederick"

is one of the popular hits of the piece but its double meaning and slang are entirely out of harmony with the atmosphere of the production.

The music is no more aggressive than the libretto. The best that can be said of it is that it is delicate and sugary, which is meant not to condemn it with faint praise but to indicate how strong is the contrast between the little piece of drawing-room manners set to song, and the vim of our native musical-comedies.

Not only everyone who lives in New York but everyone who comes to New York during the year will want to see the new giant productions of "Sporting Days" and "The Battle in the Skies" at the Hippodrome. They will scarcely be able to employ an evening more interestingly, for the great playhouse which,

with its audience, is, itself, a spectacle, while it has by no means relaxed its efforts for huge effects, has now gone in for beauty. I have witnessed all the Hippodrome's previous ballets and most of the wonderful recent spectacles in Europe, but nowhere have I seen visions of beauty and gorgeousness of color to compare with the Hippodrome's new "Ballet of the Birds."

The great stage—larger than the area of the average entire theatre—is suddenly changed into a woodland scene in the Hartz Mountains. There is at first a little pantomime which relates how a wood-chopper's daughter has aroused the anger of a bird catcher by liberating his little prisoners. The canaries fly back to their leafy haunts and rally the feathered hosts to the rescue of their protector. And then the ballet!

The two hundred Hippodrome *coryphees* have been transformed this year into denizens of the bird

kingdom. There are saucy canaries in their coats of yellow and gentle wrens in their modest gowns of brown, richly clothed peacocks, gorgeous flamingoes, haughty bluebirds, dismal caws and dreary ravens, wise old owls, benevolent storks who bring the babies and majestic eagles who lord over the feathered tribe.

Up from the tree-tops they start in graceful flight on outstretched pinions and hover in the air over the stage. Then the brilliant phalanxes of the ballet stream forth in harmonies of colors that entrance the eye. Soon the stage is a sea of changing hues which slowly dissolve only to form again in new, astounding effects. And when the dancing ends the birds fly out over the audience scattering a shower of roses.

Although "The Ballet of the Birds" will cling longest in the memory of the



Photograph by White, N. Y.

Miss Blanche Bates, who has made another success in William J. Hurlbut's play "The Fighting Hope"



Photograph by Pach Bros., N. Y.

Miss Margaret Illington

Hippodrome's visitors few will be too sophisticated to find enjoyment and, perhaps, a measure of excitement, in its two realistic hippodramas. For my part I scarcely see how any audience can fail to experience a thrill in the *bona fide* baseball game between picked nines before excited grandstands as the curtain rises. But if one doesn't happen to fancy baseball he need only wait for the next scene which shows the Hudson River, with two eight-oar shells battling for supremacy in a nip-and-tuck race. Or, if he prefer

the thunder of flying hoofs, he soon will sit before a panorama of the race course at Saratoga, swarming with spectators, book-makers, trainers and jockeys, and witness a neck-to-neck struggle among fourteen thoroughbreds contesting every inch of the ground for the Saratoga Cup.

Another prime novelty this season is the circus—but no ordinary affair with dressy, saw-dust geniuses bowing themselves into the ring. Instead, a dust-grimed caravan trails in, unloads its canvas and poles, and pitches its streaked



Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.

Miss Adele Ritchie

tents in full view of the audience, in a way that carries you back to the other days when, as a boy, you got up at the chill hour of dawn to watch the circus folk spread their tents on the common behind the village. But never in your boyhood days did you behold the wonderful feats that are to be found under the Hippodrome's stage-tent.

No Hippodrome spectacle could end without a hullaballo of death and destruction, so, for the wind-up, comes "The Battle In the Skies." The audience is transported a century into the future to see the frightful heritage which this era will leave to the next. A great illuminated city is spread out and over it cruise the armed airships of an invading



Photograph by Bangs, N. Y.

Miss Gertrude Hoffman in her dancing interpretation of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song"

army. They approach and engage in fierce aerial battle which culminates in the destruction of the city by means of radium guns.

As a grand finale comes "The Apotheosis of Victory," a noble tableau, in which the Hippodrome's tank is brought into use. Out of its depth rise groups of

living statuary while the water is illuminated in all the rainbow's hues.

It requires remarkable executive capacity to manipulate a series of spectacles such as the Hippodrome now presents, but it also needs something more, for this year the artistic field has been invaded with results that really defy description.